

ORIGINAL ENGLISH EDITION

JUL 27 1933

The QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 517

JULY, 1933

Vol. 261

1. The Jews in Germany. By Israel Cohen.
2. Julius Caesar: Man or Superman? By Prof. R. S. Conway, Litt.D.
3. The Judicial Bench and Reform.
4. Georgia. By Malcolm Burr, D.Sc.
5. Wilberforce and the Anti-Slavery Movement. By W. Forbes Gray.
6. The Effect of Circumstances Upon Habit. By Douglas Gordon.
7. President Roosevelt's Policy. By Frank Darvall.
8. The Arabs and the Jewish National Home. By Douglas V. Duff.
9. Egon Friedell.
10. Talkers I Have Known. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., LL.D.
11. Fascism and Nazism. By Don Luigi Sturzo.
12. Some Recent Books.

Published Quarterly by the

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

(ROBERT J. SPENCE, PROP.)

Sole Agents for American Continent

249 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

Single Copies, \$1.50

Yearly Subscription, \$5.50

Canada Subscription, \$5.50 per year; Single Copies, \$1.50

Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Matter
JULY 1933

Select Educational Institutions

LEARN LANGUAGES

Private and Class instruction in all modern languages. English included. Skilled native teachers. Reasonable tuition. Day and Evening Classes. Enroll at a BERLITZ SCHOOL in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, etc.

HOME STUDY COURSE

For out of town students. Write for particulars New York Berlitz School, 30 West 34th Street.

SEVERN SCHOOL

Country boarding school for boys. Ideal location on Severn River near Annapolis. Prepares for college, West Point and Annapolis. Exceptionally thorough work given and demanded. Students taught how to study. Water sports and all athletics. Limited to fifty. Catalogue.

ROLLAND M. TEEL, Ph.B., Principal
Severna Park, Md.

University of Southern California

Comprises the following schools and colleges: General Art, Law, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Music, Mechanical, Commerce and Business Administration, Religion, Social Welfare, Education, Graduate School, Metropolitan College.

President, Rufus B. von Klein Smid, A.M., Sc.D., D.M.C.P., Ph. et Litt.D.

For bulletin, address Registrar, University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH

Convent Station, New Jersey
45 Minutes from New York

CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Registered by Regents

Standard College Preparatory Courses

ACADEMY OF ST. ELIZABETH

Send for Catalogue

CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL

Residential Junior College and Senior High School for Girls. Twelve-acre campus. Advantages of National Capital.

Address CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL, Box 2
Frederick Ernest Farrington, Ph.D., I
Washington, D. C.

SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL

Mount Saint Gabriel

PEEKSKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

Boarding School for Girls

Under the charge of the Sisters of St. Mary
New fireproof building beautifully situated
For catalogues address THE SISTER SUPERIOR

Blackwood's Magazine

For 115 years BLACKWOOD'S has contained the best English literature, both in the field of fiction and in true accounts of great adventures.

The unearthly prose of Thomas De Quincey's "Opium Confessions" and many of his greatest stories first appeared in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

From Captain Cupples' "The Green Hand"—often called the greatest sea story in literature—to Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" and down to the present time, BLACKWOOD'S has first presented the stories of adventure and the sea that form the most fascinating and deathless chapter of English literature.

For those who find life more interesting than any fiction, BLACKWOOD'S has no equal among magazines: every month it contains true accounts of great explorations, adventures, and sometimes disasters, by land or sea. One of BLACKWOOD'S great features is its travel sketches—not stereotyped accounts by tourists following the beaten track, but the records of adventurers, lone-handed, penetrating the remote and dangerous and forbidden corners of the earth.

Those who care anything for life, or adventure, or the sea, cannot afford to miss reading BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

50c a copy \$5.50 a year

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

249 West 13th Street

New York

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 517.—JULY, 1933.

Art. 1.—THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

1. *Mein Kampf*. By Adolf Hitler. 13th edition. Berlin, 1932.
2. *Das Programm der N.S.D.A.P.* By Gottfried Feder. Munich, 1932.
3. *Die Stellung der Nationalsozialistischen Deutschen Arbeiterpartei zur Judenfrage*. Centralverein deutscher Staatsbürger juedischen Glaubens. Berlin, 1932.
4. *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. Lane, 1933.

THE persecution of the Jews is only one facet of the 'National Revolution' in Germany, but it is a tragedy of such magnitude and far-reaching significance that it calls for separate consideration. It is not a casual or passing phase of the 'Resurgence,' but an integral part of it; it is not the result of a sudden inspiration or provocation, but the outcome of a prolonged and systematic agitation. It is the cardinal feature that distinguishes this revolution from all others of modern times, for, whilst all other revolutions have been generated by political or economic forces, the Nazi uprising has also been fired and dominated throughout by race-hatred. The murders, assaults, and imprisonments of which Jews have been victims belong to the same category as the outrages committed against the Socialists and the Communists, the political opponents of the Nazi system, and against the intellectuals and pacifists, the opponents of violence and reaction in any form; but the crushing disabilities that have been imposed upon the Jews in every sphere of national and social life, and in every

Vol. 261.—No. 517.

branch of cultural and economic activity, and the galling humiliations heaped upon them, signify a reversion to the intolerance and barbarism of the Middle Ages. The Jews of Germany have in fact and in law—for the ministerial enactments of the new régime have all the force of law—been deprived of the civil rights conferred upon them at the establishment of the German Empire. The new Government has deliberately degraded a section of its own subjects, for no other reason except their race, to the level of pariahs. The catastrophe that has overtaken them has hardly any parallel in the annals of Jewish tribulation except the fate of the Jews in mediæval Spain, who were sentenced to wholesale expulsion; but whilst the latter could secure exemption from the decree by the acceptance of baptism, the Jews in Germany are compelled to remain to suffer persecution, and neither baptised Jews nor even Christian children or grandchildren of baptised Jews are immune from the raging scourge.

The ill-treatment that is now being meted out to the Jews is 'according to plan.' It was prescribed, with ruthless precision, in the programme of the National Socialist Party, which was adopted on Feb. 25, 1920, at a mass meeting in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich. That programme is called 'The Twenty-Five Points,' and the principal points relating to Jews are the following:—

- '(4) Only a member of the nation can be a citizen. Only one who is of German blood, irrespective of religion, can be a member of the nation. No Jew, therefore, can be a member of the nation.
- '(5) Whoever is not a citizen may live in Germany only as a guest, and must be subject to alien legislation.
- '(6) The right of voting on the State's government and laws may be enjoyed only by the citizen. We demand, therefore, that all official appointments, of whatever kind, whether in the Reich, the State, or community, may be entrusted only to citizens.'

The programme containing these and the other equally reactionary points was declared in the constitution of the National Socialist Party to be unalterable. Its aim was to convert the principles of anti-Semitism into practice by giving them the sanction of law. 'Anti-Semitism is to some extent the sentimental foundation of our

movement. Every National Socialist is an Anti-Semite,' says the editor and commentator of the programme in an explanation of its fundamental ideas (p. 30, German edition).

The mentality that gave birth to this programme has found expression in a voluminous literature poured out during the last thirteen years, and its most authoritative and exhaustive exposition consists of Adolf Hitler's political autobiography, 'Mein Kampf.' Germany has had many anti-Semitic firebrands during the centuries, for it is the spiritual home of anti-Semitism. From the massacres by the Crusaders in the eleventh century to the fulminations of the Court preacher, Adolf Stoecker, in the eighties of the nineteenth century, the history of the Jews in Germany re-echoes with the satanic cry, 'Hep, hep!' which has been modernised into 'Judæa perish!' But never was Jew-hatred preached with such vitriolic fury and intoxicating rhetoric, or over so long and sustained a period, as by the founder of the Nazi movement, and never was it propagated with such devastating effect. Hitler, as an Austrian, imbibed the poison in Vienna before the War, in the days and under the spell of the notorious Karl Lueger, whom he regards as 'the mightiest German burgomaster of all times.' He gives no plausible reason why he became a Jew-hater. He simply relates how he was shocked when he first caught sight of a Galician Jew in his native garb, a glimpse that caused a bitter revulsion in his soul against all Jews for all time. Whether he had a single conversation with a Jew in all his life is not clear from his story. His conception of the Jew is nothing but a figment of his own imagination. He created a monster which he endowed with every possible vice and iniquity, and became obsessed by it in all his thoughts and feelings. He devoured the ravings of 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion' as though that discredited forgery were gospel truth. And he swallowed the spurious racial theories of that renegade Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who preached the superiority of the Germanic race and the inferiority and baseness of Jewry.

There is no sin either in the social, economic, or political world of which Adolf Hitler does not accuse the Jews. He charges them with all forms of indecency in

the press and literature, in art and music, in the drama and the cinema. He says that they spread 'intellectual pestilence, worse than the Black Death.' He identifies Judaism with Marxism and declares that 'if the Jew with the aid of his Marxist doctrine triumphs over the peoples of this world, then his crown will be the funeral wreath of humanity.' He accuses the Jews, through 'their Marxist and democratic press,' of spreading throughout the world the lie about German militarism (p. 298). He stigmatises the German State (at the time when he wrote) as a 'Judeo-German Reich, which has become a real curse for the German nation' (p. 643), and the campaign of the Jews against Germany is only a prelude to the spread of this Jewish tendency to world conquest (p. 703). He has a fantastic phrase about 'the Marxist fighting troop of the international Jewish *Börsenkapital*' (p. 702); he talks of a conflict between 'the representatives of British State interests and the protagonists of a Jewish world-dictatorship' (p. 721); and he makes the preposterous statement that 'the destruction of Germany was not in English but primarily in Jewish interest, just as to-day, too, the destruction of Japan serves British State interests less than the far-reaching wishes of the leaders of the hoped-for Jewish World Dominion' (p. 722). His accusations are innumerable, but he does not attempt to prove a single one of them. His terminology and his ideology show that he is utterly blind to realities and rages in a wicked world of his own imagining. Arrogating to himself the role of a saviour, he proclaims: 'Thus I believe to-day that I am acting in the sense of the Almighty Creator: in defending myself against the Jew I fight for the work of the Lord' (p. 70).

These examples of abuse and calumny are but insignificant drops in the floods of vituperation with which Germany has been submerged during the last few years not only by Hitler but also by his devoted disciples. The latter have even tried to outdo the master in blood-curdling imagery and the fabrication of slanders. 'It is the fight of the clean, culture-bearing Nordic man against the destroyer Judah, a fight of the light against the powers of darkness,' said Dr Leers in Berlin last summer. 'There are men of Jewish race who, owing to their race

instinct, must drink alien blood of alien races,' said Dr Ley, a Reichstag deputy, in a lecture on 'Judaism, Race, and Revolution.' * 'Incited hirelings of Jewish capital are misused to stab and to club German workers,' wrote the 'Preussische Zeitung.' † Other calumnies are that the Jews have for centuries practised the pollution of food sold to non-Jews, 'in accordance with the laws of the Torah' ‡; that synagogues, 'oriental palaces in the midst of the German land, often bedecked with gold,' are built with the stolen property of the working masses §; and that Jews defile the chastity of German womanhood, a charge made in Hitler's book and reiterated in all Nazi literature. By means of such incendiary speeches and articles, supplemented by posters with abusive slogans, postcards with diabolical caricatures, plays with a provocative purpose, and songs designed to whet the thirst for Jewish blood, the paladins of Nordic culture succeeded in debauching the minds of millions of Germans and stirring the basest of passions. The most popular refrain sung by the students within the classic precincts of the Berlin University has for a long time been:

'Wenn's Judenblut vom Messer spritzt,
Dann geht's nochmal so gut.'

('When Jewish blood spurts from the knife, then it is twice as good.')

Among the multitude of charges that have been levelled against the Jews by the Nazis there are some that have acquired particular prominence and might perhaps be regarded by the unwitting as affording some justification or at least extenuation of the policy of oppression. Such are the charges that the Jews did not fulfil their duty during the War and were responsible for Germany's defeat; that they were largely, if not solely, responsible for the spread of Marxism; that there was an 'invasion' of Jews from Eastern Europe who acquired an excess of wealth by objectionable means; and that the Jews attained a position of domination in the State, particularly in the Government, the banks,

* 'Westdeutscher Beobachter,' July 25, 1931.

† Koenigsberg, July 10, 1931.

‡ 'Der Stuermer,' Nuremberg, No. 53, December 1931.

§ 'Der Volkskampf,' Kiel, Aug. 8, 1932.

and the press. Even if all of these charges were true they could not justify the mediæval discriminations and ruinous decrees now enforced against the Jews. It will not be difficult to show how hollow they are.

According to the census of 1910, there were only 555,000 German Jews (exclusive of 60,000 foreign Jews) in a total population of 68,000,000, and of them 96,000 served in the army (that is, every sixth Jew), and 12,000 were killed. About 35,000 Jews received military decorations and 23,000 were promoted. Soon after the War Dietrich Eckart, editor of an anti-Semitic Munich weekly, offered a prize of 1000 marks to anybody who could prove that there was even one Jewish family that had had three sons in the trenches for three weeks. Thereupon a Rabbi of Hanover furnished a list of twenty Jewish families in his community that fulfilled this condition, and a further list of fifty Jewish families from other communities which had had seven or eight sons in the field, and some of which had had to mourn the loss of three sons. Jews were not allowed to hold any higher rank than that of lieutenant in the army, but in the conduct of the War there were two Jews who rendered services of far greater value than those of any generals. Without the organising achievements of the late Walter Rathenau Germany would not have had an adequate supply of raw materials *; without the discoveries of Professor Franz Haber in the production of nitrogen from air, she would have been without any munitions after the first year.† Germany's defeat was not due to her Jews, who formed less than 1 per cent. of her population, and who played their part loyally and self-sacrificingly, but to forces over which they had no control whatsoever.‡ But, on the other hand, it was largely due to the activities of Rathenau and Einstein that the way was prepared for the gradual

* Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, in a letter of appreciation, dated July 15, 1916, to Rathenau, wrote: 'We should not be standing where we stand without your far-sightedness.'

† The Berlin correspondent of 'The Times' described Professor Haber as 'a man who probably had a greater share than any one other in enabling Germany to sustain four years of war.' ('The Times,' May 4, 1933).

‡ 'If one realises all that, one must come to the conclusion that General Ludendorff for a time lost his nerves.'—Imperial State Secretary Clemens v. Delbrück, Chief of the Civil Cabinet, in 'Die wirtschaftliche Mobilmachung in Deutschland 1914.'

restoration of friendly relations between Germany and the western world.

The charge that the Jews are responsible for the spread of Marxism is based partly upon the Jewish origin of Karl Marx and partly upon the participation of Jews in Socialism and Communism. Karl Marx was baptised as a child of six and from that time never had any association with the Jewish community. If his ideas are to be described as Jewish (although he was largely indebted to Friedrich Engels and the study of English social writers), then the old German Conservative party, the precursor of the Nationalist party, must be similarly designated, as its programme was drafted largely by Julius Stahl, who was of Jewish origin and was previously called Schlesinger; * and the old German Liberal party must also be termed Jewish, since it was founded by Eduard Lasker and Ludwig Bamberger. Besides, the Nazis cannot reasonably allege that Marxism, whether Socialism or Communism (although they also seem to understand by it Liberalism too), represents the policy of Jewry, inasmuch as they also reproach Jewry with being identified with 'international capitalism.' They cannot have it both ways. The simple truth is that Jews cannot be identified with a single political party, but are members of all parties except those with an anti-Semitic programme. Hence, in the German elections, apart from a number who supported the Centre (Catholic) party, most of the Jews voted for the Socialists, as the principal safeguard of their liberties; but as the total number of votes given in the Reichstag elections last March for the Socialists and Communists combined amounted to 12,000,000 and the number of voters in the whole of the Jewish population (which was 564,379 according to the census of 1925) could not possibly have exceeded 200,000, it will be seen what an utterly insignificant percentage the Jews must have formed of the two Left parties. But the Nazis not only depict the Socialism and Communism of Germany as 'all-Jewish,' they invariably represent

* 'Incomparable in the history of German parties—not excepting the importance of Marx for Social Democracy—are the merits achieved by Julius Stahl alone in regard to the scientific foundation of the Conservative conception of State and law.'—'Konservative Monatschrift,' August 1912, 'Die Entwicklung der Konservativen Partei.'

Bolshevism as synonymous with Judaism. They choose to ignore the fact that Bolshevism has suppressed Judaism as well as other religions, and likewise the fact that its founder, Lenin, a pure Slav, would never have had the opportunity of effecting the Bolshevik revolution but for the generosity of the former Imperial German Government, in 1917, in conveying him in a saloon-train from Switzerland to Russia.

In order to make their anti-Jewish policy plausible to the outside world, the Nazis for a certain time declared that it was aimed solely at those Jews who, they alleged, had come into Germany from Eastern Europe during the inflation and had enriched themselves by dubious means. Their attitude to the Polish Jews has radically changed from that displayed by Hitler's fellow-conspirator in the Munich 'Putsch' of 1923, General Ludendorff, for the latter, in his famous manifesto of 1914 addressed to 'Meine lieben Juden,' protested affection for them :

'Our banners bring you justice and freedom : equality of civil rights, freedom of faith, freedom of work undisturbed in all branches of economic and cultural life in your own spirit. . . . As friends we come to you. The barbaric foreign government is over. Equal rights for Jews shall be developed upon firm foundations.'

But this seductive promise did not prevent the German military command from deporting thousands of Jews from Poland during the War to do forced labour in Germany, especially in the Ruhr mining district, where they were obliged to remain. If a few East European Jews were involved in financial scandals in the inflation period, they were tried and punished, and their iniquities cannot be visited upon their brethren, who are as law-abiding in Germany as East European Jews are in Great Britain, America, or any other part of the world. In any case, those delinquencies are overshadowed by the succession of financial frauds committed by purely 'Aryan' swindlers on a much larger scale during the last few years. As Mr Edgar Mowrer, in his remarkable exposure of present-day Germany, writes :

'Conspicuously Aryan were the Lahusen brothers, Karl and Friedrich, church-going deacons of Bremen, who built up

a wool trust by ingenious financial jugglery. Even worse was the case of the *Devaheim*, a combined bank and home purchasing co-operative under the control of the Protestant Home Missions. The managers were nearly all Lutheran pastors. All in all, a pretty piece of embezzlement of poor people's money by holy and Aryan crooks.' *

The Jews were repeatedly accused of creating a 'Judeo-German Reich'† and dominating all the main branches of life in the State. What truth was there in this reproach? How many Jews have been Cabinet Ministers since the establishment of the Republic? In the nineteen Cabinets, from that of Scheidemann to that of Von Papen, comprising about 250 Ministers altogether, there were only five who were Jews or of Jewish origin—Preuss, Rathenau, Landsberg, Gradnauer, and Hilferding—and the total period during which they held office was less than three years. In the Federal State Governments there were hardly any Jewish Ministers at all, certainly not in Bavaria, Mecklenburg, Anhalt, and Thuringia. In the Reichstag elected in July 1932 there were 608 members, of whom there were only two Jews‡ besides twelve members of Jewish origin described as 'religionless.'§ Out of about 500 higher officials in the Reich Government there were at the most fifteen who were Jews or of Jewish origin, and out of a total of 300 higher officials in the departments of the Prussian Government there were about ten Jews or persons of Jewish origin, whilst among all the local administrative dignitaries, such as *Oberpraesidenten*, Government Presidents, and *Landraete*, there was not a single Jew.

Equally exaggerated was the position of the Jews in the press. According to the 'Handbuch der deutschen Tagespresse,' in 1932 there were in Germany 4703 political dailies, as follows :

* 'Germany Puts the Clock Back,' p. 197.

† Of the 423 Deputies of the National Assembly at Weimar only 9 were Jews and 4 of Jewish origin; 4 Deputies belonged to anti-revolutionary and 9 to Socialist parties.

‡ Both Socialists (but one not a member of the Jewish religious community).

§ Ten Socialists, one member of the German State Party, and one Communist.

(a) National Socialist	123	
German National	43	
Other Right papers	1100	
		<hr/>
		1266
(b) Catholic (Centre, Bavarian People's Party)		603
(c) Democratic	12	
Social Democratic	125	
Communist	49	
Other Left papers	192	
		<hr/>
		378
(d) Neutral (non-political, independent, official, mainly of Right tendency)		2456
		<hr/>
		4703

All the Left newspapers did not form even 10 per cent. of the entire press, whilst the democratic papers, falsely labelled the 'Jewish press,' formed less than 5 per cent. The political influence of the Ullstein and Mosse papers and of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' was greatly overrated, as they were read mainly in the big cities but not in the smaller towns or the country. They were envied because of their superior literary qualities and general attractiveness, but they did not represent any specific Jewish interests even though they were owned and edited by men of Jewish race. In any case, their combined influence was small compared with that exercised by Herr Hugenberg through the medium of his 26 dailies, 150 provincial papers, several weeklies, news agencies, advertising agencies, banks, and film companies. The so-called 'Judaising' of the press was thus a legend, invented for incitement.

Similarly exaggerated were the stories of Jewish wealth acquired through war-profiteering and the inflation. Enormous profits were made mainly by the manufacture of ammunition and kindred war industries, in which Jews were not represented. There was no Jewish firm whose earnings could compare with those of Krupp, which jumped from 33.9 million marks in 1913 to 68.5 million in 1914, or with those of Benz & Company, which spurted from 5 million marks in 1913 to 13 million in 1915. Apart from the armament industries, the biggest profits were made by those who succeeded in importing foreign raw materials for war purposes, and in this

lucrative domain the most successful operators were Hugo Stinnes and Otto Wolff, both Teutons.* Stinnes enjoyed the most intimate relations with the Supreme War Command and the Foreign Office, which he assiduously exploited for his personal gain. Mr Mowrer describes him as 'the partisan of inflation, who invented the plan of circumventing reparation payments by a "cheap bankruptcy" that would transfer property intact from the German State to the rich industrialists,' and says that he was 'for years the real ruler and evil genius of Germany.'† Those who made the most money during the inflation period were not the Jews, who were mainly engaged in commercial and professional pursuits, but the non-Jews, who are chiefly manufacturers and produce articles of intrinsic value. The distress that overtook large numbers of Jews in Germany was demonstrated by the abnormally high rate of suicide in their midst (increasing in Prussia from 32.2 per 100,000 during 1903-13 to 41.6 during 1919-23), as well as by the general shrinkage in the revenue of most of the religious communities. As for the banks, it is true that, owing to their financial ability, there were some Jewish directors on leading banks, but there were none on the Board of Directors of the Government institutions, the Reichsbank and the Prussian State Bank, though the General Council of the Reichsbank included two Jews among its ten members.

Now whilst the part that the Jews have played in certain phases of German national and public life has either been misrepresented or exaggerated, the fact is that they have formed a potent factor out of all proportion to their numbers in various spheres of economic activity and in most branches of cultural, scientific, and artistic endeavour. There is probably no country in the world to the advancement of which the Jews have contributed so much by their productive and even pioneering services and by the high standard of their intellectual achievement as Germany. Its industrial expansion was greatly furthered by Emil Rathenau, the creator, and Walter Rathenau, the developer of the electro-chemical

* 'Jüdische Weltfinanz?' By Richard Lewinsohn, pp. 49-51. Berlin, 1925.

† 'Germany Puts the Clock Back,' pp. 57-58.

industry, as well as by Albert Ballin, a co-founder of its commercial fleet, Aaron Hirsch, founder of the copper and brass works at Eberswalde, and Adolf Franck, founder of the potash industry. In the spheres of science, medicine, and technical achievement, law and economics, philosophy and philology, literature and art, music and drama, the number of Jews who have attained not merely eminence but international fame is so imposing that to enumerate them all would be to compile a dictionary of celebrities. Suffice it to mention some of the most renowned: Albert Einstein, discoverer of the theory of relativity; Heinrich Hertz, who by his researches in the production of electro-magnetic waves paved the way for wireless telegraphy and broadcasting; Ferdinand Cohn and Nathan Pringsheim, who created the first institutes for botanical physiology in Germany; Richard Willstaetter and Professor Freundlich, two of a brilliant array of chemists; Moritz Jacobi, inventor of the galvanoplastic process; David Schwarz, constructor of the first rigid airship in 1892; Emil Berliner, inventor of the microphone and gramophone; Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of salvarsan, August von Wassermann, discoverer of the reaction for syphilis, Albert Neisser, discoverer of the bacillus of gonorrhoea, and Bernhardt Zondek, sex physiologist. In literature there is the glorious name of Heine, and a galaxy of other writers including Arthur Schnitzler, Jakob Wassermann, Ludwig Fulda, and Lion Feuchtwanger; in the arts, Max Liebermann, the painter, and Alfred Messel, the architect; in music, composers like Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Mendelssohn, and Mahler, and conductors like Otto Klemperer and Bruno Walter; and in the theatre, actors like Adolf Sonnenthal, Irene Triesch, Max Pallenberg, and Fritzi Massary, and producers like Reinhardt and Leopold Jessner. In the field of economics and jurisprudence there are Professor Kantarowicz, Moritz Bonn, and Hugo Preuss (author of the ill-fated Weimar Constitution); in philosophy, Lazarus and Steinthal, founders of folk-psychology, and Hermann Cohen, the reviver of Kant; and in philology, Daniel Sanders, author of the dictionary of the German language. Moreover, among the forty-four Germans who have won Nobel prizes eight were Jews. Such a varied and brilliant record would suffice to confer honour and distinction

upon a whole nation. It represents only part of the achievements of those who form less than 1 per cent. of the German population.

The services that the Jews have rendered to Germany should have ensured for them, if not the respect of all their fellow-citizens, at least immunity from attack by a section of them. But the National Socialists were not impressed; on the contrary, they were incensed. Heedless of the fact that the Jews have been settled in Germany since the fourth century and could thus lay claim to having been domiciled in certain districts even longer than some of the German people themselves, Hitler and his henchmen branded them as aliens and treated them as enemies. They did not wait until they came into power before beginning their persecution. For several years past they conducted a savage and relentless warfare, in which they were not content merely to make inflammatory speeches, indulge in press abuse, and preach economic boycott. They carried on a campaign of terrorism in all parts of the country, against all kinds and classes of Jews, without distinction of age or sex, in towns and villages, in streets and cafés, in universities and theatres. Clubs and cudgels, knives, pistols, and even bombs were used. Nor did the desperadoes halt before the resting-place of the dead or the house of God. The most revolting chapter of Nazi barbarism consisted of the outrages against Jewish cemeteries and synagogues. During the last ten years over 130 cemeteries have been violated, the tombstones overthrown and smashed and painted with a swastika, and over fifty synagogues damaged and desecrated, their walls being defaced with the slogan 'Judea perish!' In their despair the Jews submitted to President von Hindenburg an imposing memorial consisting of a classified collection of newspaper extracts recording the excesses under which they were suffering. His State Secretary, Dr Meissner, acknowledged the documents in a letter dated Aug. 12, 1932, in which he wrote that the President 'cordially disapproves and regrets any attempt at a restriction of the constitutional political and religious rights of German citizens and the outrages committed against Jewish members of the Reich.' The President's disapproval and regret were of no avail; the outrages were continued

with unabated fury and in ever increasing proportions until they culminated in the orgy of sadistic savagery with which the Nazis celebrated their victory at the Reichstag elections.

Writers on the Continent, where anti-Semitism has existed for centuries, distinguish between three kinds of that bigoted aberration—economic, religious, and racial. The anti-Semitism of the Nazis combines all three, and is more brutal and reactionary than any that has preceded it. From the obsession of an individual, it became the principle of a party, and has been promoted to the policy of a Dictatorship. Not for centuries has any Government embarked upon such a movement of ruthless repression against the Jews, in which every principle of humanity is violated in the execution of its plan to encompass not only their degradation but also their pauperisation. Hitherto the Russian Government of Tsarist times had held the unenviable record as the bitterest oppressor of the Jewish people, but it has now been surpassed by the German Government in barbarity. The Russian Government at least allowed the Jews religious liberty, but the Hitler Government immediately dealt a vindictive blow at their religious observance by prohibiting the slaughter of animals for food according to Jewish law, although the method observed is recognised by scientists of the highest authority as the most humane.

The weapons employed by the Nazi Government against the Jews are terror, boycott, and legal discrimination. How many Jews have been victims of the terror, how many have been flogged, tortured and have died, and how many imprisoned, will probably never be known, for the threats of the tormentors and the 'Defence of the Realm' Acts prevent anything but a fraction of the truth from leaking out. But the flight of many thousands of Jews across the nearest frontier is a convincing proof of the brutalities that are committed. The reports published in the foreign press were seized upon by the Government as ground for accusing the Jews of the world of organising an 'atrocious-propaganda' against Germany, in retaliation for which it imposed a one-day boycott against its own Jewish subjects.* No meaner spectacle has ever been

* In a remarkable article contributed by Bismarck, after his retirement, to the 'Hamburger Nachrichten' (July 22, 1892), he wrote: 'The principal

presented by the Government of a great country in modern times. The so-called 'atrocities propaganda' was a trumped-up pretext, for the Nazis had been preaching the boycott for years and had to make good their threats. On the other hand, in dealing with the Jews engaged in public and professional life, the Government invested its unjust actions with a semblance of legal authority. It passed draconian decrees expelling Jews from the various positions that they had attained by merit and adorned by achievement. They were driven from Government offices, from the bench and the law-court, from the hospital and the university. No matter how distinguished they were or how indispensable, civil servants, judges and lawyers, doctors and professors were dismissed for no other reason than that they were Jews. Exceptions were declared in favour of those who had held office before the War, or who had fought at the front, or whose fathers or sons fell in the War, but those claiming exemption must submit documentary proofs and patiently await the official decision. Jews employed in museums, libraries, or any sort of public institution were likewise discharged. They were driven forth, too, from the broadcasting stations, the concert platforms, the theatres, and newspaper offices. They were removed from the governing bodies of all sorts of professional associations and all kinds of commercial and industrial organisations, and in many cases even from the management of their own business, whilst thousands of Jewish employees were thrown into the streets without compensation and without redress. It was 'the fight of the clean, culture-bearing Nordic man against the destroyer Judah.' And the 'Nordic man' succeeded in destroying the existence of hundreds of thousands of Jews and driving hundreds to suicide.

There was a previous period in the history of Germany, between forty and fifty years ago, when anti-Semitism raged, though not as furiously as to-day, and it is in-

ground of annoyance over the Jews—on this one must insist—lies in their superior ability to earn money. But this springs from racial qualities that are ineradicable. The Jew is, in consequence of his natural inclination, cleverer than the Christian in earning money; he is, at least until he has acquired wealth, more industrious and frugal than many of his Christian competitors in the branch in which he is at all active.'

structive to recall what the founder of the German Empire had to say on the question. Two years after his retirement, in 1892, Bismarck, in a carefully recorded conversation, said :

'As regards the anti-Semitic agitation, apart from all considerations of justice and humanity, I see no way by which it could reach its goal. I have often spoken with men of anti-Semitic views. . . . I said to them : We surely cannot expel the Jews nor organise a St Bartholomew's night against them.* Other measures, such as their exclusion from judicial and other State positions, can make the matter only worse. Then the released Jewish intelligence would become even more active than hitherto in the economic and financial sphere, the result of which would be that complaints about the increase of Jewish power and about its improper application would be raised aloud. . . . Besides, the well-to-do Jew is wont to be a reliable tax-payer and good subject. Similarly, one dare not close one's eyes to the good sides of the Jews. They have many a thing that we do not possess : stimuli and adaptability that, without the Jews, would hardly be present in our economic life in a like degree. The Jews bring into the mentality of the various German tribes a certain *mousseux* that should not be underrated. If I were still Minister, the principle that I would recommend in regard to the Jews is : *La recherche de la confession est interdite.*'†

But Hitler thinks otherwise. He has no considerations of justice and humanity, and he not only believes in inquiring into religion, but also into race. His Government has distributed questionnaires among all those holding any sort of position in public service, whether in an administrative or educational capacity, with a view to ascertaining not only their own religion and race, but also those of their parents and of their four grandparents, and should a single grandparent have been a Jew, then they are disqualified for service to the National Socialist State and must withdraw. His policy is diametrically

* 'Herr Hitler, in the negotiations that took place in the middle of August with the representatives of the Reich President, not only demanded the position of Chancellor for himself, but beyond that, as something on account, so to speak, requested that, before taking over office, the street (the State forces having been withdrawn) should be handed over for three days to his Storm Troops.'—'Der Stahlhelm,' Berlin, Oct. 2, 1932.

† 'Bismarck und die Juden.' By Otto Jöhliger. Berlin, 1921, pp. 184-185. A similar statement by Bismarck was reported in the 'Neue Freie Presse,' in January 1898.

opposed to that actively fostered by the German states throughout the nineteenth century and up to the outbreak of the War. Only Jews who accepted baptism could enjoy the rights of citizenship and be admitted to public positions. Frederick William III rewarded every Jewish convert to Christianity with a bonus of ten ducats, and Frederick William IV presented a gift to every converted Jewess on her marriage. But Chancellor Adolf Hitler penalises the descendants of these royal favourites by evicting them from the body-politic of the Nazi State and disfranchising them. He is resolved to 'purge' the State in accordance with the racial theories first propounded by Count Gobineau and afterwards popularised by Houston Stewart Chamberlain but rejected by all scientific authorities. He believes in the intellectual superiority of the Germanic race and the physical excellence of the Nordic type, though the Germanic race is certainly not pure (as it contains Slav and Celtic elements), and neither Hitler, nor Goebbels, nor Hindenburg conforms to the Nordic type. Nor did Luther or Bismarck, Beethoven or Schubert, with their broad skulls, belong to that type. But, with a fanatical faith in these exploded theories, Hitler has decreed that all Jews and persons of Jewish racial origin shall be eliminated from all phases of German life, not only from all State institutions of whatever kind, but also from music, drama, and art, from literature and journalism, and even from sport. In short, the Jew is doomed in these spheres to extinction, though why he should be subjected to this treatment if he be intellectually inferior is a riddle that the Nazi commentators do not solve. Future generations are to be safeguarded by a *numerus clausus* limiting Jewish students at the universities to 1.5 per cent., by the prohibition of marriages between Jews and Christians, and by the wanton and futile destruction of all 'un-German' books.

The damage—moral and intellectual, as well as economic and political—that has been wrought to Germany by this unbridled orgy of anti-Semitism within a few months is incalculable, and may be irreparable for years to come. That is an aspect of the situation that may become clearer to her governors after they have had time to recover from the intoxication of their victory and

learned what is thought of them in the outside world. They have shocked and revolted the conscience of civilisation by their brutal suppression of the rights of man. They have violated the dictates of humanity by their decrees based on race-hatred. But the position of the Jews is so parlous that it cannot be left as it is until Germany awakes from her stupor. Their plight is a matter of international concern, which should engage the attention of the League of Nations at the earliest possible moment. As far back as 1878, in the city of Berlin, at the Congress attended by Bismarck for Germany and by Beaconsfield for England, a Treaty was signed which stipulated that the Balkan States whose independence was to be recognised must accord to their subjects civil and political equality. Germany has now fallen very far below the level of those Balkan States.

When peace was made with Germany in 1919 she was not required to embody in the Treaty of Versailles the special clauses for the protection of racial minorities which were imposed upon several other States, because her standard of treatment of her subjects had been satisfactory. But when, on May 23, 1919, she urged the necessity of safeguarding the protection of the German minorities in other States, she made an express declaration: 'Germany, on her part, is determined to treat ethnic minorities within her territory in accordance with the same principles.' That pledge has been flagrantly broken. Three years later, on May 15, 1922, Germany signed a Convention with Poland relative to Upper Silesia, whereby she undertook 'to assure to all inhabitants full and complete protection of life and liberty without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion,' and also to assure to all German nationals ('tous les ressortissants allemands') 'the same civil and political rights without distinction as to race, language, or religion,' including, in particular, admission to public employment and the exercise of different professions. These solemn obligations, which the German Government accepted for the transitional period of fifteen years, have also been deliberately and ruthlessly broken. Germany agreed that these and other important stipulations 'constitute obligations of international concern and shall be placed under the guarantee of the League of Nations.'

Accordingly, petitions have been submitted to the League of Nations calling attention to the infractions that have been committed, and the petition of Herr Franz Bernheim, a Jew domiciled in Upper Silesia, has been considered by the Council. The German delegate, after vainly trying to evade the issue, declared that German legislation would not be allowed to affect the international conventions of the Reich and that any infringements of the Geneva Convention that might have taken place in Upper Silesia would be regarded as mistakes made by subordinate authorities, and, further, that 'Germany will rectify the measures that have been taken in Upper Silesia and are incompatible with the Convention.' The report adopted by the Council took note of the German Government's declaration that it is resolved to see that the provisions of the Convention are observed and that the infringements committed will be corrected—'these corrections implying the reinstatement of persons belonging to minorities who have lost employment or found themselves unable to practise their professions.'* It remains to be seen what measures are taken by the German Government to implement its declaration.

But the Jews in Upper Silesia form scarcely 2 per cent. of the Jewish population in Germany, and hence, however favourable the outcome of the petitions presented on their behalf, it is clearly necessary that action should be taken on behalf of the Jewish community as a whole. Fortunately, there is provision in the Covenant of the League for such a procedure, for, according to Article 11, second paragraph: 'It is also declared to be the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.' The developments and repercussions in other countries that have followed the persecution of the Jews in Germany—the protests, the boycott, the Parliamentary interpellations and debates, the influx of fugitives into various countries, and the universal indignation—correspond very closely to the sort of circumstance envisaged in this

* Report in 'The Times,' June 7, 1933.

article. There should be no unnecessary delay, therefore, in initiating the action for bringing the matter before the League, so that the Jews in Germany may have restored to them intact the civil, political, and religious rights that they exercised before; and there is no Power that could more appropriately and effectively take such a step, in the interest of justice and humanity, than Great Britain, which cannot be suspected of wishing to exploit the situation for any political reason, which enjoys the repute of traditional protector of oppressed races, and which holds the proud and responsible trust for the establishment of the National Home of the Jewish people.

The handling of this problem will form a crucial test of the power and the utility of the League. Should it prove impossible or impracticable, either on technical or tactical grounds, for the League to effect the deliverance of the Jews in Germany from their tyrannous persecution and to ensure the complete restoration of their former equality, then will the League indeed afford a pitiful demonstration of its impotence. For the League was created, in the spirit of the prophets of ancient Israel, not only to maintain peace between the sovereign nations, but also to secure it for all the peoples of the earth, and there is no people that needs and deserves it so much as that which has been preaching peace, with unflagging energy and unabated hope, from the time of Isaiah unto the present day. If the League, the guardian of the conscience of mankind, should continue to suffer one of its member States in the heart of Europe to trample upon the rights and liberties of its Jewish denizens and to encompass their destruction by a legalised system of degradation and pauperisation, then its apathy or its passivity would betoken the collapse of the basic principles upon which it was established and the ignominious bankruptcy of modern civilisation.

ISRAEL COHEN.

Art. 2.—JULIUS CÆSAR: MAN OR SUPERMAN?

1. *Julius Cæsar*. By John Buchan. Peter Davies, 1932.
2. *The Life of Cæsar*. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by A. E. Zimmern. Allen & Unwin, 1933.

THE question asked in the title is strictly personal, and the personality has always been something of a riddle. It will not be necessary to re-open any chapter of Ancient History, or to flog any dead horses of controversy, for the evidence to be discussed has long been accessible; although, as we shall see, it has remained unknown to the majority of English readers. A verdict which is both simple and satisfactory is difficult to reach. But in what follows no statement will be made that is not based directly on the ancient authorities; and since the name of Julius Cæsar is the first that every child encounters in English History, the question of what he was like may claim a certain interest for English readers. The topic is closer to us than may appear. Belief in Cæsarism as an institution, impatience with the methods of free government, and willingness to submit to despotism because of its supposed efficiency, is an attitude of mind often connected with an imperfect conception of Cæsar himself. Indeed, to read this paper in public in a certain country, or even to publish it, would be difficult and probably dangerous, under present conditions.

Of course, we all acknowledge the greatness of the man. Cassius' words, whether sincere or not, were true:

" . . . he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus. . . ."

But in what did this greatness consist? How far did it help humanity? This question Shakespeare hardly attempted to answer. In his vivid outline we have a tall, determined figure, magnificent in his words and movements; but the face is a blank. Shakespeare could not know a certain number of significant details which his authority, Plutarch, kept in the background, and which have been rather strangely suppressed by some modern writers. Some of the evidence, and that the most important part, has either not been regarded at all, or very imperfectly weighed, so far as I can find; and I

have to begin by impugning the verdict of a scholar whose services to knowledge transcend all ordinary praise, and yet who, in an early part of his writings, a part which has exercised enormous influence, has been guilty of so many demonstrable, and in a sense wilful, errors, that that particular book deserves to be publicly burnt in the playground of every school; though copies of it should be preserved in libraries, as a specimen of brilliant rhetoric (beside Macaulay's 'History of England') and as one of the unfortunate events of the nineteenth century. The reader will no doubt have guessed that the book I mean is Theodore Mommsen's famous 'History of Rome,' the untrustworthiness of which it is still necessary to make clear. The man in the street has taken the opposite for granted because of the reverence which is felt, and rightly felt, for Mommsen's work as a whole—half a century of splendid labour in which he placed for the first time on a scientific basis a considerable part of the records of Roman antiquity. But the value of Mommsen's doctrine when he turns from editing records to frame a judgment of men is quite a different matter.

For our present purpose we are not directly concerned with many problems of the early period in which we now know that he was completely wrong, such as the extraordinary view that the Etruscans entered Italy from north of the Alps, a theory always contradicted by the weight of tradition, and now not less clearly refuted by the evidence of archæology and language. But it may be noted that his errors all sprang from a single prejudice, his curious determination to reject wholesale the evidence of the greatest Roman writers like Cicero and Livy. And when we come to the central period of Roman history, Mommsen's distortions are grotesque. There is hardly a single one of the great writers of Rome, except Cæsar and Horace, of whom Mommsen does not somewhere write with bitter contempt; and the root of this unhappy obliquity in the young scholar's view (between 1850 and 1860) is obvious—the admiration which he felt for the unified government established by the Cæsars. This was bound up in his mind, though it existed side by side with certain liberal sympathies, with his enthusiasm for the centralising process which was then going on in Germany—and which is going on again now, with a vengeance.

'Cæsar,' wrote Mommsen,* 'was the entire and perfect man. . . . It formed part . . . of his full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place. . . . The perfect man just because he more than any other . . . possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation—practical aptitude as a citizen—in perfection.' Mommsen would really seem to regard Cæsar's assassination as evidence that Cæsar had recognised 'the conditions of time and place'! Yet it was precisely because he had not enough 'aptitude' to gauge the temper of his own fellow-citizens that the world had to wait another thirteen bloodstained years for the less arrogant Augustus. 'Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, Cæsar had still a heart.' Mommsen's conjunction 'although' (*obgleich*) throws a rather amusing light on what he was accustomed to expect of 'gentlemen, and monarchs, and men of genius.' 'Even in later years Cæsar had his love-adventures and successes with women,' to which he adds, by way of apology: 'However much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them and allowed them no manner of influence over him; even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mask a weak point in his political position.' This 'contrivance' was prolonged for eight months (October 48 to June 47 B.C.) with immediate consequences which were nearly fatal. 'Cæsar's work was . . . salutary, not because it was or could be fraught with blessing in itself; but because . . . absolute military monarchy was . . . logically necessary.' This 'necessity' is like that pleaded by a French criminal in the old story, who said that a man must live. The conspirators' reply was that of the judge, "*nous n'en voyons pas la nécessité*"; and it was effective. Augustus had to devise a totally different constitution. 'As the artist can paint everything save consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it.' What Mommsen thus described as 'silence' on the part of the historian had been maintained for eight closely printed pages!

* These quotations are taken from the excellent English translation by Professor W. P. Dickson; but they have all been verified in the German text.

But less extravagant writers have expressed themselves in much the same way; and some of us have studied with interest a fascinating picture of Cæsar drawn by one of the most brilliant writers of our day, the biography, published last year, by Mr John Buchan, who thus concludes his estimate:

"Cæsar gave the world a long breathing space. . . . He taught no new way of life, no religion. . . . He was a child of this world, content to work with the material he found and to reduce it to order and decency. His standards were human, but the highest to which humanity can attain, and his work may well be regarded as the greatest recorded effort of the human genius."

To these eloquent words I must answer, humbly but firmly, that I cannot see the evidence. Cæsar was certainly a "swallow of formulas, a destroyer of decayed institutions" as Mr Buchan calls him. In the face of the fierce resolve of the senatorial class to maintain the oppressive government of the Provinces, from which it amassed enormous wealth (just as Cæsar did in his turn), there was found at last in his insight and determination a power equal to the task of "upsetting the apple-cart," with its very rotten apples. This was what the tyrant Sulla recognised in the young man of seventeen whom he reluctantly consented to spare. 'Inside Cæsar's skin,' said Sulla, 'are three such men as Gaius Marius.'

What Julius would have done had he lived is mainly matter of conjecture; but the only substantial change which he lived to enforce was to make all Provincial appointments himself, and among his nominees were several men of the worst type. Mr Buchan himself writes: "Cæsar was always prepared to make use of blackguards, and he preferred his ruffians to be naked and unashamed." This is borne out by Cæsar's defiant answer to the complaint that he was introducing disreputable persons into the Senate: 'If I have had the help of foot-pads and cut-throats (*grassatorum et sicariorum*) in maintaining my position, I shall reward them in the same way as I do other people.' Several of these 'foot-pads and cut-throats,' like Piso and Gabinius and Mark Antony, Cæsar put in charge of Provinces with appalling results. With the same recklessness he gave

the supreme command over three legions, with their Roman officers, left at Alexandria, to a young freedman called Rufinus, one of his own *exoleti*, a word which it is pleasanter not to translate. And Cæsar set the example of selling the thrones of dependent states. From Ptolemy Auletes, father of Cleopatra, for recognising him as King of Egypt, Cæsar and Pompey exacted and shared a sum of which the lowest estimate is six thousand talents, one and a half million sterling. In the light of such acts how can we attribute to Cæsar a genius for administration? Do great administrators put blackguards into positions of great power? Do they sell kingdoms and put the money into their own pockets?

The fundamental change which twenty years later turned the Empire into an ordered system instead of a cruel chaos was, as we all know, the assignment of ample and graduated stipends for all the offices in the different Provinces, from the humblest Quæstor to the greatest Governor. They were all members of a hierarchy, responsible to the Emperor, with a long career of advancement before them, if they kept their Provinces in peace. The Emperor was well informed of what passed in each Province by reports from more than one class of officers, the military and fiscal authorities being separated. That system was devised by Augustus, prompted, it would seem, by Mæcenas. It will be said that Julius had no time for such vast organisation. True, but that is no reason for giving him the credit of it. The last days of Julius Cæsar were occupied with the old covetous disputes of would-be provincial governors, each of whom expected to make a vast fortune, as Cæsar himself had done, from their luckless Provinces. So long as this was the basis of the administration, minor improvements were useless.

There was one quality in Cæsar which fascinated his soldiers and has fascinated the imagination of many other people too, that which Mr Buchan admirably describes by saying that "he had a kind of boyish gusto which infected his troops with his own daring and speed." To this we can all subscribe. I suppose there was never a commander who so continually turned defeat into success by his unquenchable courage and brilliant enterprise. But to that foundation a great superstructure of other admirable qualities has been added, wholly, as I

conceive, by the imagination of his admirers. The judgment which I submit in what follows, for what it is worth, has been formed directly from Cæsar's own writings, some characteristic passages of which may guide us to a conclusion.

There is another feature which runs through his own narratives and through every other account of him. It appears plainly enough in the well-known story of his capture as a youth by the pirates, their kindness to him, and the vengeance he took on them when he was ransomed. Of course, it was a hard world, a world which practised slavery and infanticide and crucifixion; and which took its pleasure in watching gladiators kill each other. Nevertheless, there was something peculiarly ruthless in a man who, with no authority whatever but his own, could cut the throats of some scores of men with whom he had lived for five weeks on familiar terms; and the same ruthlessness appears again and again. When Uxellodunum surrendered in 51 B.C., he spared the lives of those who had taken part in the rebellion, who must have been several hundreds, but cut off their hands; the lingering torture of gangrene by which most of them would perish was, of course, part of the programme. To take a more private example, we learn that on one occasion Cæsar scourged and beheaded one of his own trusted freedmen because of an intrigue with the wife of a Roman knight, 'though no one,' so adds the historian, quite pathetically, 'had made any complaint.' Why Cæsar did this we do not know; his own record in such matters makes it ridiculous to attribute to him any moral indignation; it was probably merely due to his patrician disgust at a freedman's having aspired to the favours of a noble lady—unless, indeed, she was one of his own favourites. At the end of his career when he was master of the world and, as he thought, safe at Rome, he was angered with some of the soldiers who had shared his triumph, because they were making extortionate demands; one of them he seems to have killed in the ordinary way; two others he caused to be put to death before the altar of Mars in the Campus by the priest of that deity, just like animal victims. His final triumph over the Gauls was marked by his revengeful treatment of his old and noble opponent Vercingetorix,

who had broken his oath of alliance and led a great revolt, ended only by the terrible siege of Alesia. Vercingetorix, in hope of saving what was left of his countrymen in the town, had come and surrendered himself to Cæsar and fallen on his knees and begged for mercy. Of this chivalrous act on his part Cæsar only writes, 'Vercingetorix was surrendered.' He turned away from the chief, kept him in prison for six years, led him as a conspicuous object in his triumph, and then had him put to death. On this Mr Buchan observes: "No Roman, not even Cæsar, knew the meaning of chivalry." That is characteristic of the defence commonly made for Cæsar's worst acts, that every one else of his time or nation was just as bad. Mr Buchan seems to have forgotten how Camillus treated the schoolmaster of Falerii and the boys whom he had treacherously brought into the Roman camp; forgotten how Fabricius sent back to King Pyrrhus the physician who had proposed to poison him; forgotten every act of the great Scipio Africanus; and even forgotten how Cicero forbade his slaves to fight for him and bared his own neck to the sword of Antony's cut-throats. These examples alone will show how easily even the most brilliant powers of judgment may be misled by an unqualified admiration of Cæsar.

The politics of Cæsar's early career, as leader of the so-called *populares*, are uninteresting, because, as Mr Buchan writes, "There is no reason to suppose in them any but a tactical motive"; "he had no clear notion of what he was doing"; "he was above all things an opportunist." These negative remarks are unconvincing. They are merely an effort to walk round and round an unpalatable fact. Cæsar knew very well what he was at, and so did the people of his time. Cæsar often quoted the saying of a character of Euripides that if ever wrongdoing was right, it was for the sake of supreme power. *Multos annos regnare meditatus*, 'he had planned to make himself a king for many years,' was Cicero's verdict on looking back. The story of his rise to power, by profuse bribery and wildly extravagant shows; of his secret bargain with Pompey and Crassus, and of his securing the Province of Gaul, first for five, and then for ten years, are all familiar. For his astounding adventures in these ten years, including his brief invasions of Britain, I gladly

refer the reader to Mr Buchan's story, delightful just because it is told with a lively sympathy for the actors in it which is totally wanting in Cæsar's own prosaic chronicle, 'bare and neat and direct' though it is, in Cicero's phrase. In that, though Cæsar professes great care for his soldiers, and though good fighting men are highly prized, nothing that can be called sympathy appears for any one but the *Cæsar* with whose name the pages are studded.

Gaul was scarcely pacified before Cæsar was dragged into five years of civil war. He returned to Rome from the last of his victorious campaigns in the autumn of 45, and was assassinated on March 15 of the next year. His murderers had private reasons for hating him. He had forgiven them for taking Pompey's side, and he assumed that they had forgiven him for their defeat. But they never had. Yet they would probably have been powerless to bring about his death but for the fierce unpopularity in Rome for which he had himself alone to thank. It is difficult to understand the kind of apologies which at this point are offered by his admirers. 'Cæsar was a monarch,' Mommsen writes, 'but he never played the king. He was monarch; but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant.' And Mr Buchan, though on one page he confesses that "an innocent vanity seems to have revived in Cæsar," declares a little later that "he had no petty vanity." One thing at least is clear; no man could have dealt more habitual or more grievous insults to everything that every Roman had learnt to revere from his childhood. Mr Buchan mentions as examples of the "innocent vanity" his having his own image carried in the solemn procession of the gods, his erection of his own statue in the temple of Romulus with the inscription 'to the unconquerable god' (*deo invicto*); and his wearing always, in order to conceal his baldness, the laurel wreath by which a military commander was crowned only on the day of his triumph; also the high red boots which were part of the attire of the ancient kings. It is hard to know why Mr Buchan should be interested in Cæsar's boots and yet say nothing of the crimson robe which he always wore when he presided in the Senate, seated on what the authorities call a golden throne, both things being emblems of royal power. When two

Tribunes arrested a man for publicly saluting him as king, he had the Tribunes expelled from the Senate and stripped of their office by a resolution of the popular assembly. This act his defenders are apt to pass over; yet this was precisely the insult to the constitution by which Ti. Gracchus had lost his popularity and his life. To-day we may respect Cæsar for publicly showing contempt for the ancient absurdities of augury, which had been shamefully abused; yet in that day they were still things which most men regarded with a certain awe. And even to-day one can appreciate the indignation that was aroused by his deliberately keeping his seat when the Senate came in a body to offer him new honours. Any number of Senators might be blind and brutal partisans; but the Senate itself was still the greatest institution in the world; it meant Rome and the whole grandeur of the Roman past.

It is indeed difficult to see why Cæsar should have so treated that great body, unless it was because at that time of his life he was enslaved to one particularly unwise and un-Roman influence. For there is one circumstance which Mommsen and other modern historians (though not Dr Rice Holmes) ignore, but which is amply attested. Cæsar, though he was married to Calpurnia, had living with him in Rome, from 46 B.C. onwards, the beautiful Græco-Egyptian queen Cleopatra, whom he had put upon the throne of Egypt only to become her slave. She lived in Cæsar's house in his gardens across the Tiber, attended by a large retinue of eunuchs and others, with the youthful Ptolemy, her boy brother and husband of fifteen years of age; and as Dio briefly puts it, 'Cæsar's reputation suffered badly from his relations with them both.' She, not Calpurnia, was in control of his household. That appears plainly from several passages in Cicero's letters in the months after Cæsar's death. Cicero wished to beg a book or two from the dead Dictator's library in memory of their long intercourse on literary subjects; but he was repulsed by Cleopatra in an insulting way. How public Cæsar had chosen to make his relations with her may be judged from the fact that he caused her statue to be placed in the temple which he built to Venus Genetrix beside that of the goddess. This temple was the public embodiment of Cæsar's

claim to divine origin, so that no more official declaration of his connection with Cleopatra could have been devised. This beautiful figure, Appian tells us, was still standing there in his own day, nearly two centuries later.* All this Shakespeare did not know; but his picture of Cæsar's humble friend in the crowd, trying to tell him of his danger, is well attested. Plenty of people in Rome knew of the great conspiracy, but no one, who stood near enough to him to be heard, cared enough for him to take the risk of giving him warning.

Mr Buchan's own comment on the Cleopatra episode shows the straits to which an honest admirer of Cæsar is reduced in dealing with the facts.

"Cleopatra had come to Rome with a vast oriental retinue, desiring to share the throne of the master of the world, and Roman gossip made Cæsar once again her devout lover. It is more likely that the Queen of Egypt's presence was less of a delight than an embarrassment; for such pleasures he was too busy and too weary."

So brilliant a writer as Mr Buchan could not but be conscious that he was here guilty of a false antithesis. Cleopatra was both of these things, a "delight" and an "embarrassment," to him and to her other lovers. In view of the facts just mentioned, can any one believe that Cæsar's dealings with her at that time consisted merely in lending her a lodging? Mr Buchan writes of her coming to Rome and her stay there as if she were some winged creature, flitting about the world as she liked. The erection of her statue in the temple of Venus beside that of the goddess would alone be enough to show that the Dictator was still held by the infatuation for her which, five years before, had brought upon Roman armies dangerous defeats in Asia, and had cost the Dictator himself his fleet and nearly his life; and which has made the world poorer ever since by the loss of the 400,000 volumes of the Alexandrian library, which caught fire from the flames of the fleet when Cæsar burnt it to

* It has been suggested that the title of King, which, as Shakespeare realised, was a thing that Cæsar strangely coveted, was connected in his mind with this alliance, because since Cleopatra was the genuine descendant of one of the Macedonian dynasties, this alliance between two royalties would make him, and their child Cæsarion after him, in the eyes of the Greeks and Orientals, the legitimate master of the whole world.

save it from his enemies. If it were said that this devotion to Cleopatra was a thing for which the great man was more to be pitied than blamed, the plea might perhaps arouse a touch of sympathy. I am not here concerned to express any Puritan view of the question. All I venture to insist upon is the evidence which shows that compared with this infatuation of his middle age, the respect and confidence of decent people in Rome weighed with Cæsar for nothing; and that that passion was certainly one of the factors which led to his murder.

Turn now to the safest of all evidence of what a man thinks and is, his own writings—Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars, and several letters. The Commentaries are described by Mr Buchan as "the most unegotistic book ever written." This is certainly true, in a literal sense, because of a peculiarity in Cæsar's style. Sometimes he uses the stilted idiom avoided by the best Romans, even by the vain Cicero in his better moments, of calling oneself "we" instead of "I," which has much the same effect in Latin as our would-be modest "the present writer" in English. But for the most part he replaces "I" by his own name, Cæsar; and many readers will share my recollection of the unpleasant impression which the frequency of this proper name made on us at school. *Ego* is absent; but *Cæsar* is everywhere; and that the book could not be called un-Cæsarian Mr Buchan admits, when he writes: "The book was primarily an electioneering pamphlet." If it was a manifesto in Cæsar's own interest, is it worth while to call it "unegotistic"? Take first a passage from the 'Gallic War,' which describes the end of the siege of Avaricum.

'A little before the third watch of the night the Roman soldiers noticed that their stockade was on fire because the enemy had attacked it through a mine; and at the same time sorties were made from two of the gates of the town. . . . The fight lasted all night all along the line, for the townsmen felt that the deliverance of the whole of Gaul hung on the issue. An incident occurred under the eyes of the present writer which appears to him worthy of record, and not to be passed over. One of the Gauls stood in front of the gate throwing lumps of fat and pitch which were handed to him, on to the blazing tower in the stockade. Hit by a shot from

one of our machines, he fell mortally wounded. The next man stepped forward over his body and continued his work till he fell in the same way, and was succeeded by another and another; and the place was never left vacant until at length we succeeded in putting out the fire, and the battle ended in the enemy's complete repulse.'

Next day the town was taken by storm, and Cæsar ends the story thus:

'Many of them were cut down by our soldiers while the gate was blocked with the crush. Others, who had made their way out, were cut down by our cavalry. None of the Roman soldiers stopped to secure plunder; and so resentful were they at the recollection of the disaster they had recently suffered and the toil they had had in the siege, that they spared none, neither the aged nor women nor children. Of the whole population, which was about 40,000, scarcely 800 escaped to join Vercingetorix.'

That is to say, 39,200 men, women, and children were put to the sword in one night! And Cæsar writes as though he had no more responsibility for it than for a storm of wind or rain. Measure from this, if you can, the total of human agony represented by Plutarch's summary statement: 'In ten years of war he took 800 cities by assault, conquered 300 tribes, fought pitched battles at different times with 3 millions of men of whom 1 million were slain and 1 million taken captive and enslaved as prisoners.' When we remember that the price of the slaves was one of the conqueror's perquisites, we understand one source of the wealth which the Colossus amassed; and we understand also the remark of Suetonius that in Lusitania Cæsar sacked certain friendly towns, as if they were those of enemies, for the sake of despoiling them, although they had obeyed his orders and opened their gates to him; and that in Gaul he more often sacked cities in order to despoil them than because they had committed any offence. In short, says the historian, he was always rapacious both in his campaigns and his civil administration. That is what provoked Vergil's grave comment: 'This man will storm a city and sack its small homes that he may drink from a jewelled cup and sleep in Tyrian purple.'

Or take Cæsar's own account of what Mr Buchan calls "the ugliest episode of the Gallic wars, which was un-

sparingly condemned by Cato and by more reasonable men." Cæsar had been in treaty with some German tribes who had invaded Gaul. During the negotiations a treacherous attack had been made by some of their horsemen (so Cæsar declares) upon a body of his cavalry. Cæsar's account then proceeds thus :

'After this engagement Cæsar judged that he ought no longer to receive envoys from them or accept any proposals, since, after they had sought for peace, they had now attacked him by a treacherous ambush, and he judged it would be madness to wait until their forces were increased. . . . He accordingly gave orders to his officers to lose no chance of battle ; and then, by a most lucky chance, it happened that the next morning a body of Germans, consisting of all their chiefs and older men, came in to him in camp, for two purposes. First, as they said, to apologise for the attack which had been made the day before, contrary to their own orders and wishes ; and secondly to secure any truce they could. Cæsar was delighted that they had fallen into his hands and ordered they should be kept in custody.'

Cæsar represents this visit as a piece of treachery. That is obviously a matter of opinion. What Cæsar admits is that they faced a grave risk in order to put themselves right with the rules of warfare at the earliest moment. He could perfectly well have refused to receive them, as he says he had resolved to do ; but to receive them and then detain them in custody was something very different. He himself, quite clearly, felt nothing but pride in it ; though in the course of his campaigns in Gaul he had made war on other tribes for doing precisely the same thing. Now note his account of the result.

'The Germans were cast into terror by the speed of our attack. . . . We gave them no time, and in their terror they could not decide whether to come out to fight us, to defend their camp, or to seek safety in flight. Quickly perceiving . . . the state of panic the Germans were in, our soldiers burst into the camp, full of rage at the treachery they had suffered the day before. Thereon those who could lay hands upon their arms resisted for a little. . . . But the multitude of children and women (for they had come across the Rhine with all their families) broke into headlong flight, and Cæsar sent his cavalry after them. The Germans in camp, when

they heard the cries behind them and saw their folk being cut down, cast away their arms and fled from the camp; and when they reached the point at which the Rhine and the Moselle unite, having suffered grave losses and despairing of escape, they plunged into the river and there perished of terror, weariness and the fierceness of the current. Our troops returned without losing a single man, and suffering very few wounds, though the enemy had numbered four hundred and twenty thousand.'

Such was the tender mercy of the conqueror, who boasts that 420,000 persons, including women and children, were extinguished by a single act, in defiance of the laws of warfare even of his own day, and who reports it with glee as a 'most lucky chance.' Note again how he concludes the story of the defeat of the Nervii:

'The survivors sent to surrender themselves to Cæsar and stated that only three out of 600 of their Senators and only 500 out of 60,000 warriors were left. Cæsar took great care of the survivors and allowed them to remain in their own territory and town, ordering their neighbours not to interfere with them, in order that he might be thought to have shown pity to his unhappy suppliants.'

'In order that he might be thought'—that is the motive which Cæsar everywhere avows when he speaks of his own belauded clemency. He uses the same word in 49 B.C. about Corfinium (*ne . . . uideretur*).

But the most interesting evidence lies in the letters that Cæsar wrote in that year about his first act of mercy, the dismissal of the Pompeian garrison of the town just mentioned. He writes to his own lieutenants, Oppius and Balbus, thus:

'I am very glad of your letter telling me how much you approve of what was done at Corfinium. I will willingly follow your advice, all the more that I had myself determined to show myself as lenient as possible. Let us by these means try to win back everyone's goodwill and enjoy a lasting victory. Let this be a new way of conquest, to fortify our position by mercy and liberality.'

He wrote also about Corfinium to Cicero:

'You are quite right in your opinion about me, since you know me well, that nothing is further from my nature than cruelty. I take great pleasure myself in the fact and I count it a triumph that you should approve it. I do not mind

being told that those I released have started to make war on me again, for I desire nothing more than that I should be like myself and they like themselves.'

There is Cæsar to the life: 'there is nothing I desire more than to be like myself.' It is that tone of overweening admiration for himself, amounting to a kind of superstition, which inspires some of us with very different feelings from that which his valour alone would naturally command. Finally, from the Civil War, take the brief chapter describing Pompey's murder just as he was landing in Egypt after his escape from the stricken field of Pharsalia; even in these few lines Cæsar finds room for some of the commonplace moralising of which he was fond.*

'The friends of the young king of Egypt who were in charge of affairs . . . either in fear (as they afterwards alleged) lest Pompey should take possession of the kingdom, or in mere contempt for his unfortunate position (turning from friendship to enmity as men are wont to do towards their fellows overtaken by calamity) made answer openly with generous promises to Pompey's envoys, and bade him come to the king. But in secret they made a plot, and instructed Achilles, the king's prefect, who was a man of unusual daring, together with a Roman military tribune called Septimius, to murder Pompey. This man greeted him cordially; and Pompey, since he knew something of Septimius, who had been a centurion under him in his war with the Pirates, was induced to embark on a small ship with only a few attendants; and there he was slain. Lucius Lentulus was also imprisoned by the king and subsequently put to death.'

The facts are presented with no single indication that Cæsar's own feelings were concerned in what he wrote; and this is, of course, deliberate. But page after page of such guarded reticence makes rather dull fare, especially for schoolboys who cannot penetrate below the polished surface. The story proceeds with a steady, impersonal flow, like water from a tap, and as if it came from some source outside the world of human events. It sometimes seems to quicken a little, but it is never anything but a deliberate and calculated speed. In truth this frigid,

* Professor J. D. Craig has recently collected 25 examples from the Commentaries.

almost metallic, quality is Cæsar's own mark. Some one may perhaps say that it is only style; but "le style, c'est l'homme même." Cæsar was a solemn creature, and although he was capable of a sharp saying now and then, of real humour he seems to have been destitute. What should we think of a modern general who made a proclamation in the three words: *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, 'I arrived, I saw, I conquered'? Yet this was Cæsar's report of the battle of Zela in 47 B.C., which he caused to be blazoned on a tablet and carried high in his triumph. This lack of humour is what makes his Commentaries, despite the praises they have enjoyed, such a flat expanse. The general clearness and historical importance of the story are beyond dispute. It never rises; it never sinks; it is never pitiful, and it never smiles. Nor is there any feature in the least more elevated or attractive either in the twenty-five sayings of his preserved by Suetonius, or in the five speeches to his soldiers which he himself reports, or in the commonplace but mostly ill-natured generalities collected by Professor Craig. The result is that we feel ourselves in the presence of one of those men who are born to be a riddle—enormously strong and capable, with a keen insight into the weaknesses of his fellows; admired by those with whom he dealt at a distance—for example, by common soldiers—but never understood by his own relatives or close friends, and detested as heartless by his enemies. Such men have many reasons for what they do and say, and it is often difficult to know what feeling has governed them most. Cæsar's personality presents in his writings the same unpleasant enigma as it presented to his friends in life.

But however we judge him as a whole, we must not forget three signal facts: First, that Cæsar did practise a policy of amnesty on a large scale towards his Roman opponents, and for this, as we have seen, he was always patting himself on the back, so that we know it was at least deliberate. Secondly, that everywhere he showed almost magical daring. Thirdly, and chiefly, that he had one quality whose attractiveness cannot be denied, though it was obscured by the brutality of the scoundrels whom he loved to buy for his associates, and by his own surrender at the end, under Cleopatra's influence, to a senile weakness for Oriental display. That

quality has been best described by the saying that Cæsar was a great gentleman. It is certainly true that he could be. His courtesy of speech and charm of manner, and its effects on both citizens and barbarians are many times recorded. In October of the year 46 Cicero was deceived into thinking that it had some real meaning.

Two minor examples are given us by Plutarch. One evening, in the provincial town of Milan, Cæsar and his suite were entertained at supper by a friend whose cook had poured stale oil over the vegetables, instead of fresh. Cæsar ate freely of the dish, but his companions plainly expressed their disgust, for which Cæsar afterwards rebuked them, saying that 'to find fault with any failure of hospitality is to make such a failure yourself.' On another occasion, on the march he was forced with several others, including his right-hand man Oppius, who was ill, to take refuge for the night in a poor man's cottage, where there was only one room. Cæsar insisted that Oppius should have the room, while he and the rest of them slept under a shed outside. It was this kind of conduct that made him the darling of his soldiers, and it may at least incline us to believe what he so keenly desired to have us believe, in spite of the horrors of Avaricum and Uxellodunum and Coblenz, that there did lie behind his policy of amnesty to Roman citizens, not merely the prudent calculations of a statesman, but at least some breath of humane feeling. I should be much happier if I could find any evidence that he ever allowed such feelings to interfere with either his passions or his political designs; and I shall be glad to be corrected if I am wrong.

R. S. CONWAY.

POSTSCRIPT

The day after the proof of this article was returned for press there came into my hands Professor A. E. Zimmern's translation of 'The Life of Cæsar' by Professor Ferrero; and I find that this distinguished writer's judgment accords closely with my own: 'Cæsar was not a great statesman, but he was a great destroyer.' We agree also completely as to the effect upon Roman opinion of Cæsar's infatuation for Cleopatra; though it has happened, naturally, that we have laid stress, here and there, upon different points. One misconception, however, should be mentioned, since through

it even the fact of her visits to Rome has been questioned. Professor Ferrero writes of 'the unhappy Calpurnia compelled to receive a rival into her own household'; the truth being, as I have stated, and as is clear from Cicero's Letters, that Cleopatra and her train occupied the house in Cæsar's park across the Tiber; Calpurnia lived in his house in Rome. Professor Ferrero has also realised the effect of Cæsar's violation of traditions deeply venerated in Rome; and he describes Cæsar's policy in 44 B.C. as 'senile and purposeless.' His vivid description of the sordid Buthrotum incident shows that 'even the . . . Dictator was himself entangled in the network of corruption which encircled Rome.'

I cannot here discuss the large generalisations by means of which Professor Ferrero seeks to draw parallels between the proceedings of Cæsar and the recent history of Italy. The comparison, I am bound to say, speaking from a careful study of Fascism made from many aspects and in many visits to Italy, appears to me in every way misleading; but I rejoice that Professor Ferrero has now published his own readable and cogent demonstration that 'this supposed history of Julius Cæsar' . . . 'as developed by Mommsen and Duruy in the nineteenth century' . . . 'was only a romance.'

R. S. C.

St Albans, May 31.

Art. 3.—THE JUDICIAL BENCH AND REFORM.

WITHIN a few hours of the untimely death of Sir William Clarke Hall, 'The Times' said, in its obituary notice,* that 'his views on the merit of the law tended perhaps unduly to obtrude themselves in the form of observations from the Bench, speeches and articles rather more than is desirable in one holding magisterial office.' So far as 'observations from the Bench' are concerned, the criticism was untrue in fact; Clarke Hall, as can be testified by many who daily attended his court, did not allow his views on the merits of the law to obtrude themselves into his judgments and comments from the Bench. But ignoring this inaccuracy, the criticism in this obituary notice is of considerable importance, because it reflects a view that is widely held, namely, that those who hold judicial office should never express their opinions, and that the best judge or magistrate is he who merely does his day's work and never even tries to assist those who are seeking to find remedies for existing evils.

Clarke Hall's memory needs no defence. Outside his court he laboured unceasingly for better methods of doing magisterial work. As Chairman of the Magistrates' Association he took the lead (under the general guidance of the Lord Chancellor and with the full support of the Home Office) in encouraging his colleagues on the Bench, both stipendiary and lay, to take a corporate interest in their work and to pool their experience and opinions, to work out themselves improvements in the law and its administration and to consider proposals for reform emanating from elsewhere. As Chairman also of the National Association of Probation Officers (and President of its London Branch) he did similar work among the Probation officers. In these and many other activities his voice and his pen were ever active, especially in the causes of the better handling of delinquent children and of a better Probation system for those who can be deterred from a life of crime without imprisonment. His labours in these causes had a very great effect, and the honour of knighthood came in January 1932 as their official recognition. Yet so strong is the opinion in this country that

* Oct. 29, 1932.

judges and magistrates should confine themselves strictly to performing their day's work that in the hour of his death Clarke Hall was criticised in 'The Times' for the very activities that had so greatly benefited the community and had earned this official recognition. It would have been impossible for Clarke Hall to have had the influence that was his or to have done the work that earned him his reputation if he had hesitated to let his views on the merit of the law 'obtrude themselves.' Clarke Hall's work as magistrate suffered in no way from his activities outside his court or from the periodical expression of his views on the merit of the law. On the contrary, his magisterial work was immeasurably helped, for these activities meant a continuous contact with those who, like himself, were struggling to improve both the law and our methods of enforcing it. It may well be doubted whether those who are shocked when views on the merit of the law or its administration obtrude themselves from men on the Bench have seriously thought the matter out. The question is of real public importance, for at the present time there is a growing dissatisfaction with many features of our legal system and the part that is being, or could be, played by the Bench in reforming our system is considerable.

A fact that should disturb the equanimity of those who deprecate observations on the merits of the existing law from judges and magistrates is that this criticism is only made on the comparatively rare occasions when such judicial observations advocate reform. When judicial protests against changes are made, nobody troubles to express any objection. There was no comment, to take an illustration at random, when a High Court judge on Jan. 16, 1933, said :

' while it is not for judges to express an opinion about laws, but to administer them, I cannot help thinking that it is right to express the view that the preservation of the power to whip, in proper cases, may be a useful thing. Looking back on our own boyhood, we cannot fail to recognise that the right of our masters to correct us in that fashion was probably a useful thing in helping to mould our character '—

as if there is no difference between a thrashing at a Public School by a master or prefect and a birching by a police-

man or prison warder. But when a High Court judge criticised our present laws against all abortion, there was at once an outcry. It may have been unfortunate that the late Mr Justice McCardie said what he did, but that what he said needed to be said and was inherently reasonable is shown by the fact that so responsible a body as the British Medical Association is so convinced that our present law on the subject needs examination that in July 1932 it recommended the appointment of a committee of doctors and lawyers 'to consider any modification.' We are not discussing abortion laws here, but it is well to recognise that this argument that the Bench should not comment on the merits of existing laws is only put forward when progressive and constructive ideas are launched.

Another disturbing fact that needs to be faced is that those who denounce observations from judges and magistrates in favour of reforms are themselves nearly always blind, or at least indifferent, to existing evils and defects. They are the successors of those who were content when hanging was the law's punishment for trivial offences, when our prisons were 'mephitic dens into which were cast men, women and children of all sorts,' when the very rich could obtain a divorce by securing a special Act of Parliament, but when the poor, or even the moderately rich, could secure no relief, and so on. Throughout our history our Bench, with all its great virtues in learning, impartiality, independence and integrity, has usually been hostile to reform, especially reforms which touch legal or penal administration. Scarcely ever has any occupant of the Bench led the way to reform. Seldom, if ever, has the Bench collectively asked for or initiated reform. On the contrary, our legal history, especially during the last century and a half, is one long record (with occasional exceptions, some of them brilliant exceptions) of judicial reluctance or refusal to see the need for reforms which enlightened public opinion had long deemed necessary. When, for instance, the great Sir Samuel Romilly was campaigning for the abolition of capital punishment for offences which we now deal with mainly under the Probation Act, much of the opposition to his efforts came from the Bench. In 1810 his Bill to abolish the death penalty for stealing

goods from a shop to the value of five shillings or more had passed the House of Commons, but Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor, headed the opposition and secured its defeat, with the result that judges continued to pronounce many death sentences that were not carried out, and juries to return perjured verdicts that the goods were under five shillings in value. Lord Campbell truly said of Lord Eldon: 'Deciding justly between plaintiffs and defendants, he did nothing to correct abuses or to adapt our judicial system to the altered condition of the country.' Were we quite honest, we should have to give the same epitaph to most of our great judges of the past.

Another great dignitary of the law who opposed Romilly's efforts was Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice from 1802 onwards. He described Romilly's Bill as 'a measure pregnant with danger to the security of property.' The law to hang a thief who stole five shillings' worth of property from a shop had 'not produced the smallest injury to the merciful administration of justice.' Then followed this remarkable statement:

'The learned judges are unanimously agreed that the expediency of justice and the public security require that there should not be a remission of capital punishment in this part of the criminal law. My Lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass, we shall not know where to stand. If you repeal the Act which inflicts the penalty of death for stealing to the value of five shillings in a shop, you will be called upon next year to repeal a law which prescribes the penalty of death for stealing five shillings in a dwelling-house, a law on the severity of which, and the application of it, stands the security of every poor cottager who goes out to his daily labour. . . . There is a dangerous spirit of innovation abroad.'

This being Lord Ellenborough's mental outlook, it is scarcely surprising that the only Bill he ever introduced into Parliament was one by which ten new felonies were made punishable by death. The Bill passed and thus, in Lord Campbell's words, 'the revolting severity of our criminal code was scandalously aggravated.' Lords Eldon and Ellenborough faithfully reflected the opinions of most lawyers of their time. In 1814 Sir William Garrow, Attorney-General, used these words in opposition to a proposal to abolish the fiendish punishment of drawing and quartering: 'Can Governments exist without such

protection? Are the safeguards, are the ancient landmarks, the bulwarks of the Constitution, to be thus hastily removed?' Nor has this attitude to reform been confined to the criminal law, where a natural fear of the criminal is perhaps some excuse. Lord Ellenborough was once heard by Lord Campbell to say from the Bench that he regretted the disuse of the old law Latin and the substitution of the English language in legal proceedings. This change had been made by statute during the Commonwealth in 1650, when law reform was energetically pursued, but law Latin was restored at the Restoration and the lawyers continued to insist on it until 1730, when it was again abolished by statute in the face of strenuous opposition from legal members of the House of Lords; Lord Raymond, a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, describing it as a 'dangerous innovation.'

The Eldon-Ellenborough attitude of resistance to the 'spirit of innovation' has never disappeared from the English Bench or from English lawyers. When, for instance, a Parliamentary Committee was appointed in 1847 to inquire into the everlasting question of juvenile crime, the judges were consulted, and through the mouths of Lords Denman, Cockburn,* and Blackburn, all great judges, came the reply that reform and imprisonment were a contradiction and utterly irreconcilable. The great reforms of the past were forced through with very little encouragement, but with much misgiving, and even active opposition from the Bench. This traditional judicial attitude to innovation or the need for innovation is well illustrated by a statement made by Jeremy Bentham. When some of his works had been published, he happened to meet Lord Camden, who was Lord Chancellor from 1766 to 1770. Bentham thus recorded his impressions:

'From the very first the manner of his address to me carried with it in my eyes a sort of coldness and reserve. . . . I watched with particular interest every opportunity of observing whether the system of law ever presented itself to his mind as being in any part of it, or as to any point in it, susceptible of melioration. By nothing I could ever catch could I ever divine that any such conception had ever entered his head.'

* A Scots Judge.

In our own day much the same impression has been recorded by a great American judge, Mr Justice Holmes : 'Judges generally are elderly men and are more likely to hate at sight any analysis to which they are not accustomed, and which disturbs repose of mind, than to fall in love with novelties.' No one would wish that the Bench would 'fall in love with novelties'; but an open mind to suggestions of novelty should surely be a welcome characteristic in any member of the Bench.

So it is to-day. Judges and magistrates, as ever, are keeping up the high standards of British justice in learning, impartiality and integrity, but there is more opposition than enthusiasm for reform. The great reforms of recent years have been forced through Parliament by political pressure and very little encouragement has been given by the Bench. In 1932 the Government pressed hard to abolish the whipping of children by police and prison officers, but the House of Lords, with encouragement from the Bench, persisted in its refusal to pass the clause, and such whipping is still legal. Until recent years those who were doing social work among the poor found one of their great difficulties in the fact that the law offered no relief to a wife who was cruelly treated or neglected by her husband unless she left him, for it was usually impossible for her to do this; she had no money of her own and there was usually no place where she could go. In 1925 this cruel law was abolished, but not because the Bench in any way urged its abolition. This was one of the happier results of the granting of women's franchise. The change in the law was made because political societies agitated for it. It could have come many years earlier if our tradition had been that judges and magistrates were expected or encouraged to point out where reform was desirable.

Those who deprecate any judicial plea for new ideas are usually those who never worry over the evils in existing conditions. They are undisturbed by the fact that over four hundred youths and girls under twenty-one are yearly sent to prison in default of paying fines; or at the fact that when a man loses an action for 20*l.* in the County Court, 'the poor man's court,' he is officially compelled to pay about 30*l.* in legal costs; or at the fact that to-day, apart from Parliamentary enactment, the

only way of making law is for two persons, however humble, to be burdened with the enormous cost of one or more appeals. Those on the Bench know, or should know, such facts as these better than anybody else. A tradition that compels silence is a tradition that invites indifference. One need not be a legal iconoclast or fail to value most of our legal traditions in order to long for legal reforms. But those who express their pride in our legal traditions, boast that British justice is the envy of the world, and so on, usually ignore the serious defects of our system and often oppose improvements. The improvement of our law could be immeasurably speeded-up if from those on the Bench came, on proper occasions, clarion calls to take up big questions of reform which need to be tackled.

There is a sound and now time-honoured opinion that judges and magistrates should take no part in political controversies. Most people agree also with the view that on the Bench judges and magistrates should, as far as possible, confine themselves to the cases before them. But there are many subjects in which enlightened public opinion is keenly interested which do not come to the fore just because they are not political and because it pays no party to take them up. Among these subjects are legal and penal reform. Here the Bench could, by propounding or supporting sound reforms, for the very reason of the public trust in them and their permanent aloofness from the political arena, quickly achieve results to the immense benefit of the public. In a small way the Magistrates' Association does this, but that Association is at present supported by few of those who are professional administrators of the law, and who presumably know most of the problems; the tradition that the Bench has no concern in reform has produced this strange and unfortunate result. If legal and penal reforms were advocated by a number of judges and professional magistrates, such reforms would be well-nigh irresistible, for the public would have confidence in them, knowing that they were put forward with real knowledge and in no party interest.

It is well to remember that in this country every judge and magistrate has about half of every year free from court work, a generous allowance of leisure that is

shared by no other classes of public servants. The following figures were given in the 'Morning Post,'* and escaped criticism: 'A Lord of Appeal works on about 150 days in the year; a High Court judge or member of the Court of Appeal about 185 days; a County Court judge in London about 210, and in the provinces about 170 days; a London Police Court magistrate about 185 days.' Official statistics† indicate that these 'Morning Post' figures rather err on the side of over-statement.

The practical result of the tradition against judicial occupation with changes in the law or legal and social methods is that the Bench has come to be regarded by many as a pleasant occupation for the end of an arduous life. Men who have spent their most strenuous years at the Bar sometimes come to regard a judicial appointment as a relief from strain. Lord Hanworth, in his biography of his ancestor, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, wrote that 'after the span of sixty years has been passed, judicial work looms more attractive in spite of the loss of income involved.' Sir Harold Morris, K.C., in his book, 'The Barrister,' has written that 'the ideal division of time in the law is twenty years a junior, ten years a "silk," and fifteen years a judge,' which means that the ideal judge is nearing sixty on his first appointment. The late Edward Marjoribanks, in his biography of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, wrote of him that when he was considering applying for the Recordership of London in 1922, 'he longed for the quiet and ease of the Bench,' Marshall Hall then being sixty-four years of age. In his biography of Lord Carson, Mr Marjoribanks described Lord Carson at the age of fifty-six as a man 'whose ambition, several times frustrated, had been the peace and quiet of the judicial Bench,' a condition which proved to be untrue of Lord Carson at fifty-six.

This tradition that the Bench is a place for peace and quiet and ease is deeply rooted in our judicial system, but it is very doubtful, on the whole, whether it is a

* Nov. 21, 1931.

† The Civil Judicial Statistics for 1931 show there are 56 County Court judges who sat in court on 8095 days, an average of 145 days a year. A London magistrate sits on about 165 days. It has been decreed by an Order in Council that the Long Vacation shall be shortened and 8 days, therefore, added to the work of judges of the High Court and Court of Appeal.

good one. It gives us great legal experience on the Bench, and that is of considerable value, but it results in legal toriyism. If men become judges or magistrates because they have longed for quiet and ease, they instinctively feel that their highest duty is to preserve the existing system as they found it; so long as existing methods last their time, they are content. They will agree with what James Boswell wrote in his strange *Hypochondriack Essays*: 'Innovations in the laws and constitutions of a country are ever to be dreaded.' Men in such moods are not likely to settle down to study deeply the branches of knowledge which they need in their judicial work, but for which their professional life has provided no training. For ascertaining whether an accused is guilty or not our Bench is trained by practice at the Bar. But a barrister is not trained for giving sentences when guilt has been proved. This is not a mere matter of knowing what punishments the law prescribes. The handling of the offender when proved guilty is at least as important as the ascertaining of his guilt. Probably most of our judges and professional magistrates have on their appointment very little, if any, experience of sentencing offenders, and no knowledge of the science of penology. This knowledge has to be acquired after appointment; but is much study likely if the motive to obtain judicial work has been a desire for ease? When new methods of dealing with judicial work are introduced, those who have become judges or magistrates from such motives are apt to feel resentment and unconsciously to make the new as much like the old as possible. Not long ago a prominent barrister complained that the so-called Commercial Court (founded in 1895 so that the commercial cases should be conducted without the rigmaroles of ordinary Common Law procedure) had 'developed into an and/or court,' meaning that far too many of the old rigmaroles had been re-introduced. There is some truth in that saying.

Edward Carpenter, in his book, 'Prisons, Police and Punishment,' wrote somewhat naively that:

'It seems astonishing that judges and justices, barristers and K.C's., or some combination or corporation of these, so seldom, if ever, make a note or suggestion to the nation, of such improvements or amendments as they would incline to

advise ; but on the contrary, wiping their minds of all sense of responsibility and, one may almost say, of all sense of humour, continue solemnly to insist on and to administer statutes and enactments which are in ludicrous conflict not only with each other but with all common sense.'

This is not 'astonishing' if we accept the tradition that the Bench is a place of quiet and ease and that it is wrong for men on the Bench to advocate reforms. Lord Campbell's epitaph for Lord Eldon has been quoted. Another writer of that time said of Lord Eldon, while he was still Lord Chancellor :

'He came into power at a conjuncture when the decided change that was taking place in the texture of society . . . indicated that a greater change in our law and legal institutions would soon become desirable. . . . Had he prompted, promoted or superintended this great work, the length of his reign and the extent of his influence would have enabled him to bring it almost or altogether to its completion. . . . Unfortunately for the country and for his own reputation, he has pursued a totally opposite course. Feeling that his strength did not lie in the depth and comprehensiveness of his general views so much as in the extent of his acquaintance with the minutiae of precedents and practice, and perceiving also that the surest way of continuing in place is to abstain from all innovation, his love of power combined with his love of superiority to induce him to withhold from all decided improvements himself, and to look with an unfavourable eye on those which were proposed by others.'

This judicial attitude is even to-day accepted by many as part of our judicial traditions. The number of judges since Eldon's day of whom these words could not be truly written is amazingly small. Such is the strength of the tradition that judges should be indifferent or hostile to legal and other reform, that those who have struggled to achieve reform have ended their days amid criticism, like William Clarke Hall. The account in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' of Lord Westbury is a case in point.

The public has not benefited from the tradition of judicial aloofness or hostility to reform. The public does not benefit from it to-day. As in Lord Eldon's time, these are days when a 'decided change in the texture of society' shows the need for 'a greater change in our law and legal institutions.' Are all changes in law and legal

methods to be made by politicians and quacks who cannot possibly have the experience which is possessed by those on the Bench? To-day there is much discontent with our legal administration, and it would be well indeed if the Bench would lead the way to better conditions. The agitation for cheaper and better justice that is being carried on by the London Chamber of Commerce and others shows that business men are seriously discontented with the ways of the courts. There is even greater discontent with the ways of the County Courts, where the cost of justice is so high as to cause untold hardships, though in this case there is no organised body to press for reform. But apart from the important question of cost and delay in civil proceedings, new needs are being felt in every branch of the administration of justice. As the result of the growth of our social legislation judges and magistrates are being called on to do and know a great deal of which their predecessors were ignorant. It should be expected of judges and magistrates that they should keep abreast of modern thought and methods. Yet if our system is to encourage them to do so, it cannot demand of them that they keep silent as to their opinions on the merits of laws or new theories; to debar them from expressing opinions is to invite them to have none. Two examples will show how true this is.

There is a growing public opinion that in the interest of family life generally, such matters as divorce, separation, maintenance, etc., cannot indefinitely be regarded as merely matters of law and evidence. At present the law administered in the Divorce Court and its method of hearing cases are both out of date; both are a menace to marriage as a social institution and to the family life of our people. Similarly the method of hearing domestic disputes in Police Courts is an anachronism that demands early attention. Before either divorce or separation and maintenance orders are granted, there should be an investigation into the real causes of disruption in the hope of removing them. This is imperative in the interests of both the children of the marriage and of the marriage itself. A large proportion of the breakdowns in marriage—probably the majority—are due to sexual maladjustment, and those who handle these cases need to have at least some knowledge of this subject, a subject that is

far more important than legal technicalities. The present position may be summed up by saying that the Divorce Court is almost exclusively concerned with the relations of the spouses after 10 p.m., and that the Police Courts are almost exclusively concerned with the relations up to that hour. Neither situation is at all satisfactory. Both are almost as out of date as capital punishment for stealing five shillings. It is as reckless for the Divorce Court to regard a single act of adultery, and that only, as a ground for breaking up a marriage as it is to ignore, as Police Courts in practice do, all the sexual life of the unhappy couple. This is not the place to suggest what might be done to improve either our domestic law or our methods of applying the law, but it is clear that any satisfactory reform will demand a new outlook in the judges and magistrates concerned in this work.

A sound reform of our divorce law and revised methods for hearing both divorce cases and domestic cases in Police Courts would quickly come if some of those on the Bench would study the possibilities and educate public opinion. Far from receiving criticism for doing so, our judges and magistrates who have to work our present law and our present system should be encouraged by public opinion to express their opinions on suitable occasions and to co-operate with those who are anxious to see reforms passed.

Similarly with the criminal law : an enlightened public opinion is alive to the danger of regarding, for instance, the sentencing of offenders as a merely legal matter. The author of a recent book, 'From Punishment to Prevention,' has well written that 'the truth is forcing itself more and more upon the minds of all those interested in penology that the outlook of the judges must change towards offending humanity, and that a more living and informal interest on their part in prison administration is absolutely essential to definite progress.' A study of the psychology of delinquency is rapidly becoming essential in the practical treatment of offenders in and outside our prisons ; is it not likely that such a study will before long become an acknowledged necessity in those who on the Bench decide how and for how long the offender is to be treated ? Such a change must be impossible if the Eldonian tradition continues and if those on the Bench

are merely to do their day's work as their fathers did it before them. The Bench will, it may be hoped, never accept the modern quackery that all offenders should be regarded as patients and that all punishment should be superseded by treatment. Such a book as 'What We Put in Prison,' by Dr Grace Pailthorpe, is very unconvincing, but none the less these theories need to be studied, and they are applicable to certain classes of cases. We cannot long continue to allow the treatment of offenders to be decided solely by those who, whatever their legal experience, have made no study of the psychology of crime. However sceptical we may be, and rightly so, of many of the modern theories about crime and its handling, we should be even more sceptical when we see, for instance, young sexual offenders sent to prison to lead the ordinary prisoner's life. Judges and magistrates have to hold a balance between reaction and faddism, but the Eldonian attitude of blindness to all necessity for new ideas and methods is even worse than a hot-headed acceptance of the latest theory. The trust of the public is not going to be retained under modern conditions by the judiciary unless this balance is found; to find the balance is impossible without much study and discussion, and discussion involves the airing of opinion.

We seem to have a horror in this country lest the Bench be drawn into controversy. But there is controversy and controversy. Nothing is lost by dignified discussions of well-informed opinion and our Bench would be considerably stronger if it contributed to such discussion. It cannot seriously be argued that public confidence in the Bench is impaired when judges and magistrates in their life and work out of court reveal interest in non-political reform movements. Even when a judge is known to have a strong view on a question which might jeopardise his court work, nobody seriously doubts his impartiality in court. To-day we have a Roman Catholic judge in the Divorce Court, but it has never been even suggested that he is not absolutely impartial in administering our present unfortunate divorce laws. The whole idea that the Bench must be entirely aloof from all non-political reform movements and take no interest in bettering legal and social conditions is fictitious; often it is a mere excuse for inertia. If

anything is likely to lower public confidence in the Bench, it would be a general acceptance of the view that the Bench is indifferent to the needs of the times.

The poorest compliment paid to our Bench and the legal profession in recent years was the reception accorded to Lord Sankey's important Committee of Inquiry when it was appointed in December 1932. That committee contains five judges, and all the other members are also lawyers. At once the London Chamber of Commerce protested, and when protest was made in the House of Commons, somewhat derisive laughter met the Solicitor-General's reply (Dec. 21, 1932), that 'this is one of those cases where the engine is running hot. It is very much better, instead of setting up a committee composed of passengers, that we should refer the matter entirely to the engineers.' Just because judges predominate in this committee, and because all its members are lawyers, this committee met with criticism. This should not be. Engineers should be the best people to tackle an engine that is running hot, but opinion is hardening that the legal engine is so hot and the legal engineers so under the influence of old traditions that laymen with experience of its working must share in the task of putting matters right. Be this view right or wrong, its expression was a poor compliment to our Bench and the legal profession.

Judges and magistrates have unique opportunities for studying social conditions and watching how existing laws affect the lives of the people, and much good would result if more of them would devote part of their somewhat ample leisure to directing public attention to weaknesses in our social and legal conditions and to possible methods for improving those conditions. The few who do so may find little encouragement beyond the comfortable feeling of duty done. Perhaps it is still true, as in Lord Eldon's day, that 'the surest way of continuing in place is to abstain from all innovation.' Perhaps a reputation for being 'safe' is still the surest road to advancement, and the way to be known as 'safe' is to emulate Brer Rabbit, to lie low and to say nothing. But to believe this is to be blind to the forces that are at work in our midst.

Art. 4.—GEORGIA.

A History of the Georgian People. By W. E. D. Allen.
Kegan Paul, 1932.

FREDERICK THE GREAT is reputed once to have said : 'Moi en Europe, et en Asie l'invincible Hercule.' Even the learned may be pardoned bewilderment at this cryptic allusion, for what great conqueror was there in Asia in the middle of the eighteenth century ? Turkey, though still formidable, was already on the defensive ; India, still more China, too remote ; the khanates of Central Asia belonged to another world ; Nadir Shah, the Turcoman who for a decade had dominated western Asia, had been murdered in 1747, leaving Persia in anarchy. None of these. Yet Hercules was not a mere figure of speech. It is the familiar form of Irakli, second of that name, scion of the Bagratids. This family since the eighth century had been giving kings to Georgia, a Christian state already civilised for ages when in the damp and foggy north-west an obscure island called Britain was slowly emerging from barbarism. The Bagratids claim descent from David and upon their escutcheon bear the sling with which he slew Goliath. Be that as it may, Adarnasé, who died in 779, was a Bagratid. To Prince Bagration who fought at Borodino, Alexander of Russia was the merest parvenu. Compared with such a dynasty the Plantagenets were upstarts ; and as for the people, Mr Allen claims that they drew their refinement from the forgotten kingdoms of the Bronze Age.

Who were the people over whom the redoubtable Irakli ruled ? And what was their land ? We know them as Georgians, but they call themselves *Kartvelni* and trace their descent to Japhet. Gallant and gay, many of them would fit the description of the Meshkian Atabeg, Qearqwaré Jaqeli, lord of the defiles of the Chorokh, of a stock that had provided masters of those highlands as had the Bagratids for a thousand years. He was 'haughty and ambitious, quarrelsome and turbulent, but full of energy and daring.' Cultured centuries before their future masters the Russians emerged from savagery, evolving from family clan to feudal system, and developing

a monarchy on the same lines as western Europe, though overwhelmed by Moslems they remained Christians, yet drawing almost all their culture from imperial Persia. Few peoples have so melancholy a history as the Georgians, and few lands have been so incessantly fought over and devastated as theirs, yet they have maintained their personality through it all. What is it in them so vital that it can survive not only centuries of dominion by an alien Moslem power, but of many conquerors, Arab, Mongol, Seljuk, Ottoman, and then Persian, over and over again? For centuries the cockpit of the perpetual wars between Rome-Byzantium-Constantinople on the west and Armenia-Persia in the east, to say nothing of the shadow of freebooting raids by their own rough mountaineer neighbours, Georgia was between the anvil and the hammer.

Yet she remained herself. What kept her soul alive? Was it the fact that her people stand alone in the world and, much as they squabbled, hung together from sheer preference of their own kind? Why is it their neighbours, while admitting their good looks and chivalry, decline to give them credit for any sense in their heads? Why is it that foreign women—Russian, for instance—are invariably attracted by the glamour and romance that surrounds Georgian men, yet as invariably repelled from them as husbands? In this monograph Mr Allen recognises this curious element and compares it with a similar feature in the Irish and the Spaniards. He defines it as an 'æsthetic irresponsibility,' which permits them to bend before foreign culture, yet not take it seriously, so that even during centuries it makes no permanent impress on their character. The Georgians have no deep sense either of religion or of politics, but they have an abiding sense of the nation. Their race has produced many heroes but few martyrs. What other people in the world can show a dynasty that was at once both Christian and Moslem?

He gives credit to the idea that the remoteness of their country is a fundamental cause of their strong sense of national individuality as an outlier of Christendom thrust into the Mahommedan world; but though this circumstance has certainly largely contributed to that end, surely the dominant factor must have been their racial

distinctness. Like the Jews, they stand alone. A people whose tongue is neither Indo-European nor Semitic, nor yet a member of any other family of languages, but forms a linguistic group of its own, cannot but feel a sense of being different from other men. They are an attractive people, often irritating, but still charming. They fought their battles as chivalrous boys, Mr Allen tells us, but did not kill their kings. 'The House of Bagrationi spawned far and wide its handsome, knightly claimants, but not one grew cunning and secretive, to sharpen the axe against his cousins.' They were, in fact, gentlemen, with a fine sense of 'what is done' and 'what is not done.' The gallantry of one pretender against another was as noble as futile. In what other people, for instance, could two rival claimants to a throne become inseparable companions and bosom friends, such as the cousins David Narin and David Giorgishvili, opposites in character though they were? Mr Allen cannot resist an epigram. He reminds us that it is not Black Princes that have built nations, but black livers.

Theirs is a fine country, where neither climate nor diet are conducive to brooding. 'They are not men full of fears and they do not repress themselves.' Through the ages they have enjoyed the good things of life that God gave them, their mellow climate, their good wine, their fertile soil, the good looks of men and women, things that console the native and charm the visitor even to-day: these are not conducive to Puritanism. They have ever laughed at men of moral fervour with their oppressions and their repressions. They have laughed, drunk, danced, sung, loved, and fought through their history, and died like men when their turn came; but theirs is not the temperament to gloat over tortures. Neither rack nor thumbscrew was known in Georgia, nor the Inquisition, nor did impalement, made general in the Balkans by the Turks, ever become popular with the Georgians. They never had an Act *de heretico comburendo*; and, though themselves of the East, they are not recorded to have borrowed that dreadful fate which we took from the Orient and applied to our own king, Edward II. In their system of penalty by mutilation we may see, not the sheer cruelty of Asia, but the mitigating influence of the Church, who left the body to the civil authorities provided they

did not touch her perquisite, the soul. In the thirteenth century, the Queen Victoria of Georgia, Tamara, had a horror of blood, of blinding and of mutilation.

What is the origin of this people who are so different from other men that they call their mother *deda* and their father *mama*—who have such queer, spluttering words beginning with bunches of consonants that ordinary Europeans can scarcely pronounce, that crackle so in the ear—for whom St George of Cappadocia takes precedence over the Founder of Christianity? Mr Allen ventures with confidence into a maze of archæological philology. The Georgians themselves have three eponymous ancestors, Kartlos, Uplos, and Mtzkhetos, who, with their brother Haos of the Armenians, were sons of Thargamos, third in descent from Japhet. The name Kartli they apply to themselves and their language is Kartulad. The names of the brothers survive in several ancient towns of misty origin. Mr Allen identifies Uplos with Taplai of the Assyrian inscriptions and Tubal of Genesis, with the ancient Albanians of the Kura, the Chalybes of the Black Sea littoral, and the Halizoni of Strabo, who seem to have left their name in the river Alazani. It is to be noted that all these are associated with the working of metals, as also brother Mtzkhetos, whose name we see in the Mushkoi, mentioned by Moses and Hezekiah as trading with the Phœnicians in slaves and copper, typical products of the Caucasus. Strabo says they lived on the Chorokh and upper Kura, while Xenophon and Hekateus describe them as relatives of the Colchians. Many think the art of working metals arose in the Caucasus. Certainly there is plenty of copper there, though not the tin for the Bronze Age, as many early writers assumed. Jason and his Argonauts found a wealthy and civilised state in Colchis, experienced in the art of recovering alluvial gold, as recorded in the legend of the Golden Fleece. The later Assyrian inscriptions refer to the Mushkoi as workers in iron who overthrew the empire of the Hittites. Perhaps it is more than a coincidence that the Kumuks of Daghestan are to this day famous as workers in iron and armoury.

In this connection Mr Allen quotes a French writer, Dufrené, who, writing in 1881, made the suggestion that the ancient Egyptian word for tin, *khespet*, is connected with Mount Kazbek. Mr Allen omits the criticism that

it would be difficult to condense more errors into so brief a suggestion. The origin of the name Kazbek, or Kazi Bek, familiar Tartar words, is well known and has nothing in common either with Egypt or with tin or with antiquity. In former days the village of Stepan Tsminda was the seat of a *muravi* or custodian of the frontier. The post was hereditary in the family of the Kazbeks, so that their name became familiar to the Russians who, in the seventeenth century, were passing that way in increasing numbers. They applied it not only to the family, but to the village which was their seat and then by an easy transference to the splendid mountain towering above it, whose name in the vernacular they did not know.

Mr Allen makes no allusion to the decidedly fanciful theories of Yosseliani, who claims Semitic influence, if not origin, for his people. He calls attention to the similarity between the old classical name of Iberi or Ibri and the word Hebrew, which means 'Dweller on that side,' almost identical with *Imeri*, or Imeretia, in meaning as well as form. He calls attention to the resemblance between the name of the river Jor-dan, in Arabic Al Ghaur, the Depression, in the physical sense, and the name of Gur-ia, and the Persian name of the country, Gurdjistan, out of which the Russians have made Gruzin, and Europe Georgian. Tsagarelli states that Shalmeneser settled a colony of Samaritans in the Caucasus and that they were known as I'brim, Iber or Iver, which is highly suggestive. Those who, like myself, have stood in the market at Kutais in the early morning and watched the stately Imeretians stalk by, their profiles thrown into relief by the sharp outline of the *bashlyk*, and have been struck by their Semitic appearance, cannot help feeling attracted by this suggestion. Both Armenian and Georgian chroniclers refer to colonies of Jews planted by Nebuchadnezzar on the Chorokh, and there were Jewish colonies in Armenia six centuries before Christ. The Bagratidæ claim to trace their descent to one Shambat, a prominent Hebrew of the House of David, who attained distinction under Nebuchadnezzar. The Jewish colony in Daghestan has adopted a mountaineer manner of life. It is to be noted that their language is Tat, an Iranian tongue, interspersed with numerous hebraisms.

The rich, warm, moist lands of the western Caucasus,

where plants grow to double their usual size, the 'macroflora' of Levier, were well reputed in ancient days as a prosperous state with an ancient tradition of culture. Strabo, in singing its praises, makes an exception in respect of the honey, which, he says, is bitter. This is due to the fact that Colchis is a land of rhododendron and azalea, honey from which is not only bitter but intoxicating and even poisonous. Xenophon records how his Ten Thousand found this to their cost when they reached Trebizond. There is abundant scope here for the man with the spade. There are villages whose names are rooted in antiquity and pregnant with history. Such are Kartli and Caspi, Mtskheta, and also Nakalakvi, meaning, in Georgian, the 'site of a town,' which was known to the Greeks as Archæopolis. Mr Allen does not refer to the discovery at Mtskheta, when the road was constructed in 1871, of an immense and ancient burial ground containing objects ranging in date from the Augustan period back to the Iron Age, and it is clear that this was the home of an extensive and cultured population a thousand years before Christ. The strange part about it is that, while the local people to-day, so far as is known, are short-headed, all the skulls found here have been of the long-headed type.

The Georgians make their first appearance in history when a semi-mythical prince with a Persian name, Farnavaz, threw off the Macedonian governor appointed by Alexander and established here the culture of Iran, destined to have so profound an influence upon the people. There can be no doubt that he introduced the religion of Zoroaster, which provided the intellectual background of the country, probably gave them their writing, and was a serious rival to Christianity, not becoming extinct for nine centuries. The Sacred Fire at Baku was extinguished within the lifetime of living men by the advance of modern industry. From that period, too, we must date the establishment of feudalism, which was to prevent the monarchy ever becoming firmly rooted. In 93 B.C., the Arsacid dynasty was founded, to involve the hostility of Rome, so that Pompey marched in and fought here his wars with Mithradates, and from this period allusions to Iberia are frequent among classical writers. Vespasian came here and Trajan too. In A.D. 226, when the

Sassanid dynasty arose in Persia, Georgia, as a Christian state, looked towards Byzantium and so again became the theatre of the wars between East and West. An important date was 265, when Mirhan, son of Artashir of Persia, married the daughter of the last Arsacid and founded the dynasty of the Chosroids. The country remained a Persian vassal right through the fourth century. The later half of the fifth was occupied by the reign of the first great Georgian king, of the line of Mirhan, Vakhtang, surnamed *Gurgaslan*, the Wolf-Lion, who brought his country to greatness, but from his death in 499 the old story was resumed and the smiling land again became the theatre of the Perso-Byzantine wars until late in the sixth century, when Justin II appointed as viceroy one Guram, who is claimed as a Bagratid.

Then came the Arabs and for a time Tiflis was an emirate. The land recovered when Bagrat III made his country an empire and held sway, from 980 to 1014, from the Black Sea to the Caspian. He was followed by disaster, the invasion of the Seljuks, first under Toghrul Bey, then under Alp Arslan. To this day, Mr Allen tells us, Tartar dances in the Caucasus preserve the pattern of the new cavalry tactics that gave that great conqueror his victories. For the greater part of the eleventh century national life was extinct. Towards the end of it the Moslem world was distracted by dissensions and the Crusades, which gave a chance to Georgia and the man arose. David II, surnamed *Aghmashenebeli*, the Renewer, restored the glories of Vakhtang and Bagrat. He freed his country, made it prosperous, and reigned until 1125. The peace continued under his successors, enabled the stricken land to recover from the Seljuk devastation, and Georgia reached her apogee under Tamara, whose reign from 1184 to 1212 is the golden epoch of the country.

It was not to last long. Early in the autumn of 1220 there came messengers from the wardens of the frontiers hotfoot to Giorgi Lasha, Tamara's son, to report that strange horsemen, speaking an unknown tongue, were devastating the neighbouring land of Armenia. Thus came the Mongols, who for two years held Georgia in thrall. At this time the various kinglets struggling for mastery under the foreign yoke adopted many Mongol customs, as Dmitri, who gave the land a certain prosperity,

had three wives. But there were no real kings until 1318, when Giorgi V, surnamed *Brtsqinvalé*, the Brilliant, restored at least a temporary splendour. Thus again the ancient house of Bagrationi could boast that they ruled from Nikopsia to Derbend, reviving the proud memories of Gurgaslan, of the Renewer and of Tamara the Great. Mr Allen compares the position with that of contemporary Europe. Why did not these astute sovereigns found a strong and united Caucasian state? In what was their position worse than that of France? True, they were under the shadow of Persia, yet half of France was in the hands of the English. If the princes of Imeretia and Samtskhé struggled for independence, what of Burgundy and Brittany and their dukes? The same with Castile, with Moors in the south and Aragon and Navarre in the north. And if the Bagratids had their Lezghian mountaineers as neighbours, our English kings had their Welsh, their Irish and their Scottish foes. Why did the Georgians fail when we succeeded?

Mr Allen is not of the school of historians that sees in history only economic forces, geographical conditions and material influences. He admits the existence of the human character and also that great deciding factor in the fate of men and nations—chance. Georgia was not perpetually under the foreign yoke, nor quite incessantly the theatre for other nations' wars. Between the pillage of Timur and the onrush of the Ottomans, the Georgians had a hundred years in which to establish themselves. For a century both Turkey and Persia were too feeble to harm her. Yet in that century she lost the prize. In England, in France, in Spain, and in Russia, the feudal order was broken and the throne unassailed. But in Germany, in Italy, and in Poland, the survival of powerful magnates put a heavy brake upon their country's progress. In Georgia it was the feudal princes who won their own battles at the expense of their country's history. While Spain crystallised out around Madrid and thrust the Moslem out, Georgia split like a kaleidoscope and the Moslem tribes remained a wound that never healed. The destiny of Georgia was to be tragic, for in the fourteenth century came the invasion of Tamerlane and the central power became non-existent. As under the Arabs and the Mongols, the country for a time had no history.

In 1442, upon the death of the shadow king, Alexander I, the three regions of Kartlia, Kakhetia, and Imeretia fell to his three warring sons respectively as kingdoms, while Guria and Mingrelia remained independent. The next three centuries are occupied by wars, when once more Georgia was the theatre of the unending struggle between Constantinople-Stamboul and Persia. Civilisation was almost exterminated in the land, while shadowy kings pretended to reign in Tiflis and Kutais. The last hopes of a Greater Georgia died with Teymuraz I in 1663, after he had spent years flitting from court to court, intriguing indifferently with Pope, Tsar, Sultan, and even Shah, a homeless pretender seeking support for his restoration to the throne of his fathers, the last of the kings of the heroic school of gallant but ineffective soldiers.

During the next sixty years we see one of the strangest phenomena in history. The imperialism of Shah Abbas had driven Persian influence right home in the Eastern Caucasus and, while they allowed the Bagratids to reign in Tiflis, the Persians maintained garrisons in all the fortresses and the real power remained in Isfahan. In 1634 they put upon the throne of Kartli an elderly gentleman, Khusraw Mirza, who took the name of Rustem I. This strange Bagratid, who had lived all his life in Persia, made the best of both worlds. A broad-minded, tactful man of the world, he married a Georgian princess according to both Moslem and Christian rites and restored the cathedral at Mtskheta. Cultured and debonair, Rustem is one of the most attractive figures of the period, still a good man to horse despite his seventy years, taking the field a dozen times to drive off border raids, control his turbulent barons and fend off the restless Teymuraz. Last of the senior line of the Bagratids, Rustem arranged for the younger branch to follow him in the person of the lord of Mukhrani, the seat of the cadet line. As Christian, the new king called himself Vakhtang V; as Moslem, Shah Nawaz I. He was succeeded in 1676 by his son Giorgi XI, who reigned also as Shah Nawaz II, while his rival Irakli of Kakheti was known as Nazar Ali Khan. These Mukhrani nobles were also grandees of the imperial court of Isfahan: they translated Persian works into Georgian, led Persian armies in the field as far as Afghanistan, with psalters in their hands,

married daughters of the Shahs and at the same time flirted with Rome. There were three generations of these brilliant and cosmopolitan adventurers, whom only Georgia could have produced.

At last came the 'Indian summer.' In the thirties of the eighteenth century, Nadir Shah, jealous of the influence of the Bagratids, had banished Teymuraz II and his son Irakli to Kandahar, as hostages. They returned a few years later and, in spite of the appalling condition of the country when Nadir had done with it, Teymuraz was crowned at Tiflis in 1744, and his son Irakli in Kakheti. The murder of the Shah threw Persia into a ferment, which enabled the Georgians to consolidate their position, though the truculent khans and the Lezghian mountaineers on the east and the Turks on the west were almost too much for them. Old Teymuraz went to seek help from St Petersburg, an omen of their future fate, while Irakli, as crafty as valiant, fought the Lezghians like a fox. We have good information from the memoirs of a strange soldier of fortune, Joseph Emin, who travelled in Georgia at this period. By birth an Armenian, he was for a time lionised in London, and eventually died in Calcutta as an ensign in John Company. Irakli set to work with energy. He cast guns, organised a regular army, with a corps of guards, tried to impose conscription, reformed his currency, built forts and a row of blockhouses against the Lezghians; he restored the universities and imported foreign teachers. Thus, with Georgian nobles, Armenian diplomats and agents, Cherkess, Osset, and Kalmuk mercenaries, he held together for half a century a composite Caucasian state, based on the appanage of the Bagratids of Mukhrani. There was little Georgian in it. His cities were Nakhichevan and Erivan, Armenian both, and Ganja—that is, Tartar; while Tiflis, his capital, was about equally divided between the three races. The true Georgian lands were outside. Imeretia, Mingrelia, Guria, Svanetia and Abkhazia, all were under another king (at least nominally), Solomon I, in a state of chronic civil war, in perpetual terror of the Turks. Irakli's success showed that the three peoples could live together under one sceptre and work out their daily life, provided they were left in peace, in better harmony than the fractious

Georgians themselves. But Irakli was too late. The day had dawned for Great Powers.

Old Teymuraz had provoked the help of the Bear. Ponderously it came—to stay. Russian troops fought the Turks in alliance with the Imeretians. Then Persia revived. Agha Muhammed, a modern Narses, offered peace to Irakli if he would return to his vassalage, but the old man honourably held to his engagement with Russia. The Persian took a bloody vengeance. Gallant old Irakli, now eighty years of age, his capital sacked, with only two thousand five hundred men to face thirty-five thousand, hopelessly beaten, all his guns taken, deserted by his family, took his last refuge in the mountains and remained stubborn. Two years later he died of dropsy. His worthless son, Giorgi XIII, succumbed to the same complaint in 1800, and early the following year was published the Manifesto of Tsar Paul incorporating the country in the Russian empire. This was confirmed by Alexander I a year later. It is worth while to quote the words of the imperial ukaze, which Mr Allen does not give :

‘Not for the increase of power, not for Our advantage, not for the expansion of dominion of Our already vast Empire, We will take upon Ourselves the burden of governing the Georgian Empire. Honour and Humanity alone impose upon Us the sacred duty, in accepting the prayers of the sufferers to remove their troubles and to found in Georgia a government which can make firm justice, the safety of life and property, and give to every man the protection of the law.’

We surely may feel little doubt that the liberal young emperor was sincere in these wishes and that his successors followed his ideals. That century within the frontiers of Imperial Russia was probably the most peaceful, prosperous and happy of all Georgia's stormy history.

Concerning the Georgian language, hovering between agglutinating and inflectional structure, there are no less than seven distinct theories. The latest connects it with the Kanesian language of Boghaz Keui and perhaps the lesser known tongues of the autochthonous tribes subject to the Hittite kings. Mr Allen is cautious in his philology and does not tell us that, although the difference between the Georgian language in the centre and numerous more inflectional tongues of Daghestan

on the east and more agglutinating and absolutely distinct and separate Abkhaz and Cherkess on the west is at least as great as those between the Semitic, Hamitic and Aryan families, it is a curious fact that they have a common phonology: such phenomena, for instance, as the pairing of certain consonants, as P, Ch, and Ts, which occur also in Armenian and Osset, both members of the Aryan family. Is this due to climatic influence, or to the persistence of a characteristic of some ancient regional speech? A theory is offered for the origin of their script. Unfortunately, Mr Allen does not illustrate a sample of the beautiful so-called military writing, the *mkhedruli*, with its rounded curls and tails, so suggestive of Burmese, which he considers derived from the Zend. The ecclesiastical alphabet, the *khutzuri*, is believed to be a variant of the Armenian attributed to Mesrop. In spite of the arrival of Christianity from Greece, Greek influence is limited to two letters, *phi* and *omega*, and the words for pen and ink.

Georgian has been the medium of a not unworthy literature, accessible to English readers, thanks to Sir Oliver Wardrup and Miss Wardrup. If Shota of Rusthavi has been compared to Tasso and Ariosto, would it not have been more just to reverse the process, for he died almost a century before the birth of Petrarch, more than two before Ariosto, and nearly three and a half before Tasso. Europe was still barbarous while Shota Rusthaveli was looking to the elegance of Persia for his model. His masterpiece, 'The Man in the Panther's Skin,' is, in his own words, 'A Persian Tale now done into Georgian.' He had great compatriots, too; and, indeed, it is no mere coincidence that the golden age of Georgian literature was during the reign of Tamara. She and Shota died in the same year, 1212. His vision was wider than that of men who came centuries later. Who to-day is equally at home in the literature and philosophy of Asia and of his own land? Shota drew not only upon Persia for his inspiration, but quoted the Greek classics, knew his Plato, and belauded the mellow wisdom of China. For this, as Mr Allen reminds us, it is characteristic that three centuries after his death an archbishop burnt his works. Epic poetry, like metal ikons and enamel work, seems to be the natural vent for the artistic impulses of the Georgians.

Mr Allen, in his book, has given generous measure. It is much more than a mere history of the Georgian people; but includes also accounts of the social organisation, of the evolution from clan to class, of the middle and lower classes in mediæval Georgia, of the administration, religion, Church, justice, as well as of the slave trade, together with a chapter on the art and literature, of the wealth and state of the mediæval kingdom, of the sports and pastimes of this pleasure-loving people. At the beginning of Chapter VI, as a background to his history, Mr Allen provides a striking summary of the world's youth, throwing upon one canvas in two pregnant pages the picture of the growth of mankind during two thousand years. It is a remarkable passage, expressing fully his vigorous style. He is fond of epigrams. He puts Russia neatly: 'a strange mediæval body . . . dressed in modern accoutrement, with its German brain, its Byzantine mind, its Tartar hands and Slavic soul.' Tamerlane is a 'grave and simple, laborious and ferocious soldier, who carried his arms in forty years from the borders of China to the pillage of Russia, India, and Anatolia . . . politically no more than an episode.' Of the Mongols, that they 'combined with their own native military genius the administrative capacity and methodical discipline of the Chinese . . . and came upon the West as a trained and scientific fighting and governing machine, innocent of all the inhibitions which castrated the strength of the feudal and superstitious societies of the contemporary worlds of Christendom and Islam.' He does not like sacerdotalism. 'It is difficult,' he writes, 'to appreciate the extent to which the Church checked the development of human knowledge during the Middle Ages' (p. 269). This hatred he extends to the perpetrators of judicial and administrative cruelties, especially in the Middle Ages, agents of the law and, in particular, of the Church. 'From all moral fervour, good Lord, deliver us,' is his creed, and he finds that the abominations were chiefly practised by groups 'inspired with those fixed ideas known as ideals.' 'From those dried, sterile brains the cruelty seemed to ooze like some filthy distillation of the once clean and natural juices of their aborted bodies.'

His views on slavery, an ancient institution in the Caucasus, are interesting. The life of the peasants in the

mountains was, and, we may say, still is, so harsh, especially for girls, that it must really have been an advantage to them, rather than be sold as a chattel by a peasant father to a peasant master, to pass to the comfort and luxury of the harems of Turkey and Egypt, often enough, no doubt, to a husband more kindly and humane than their own bucolic kinsfolk. Here is a suggestive passage:

'The tall and slender stone towers, resembling in character the round towers of Ireland, are an individual feature of Svanian architecture and their origin has not been satisfactorily explained. These towers, indeed, together with the ancient interlaced design and in combination with certain physical, psychological and linguistic affinities, have suggested an intangible and mysterious connection between the Iberni of the Black Sea and the Hiberni of the Atlantic island, a remote connection which will probably never be scientifically explained, but nevertheless exists.'

We must correct one mistake, an error which Mr Allen has repeated from older writers. On p. 27 he writes: 'Here the rare orochs—the European bison—survived until the beginning of the present century.' The orochs, more usually spelt aurochs, is the Ur-Ochs, *Bos primigenius*, true wild cattle, ancestor of some domestic breeds, such as the great white cattle of Hungary and possibly of our Chillingham and Chartley breeds, and does not belong even to the same genus as the bison (*Bison europæus*) to which the name is so commonly misapplied. According to Dinnik, about five hundred specimens survived in herds of from ten to twenty in the forests of the Western Caucasus well into the present century, and presumably its status has not diminished since, as its only enemies are forest fires. The Soviet Government continued the imperial tradition at least in this one good case, in appointing a *zapovednik*, or game-warden, to protect this splendid beast.

MALCOLM BURR.

Art. 5.—WILBERFORCE AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY
MOVEMENT.

British Slavery and its Abolition, 1823-1838. By William
Law Mathieson, LL.D. Longmans, 1926.

IN the age of Burke and Pitt, Wellington and Scott—an age that witnessed momentous changes in political, industrial, and social life—Wilberforce occupied a unique position. For more than twenty years he was the keeper of the national conscience, the one authentic voice in England in matters pertaining to the higher life of the people. Many of his contemporaries were beckoning the nation to loftier standards of attainment, but there was none to dispute his pre-eminence. Unquestionably, he was the greatest ethical force of his time, the man to whom the people looked for guidance in everything which enriches and sweetens life. It is the proud distinction of Wilberforce that he popularised those humanitarian ideas which have raised the whole tone of civilisation, as well as imparted a new and more exalted conception of our relations with the backward races of the world.

There is, perhaps, no better way of estimating the real significance of the transformation wrought by Wilberforce and his coadjutors than by comparing the attitude of the British people in the eighteenth century towards the black populations with that which prevails to-day. In the earlier half of the reign of George III slavery in every conceivable form was almost universally regarded as an economic necessity. Though John Wesley, as early as 1772, spoke of 'that execrable sum of all villainies, commonly called the Slave Trade,' and in 1788 set apart 'a day of fasting and prayer, that God would remember those poor outcasts of men'—the slaves, it is incontrovertible that there were sincere Christians, including several bishops, who countenanced the nefarious traffic. Even after he had found peace by adhering to the strictest tenets of evangelical religion, John Newton was master of a slave-ship trading from Liverpool to West Africa and thence to America. Clergyman, hymn-writer, and spiritual adviser of Wilberforce, Newton had at first no misgivings as to the slave traffic, though there came a day when he was zealous in decrying it. Still more

remarkable is the fact that in 1833, the year in which slavery in the Empire was abolished, Gladstone's first speech in the House of Commons was a defence of the management of the sugar and coffee plantations in Demerara belonging to John Gladstone, whom Lord Howick characterised as 'a murderer of slaves.' John Gladstone, the Liverpool merchant and slave-owner, was indignant at the abuse levelled at the planters by all 'the intemperate, credulous, designing or interested individuals who followed the lead of that well-meaning but mistaken man, Mr Wilberforce.' Later still, we have Disraeli in his 'Life of Lord George Bentinck' expressing the view that 'the history of the abolition of slavery by the English and its consequences, would be a narrative of ignorance and injustice, blundering, waste and havoc, not easily paralleled in the history of mankind.'

Explain it as we may, we are confronted with the ugly fact that in the eighteenth century an extensive trade in human flesh was carried on by men of high respectability—men who, had they been told that they were engaged in a soul-destroying business, would have repudiated the charge with indignation. It is scarcely credible that a century ago there were hundreds of thousands of African slaves in the West Indies, so convinced are we of the wickedness and horrors of the trade. To Wilberforce more than to any other man belongs the distinction of having brought about this moral revolution. By an appeal to overwhelming evidence, he demonstrated to the civilised world that the keeping of slaves, so far from being an essential and entirely legitimate form of business in tropical countries, was a crime. Wilberforce stirred the conscience of the nation to its depths, changed, in fact, our whole attitude as regards the black populations under British protection. With precision he exposed the falsity of the idea that the economic development of Africa was bound up with the enslavement of its people. British rule to-day in that vast continent is not all that it might be, but every one knows that humanitarian principles have long been operative in British tropical administration. That compassionate feeling enters into all our relations with the African native is due in large measure to Wilberforce; he was the pioneer of missionary effort in what used to be called the Dark Continent.

The nature of Wilberforce's services to the anti-slavery movement is often misunderstood. His name, it is true, is indissolubly linked with the cause of the slave, but he was not the originator of it, neither did he carry it to a triumphant issue unaided. There were other workers in this field of benevolent purpose whose splendid and disinterested labours Wilberforce never lost an opportunity of generously acknowledging. None the less, he was the indisputable leader, the dynamic force behind the movement. His exalted character, intellectual ability, personal charm, social status, commanding influence in politics, immense wealth—all these marked him out as the ideal captain. Without him the progress of the movement would have been at an infinitely slower rate.

Anti-slavery being a political issue, the real battle was fought in Parliament, and there Wilberforce had supreme charge. His advocacy—well-informed, cogent, persuasive at all times—made ultimate victory a certainty. And his legislative achievement is all the more singular when it is remembered that it was obtained in the teeth of relentless and often unscrupulous opposition by a person who never held political office and who kept himself aloof from party entanglements. Wilberforce sat in the House of Commons mainly to further the cause of downtrodden humanity, and he gave his support to whoever would assist him in the 'holy war' against slavery. But it was long ere the rising tide of consciousness touched the shore of conviction. For more than a generation the novelty of the agitation, together with the vested interests it assailed, caused the anti-slavery movement to be viewed with suspicion or indifference. Humanitarian ideas, despite the labours of Wesley, Howard, and others, but slowly permeated the national life. Not until Wilberforce had almost run his course did race antagonisms begin to relax.

So far as Britain is concerned, the history of anti-slavery begins nearly a hundred years before Wilberforce was born. In the reign of Charles II, Mrs Aphra Behn, the first professional English authoress, and the friend of Dryden and Otway, wrote a romance entitled 'Oroonoko,' the hero of which is a young and courageous African prince who had been betrayed into slavery by Englishmen. In 'Oroonoko' are revealed the earliest

stirrings of sympathy with the slave, as Swinburne recognised when he spoke of the authoress as 'the first literary Abolitionist—the first champion of the slave on record in the history of fiction.' And if this rather unsavoury novelist headed the list of those who have given literary expression to the wickedness of slavery, John Wesley was the earliest religious leader of the first rank to raise the voice of protest. In his 'Journal,' under date Feb. 24, 1789, Wesley notes having had 'an agreeable and useful conversation' with Wilberforce, and adds: 'What a blessing is it to Mr Pitt to have such a friend as this!' Nor must it be forgotten that when the question of Abolition was raised in April 1791 the dying Wesley exhorted Wilberforce to proceed as a new 'Athanasius *contra mundum*.'

But the real pioneers of Abolition were James Ramsay, Granville Sharp, and Thomas Clarkson. These men in diverse ways made the anti-slavery cause a live issue, and facilitated Wilberforce's work of rousing public opinion and piloting the necessary legislation through Parliament. They prepared the soil, but Wilberforce sowed the seed. Ramsay, who was born exactly a hundred years before the Emancipation Bill was passed, obtained first-hand knowledge of the iniquity of slavery while serving as an Anglican clergyman in the West Indies. On his return to England he gave a marked impetus to the movement for Abolition (which had been begun by a small group of Quakers) by publishing, in 1784, his 'Essay on the Treatment and Conversion of African Slaves in the British Sugar Colonies.' In this pamphlet Ramsay made proposals the implications of which were plainly in the direction of extinguishing the slave trade. It need hardly be added that his residence in the West Indies, where the evils of the system were seen at their worst, made him an invaluable ally. He was frequently consulted by Wilberforce, Pitt, and other Abolition leaders. Though born two years after Ramsay, Granville Sharp is rightly spoken of as the 'father of the movement in England.' His labours were crowned by the first victory in the great struggle. In 1765 Sharp became interested in the case of a negro whom he found destitute in the streets of London, where he had been turned adrift by his master. The result was, that in

1772 he obtained a decision in the law courts declaring 'that as soon as any slave sets his foot upon English territory, he becomes free.' This momentous finding made Sharp a zealous champion of the slave. Henceforth his whole energies were devoted to the cause. Besides writing numerous tracts on the subject, including 'A Representation of the Injustice . . . of tolerating Slavery' (1769), he corresponded with several bishops with a view to establishing a society for the abolition of slavery, a project which materialised in 1787. Sharp became the first president of this body, the membership of which was almost wholly recruited from the ranks of the Quakers. He was also one of the founders of the African Institution, to which further reference will be made. The third member of this illustrious band was Thomas Clarkson, who may be appropriately described as the statistician of the movement. He prepared the case against the slave trade, collecting the evidence from slave ships at Bristol, Liverpool, and other ports. He also procured witnesses for the Parliamentary inquiry. A veritable encyclopædia as regards slavery and its effects, Clarkson was indefatigable in spreading a knowledge of the actual state of the traffic. He held meetings in all parts of the country, at which he distributed thousands of anti-slavery tracts. Moreover, Clarkson kept Wilberforce and other Parliamentary advocates well supplied with incontestable evidence of the diabolical nature of the slavery system. The task, voluntarily undertaken, was one of enormous difficulty and even danger, so that Wordsworth, when he wrote the sonnet beginning

'Clarkson, it was an obstinate hill to climb,'

spoke truth.

There can be no doubt that the pioneer work of Granville Sharp and James Ramsay was an important factor in causing Wilberforce to dedicate his life to the cause of the slave. His decision, however, was no sudden impulse, rather was it the culmination of long and anxious reflection. While still a schoolboy, Wilberforce had contributed a communication to a York newspaper, protesting against 'the odious traffic in human flesh.' And the early impression deepened with advancing years, especially after he had passed through that religious

experience which changed his whole outlook. When, in 1780, he entered Parliament as representative for Hull, he had already entertained the hope of redressing the unspeakable wrongs of the African race, and had inquired into the actual condition of slaves in the British colonies. 'God Almighty,' he wrote in his journal, 'has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners.' Wilberforce's resolution to force the question of slavery on the attention of Parliament seems to have been directly prompted by Pitt, his lifelong friend. At any rate the possibilities of a campaign against the slave trade were discussed by Pitt and Wilberforce while seated one day at the root of an old tree (still carefully preserved) in Holwood Park. The conversation was epoch-making, since Wilberforce rose from it with the fixed determination of promoting those remedial measures which formed the subject of many an exacerbated Parliamentary discussion throughout nineteen years. Soon after the historic interview in Holwood Park, Wilberforce formally announced his resolution at a dinner-party given by Bennet Langton to some early workers in the cause. In 1785 Clarkson began his agitation, and found in Wilberforce a zealous, able, and resourceful co-worker.

When the Rubicon had been crossed, and Wilberforce and his fellow labourers had settled to the work of organising a campaign, it soon became apparent that they had undertaken an almost superhuman task. With comparatively limited resources they had to confront a strong and dexterous enemy. Pitt and Fox, it is true, lent their aid, but otherwise the movement relied on workers who, while vigorous, competent, and persevering, were without capacity for leadership and had little or no influence in the country. What was wanted was an organising genius: one who combined vision with commanding personality, who could foster the agitation, guide it into effective channels, and influence Parliament to pass the necessary legislation. Such a person was found in Wilberforce. Henceforth he had the oversight of the entire movement, and, until the victory was won long years after, valiantly fought against powerful and unprincipled foes, against obloquy, against wilful misrepresentation, against the poignancy of hope deferred.

Wilberforce entered upon his labours with enthusiasm. He spent nine hours daily in mastering authoritative information concerning the slave trade in Africa and the West Indies, for he quickly perceived that unless he were well grounded in the facts, it was useless to plead the cause before politicians who, with a few notable exceptions, were either hostile or apathetic. Curiously enough, he did not become a member of the Abolition Society till 1794; but from the first he was in cordial agreement with its objects, and shaped his Parliamentary efforts in accordance with the views of the leaders.

In April 1789 a committee of the Privy Council, which had been investigating the slave trade, presented their report to Parliament. While expressing no opinion as to the desirability of continuing the traffic, it rendered substantial assistance to the Abolition cause by furnishing an enormous mass of evidence which left no doubt as regards the brutality and demoralising effects of slavery. Wilberforce was not slow to appreciate the tactical advantage gained by the revolting disclosures, and on May 12, in the House of Commons, he, for the first time, proposed total abolition. His speech lasted three hours and a half, and was worthy of the occasion, being comprehensive, well informed, closely reasoned, and persuasive. It was warmly applauded by the little band—including Burke, Pitt, and Fox—who were already among the converted; while it brought disquieting thoughts to those connected, directly or indirectly, with the slave trade. Wilberforce followed up his speech by moving twelve resolutions embodying the salient facts relating to the conditions and methods existing on the coast of Africa. They also emphasised the deteriorative effects on the black population; the cruelties of the Middle Passage (which shortened the lives of seamen as well as slaves); and the abject state of servitude in the West Indies. In conclusion, it was declared that planters would not suffer pecuniary loss from the abolition of the trade. The twelve resolutions were carried without a division. But the success was more apparent than real. Wilberforce, admittedly, had the unqualified support of some of the leaders of the House, but his efforts made little impression on the rank and file. The ordinary member was disinclined to commit himself on a new,

complicated, and highly contentious subject. Moreover, the planters had a considerable following led by Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville. From this quarter came opposition, insidious at times and always uncompromising. The anti-Abolition faction not only obtained leave to produce evidence at the bar, but adroitly attempted to have the issue decided on the *ex parte* statements of the slave owners. This design was check-mated; but Wilberforce was obliged to acquiesce in the delay necessary to allow his opponents to prepare their case.

Nearly two years elapsed before the Parliamentary campaign could be resumed, and when the auspicious moment arrived further obstacles emerged. In the interval the French Revolution had occurred, and its blighting influence was felt in England to such an extent that many regarded legislative change of any kind as a crafty attempt to afford more scope for revolutionary fervour. Even the anti-slavery movement was suspect, while its champions were taunted with being emissaries of 'French principles.' But Wilberforce was not to be deterred. On April 18, 1791, he asked leave to bring in an Abolition Bill, but the motion was rejected by 163 to 88. So signal a triumph for the reactionists hardly came as a surprise, for, in addition to the untoward circumstances already mentioned, distrust had deepened owing to the calamitous state of St Domingo, where unstable French policy had led to confusion and bloodshed. Nor was this all. A rebellion broke out among the negroes in the smaller French islands in the West Indies, which had far-reaching results. This incident was followed by the war with France, the menacing nature of which absorbed the attention and energies of the nation. The Abolitionists, therefore, had no alternative but to follow Pitt's counsel and postpone Parliamentary action until better times.

Though the duration of the war with France was uncertain, Wilberforce and his colleagues decided that it would be a blunder entirely to suspend operations. The fact that the question had suffered temporary eclipse in Parliament was no reason why propaganda should not be carried on in the country. Wilberforce argued that the keeping of the subject before the public was an imperative

duty. Accordingly, it was resolved to appeal from Parliament to the people. Mass meetings were held in various cities and towns, and petitions for signature were circulated. This intensive effort was crowned with success, for when on April 2, 1792, Wilberforce once more ventured to propose in the House of Commons a motion for Abolition, he did so with a solid mass of public opinion behind him, 302 petitions having been returned from England and Wales, and 187 from Scotland. His arguments were reinforced by Pitt, who was so eloquent that for 'the last twenty minutes he seemed to be really inspired.' The appeal to the people and the speeches of Wilberforce and Pitt had a gratifying result, the House declaring by 238 to 85 in favour of *gradual* abolition, the date fixed being Jan. 1, 1796. For the first time the Commons had, by a huge majority, acknowledged the turpitude of the slave trade and that its abolition was desirable. Wilberforce's semi-victory made the enemy more intent on procrastination than ever. In this policy they were aided and abetted by the House of Lords, who, when the measure for gradual abolition came before them, decided to call for further evidence, notwithstanding the extremely damaging testimony already published. Wilberforce was bitterly disappointed, and on Feb. 26, 1793, moved a resolution with the object of curbing the dilatoriness of the Upper House; but it was defeated. So ended the first Parliamentary attack on the slave trade.

The difficulty of placing on the Statute Book so novel a measure, especially at a time when sedition was active and law-abiding people were inclined to regard any reform as tantamount to revolution, was now obvious even to the Abolitionists. As a matter of fact, they had rather underrated the strength of the opposition. The slave dealers had found an astute though not fanatical leader in Wilberforce's old friend, Henry Dundas. This Scots statesman clearly saw what was coming, but anxious to stave off the evil day, he made himself responsible for the policy of gradual abolition. A measure which rested on the tacit assumption that the slave trade was indefensible did not, of course, afford unmixed satisfaction to those engaged in it. Still, the planters were content to abide by Dundas's policy, because it seemed to afford

scope for a continuance of obstructionism, a view confirmed by the action of the House of Lords.

While the trend of events in Parliament brought tribulation to the Abolitionists, the full measure of their disappointment had not yet been reached. They now sustained three successive defeats. In 1794 the Commons passed a Bill prohibiting the use of British capital for the purpose of introducing slaves into foreign settlements. Wilberforce set high store by this measure, but the Lords rejected it on the ground that it would be impolitic to consider the Bill before the result of the general inquiry instituted by the House was known—an inquiry, be it noted, in which no progress was being made. Then, in 1795, and again in the following year, Wilberforce failed to carry a motion to bring in a Bill for Abolition, a result which he attributed to the slackness of those who had pledged themselves to support his action. The real explanation of this retrograde movement was that Pitt's conquests in the war with France had engendered apathy, and for some years all Wilberforce's resource was needed to combat not only the wiles and subterfuges of the representatives of the slave owners, but the languid interest displayed by his Parliamentary followers. To make matters worse, he was deprived at this time of the splendid services of Clarkson, who, principally for reasons of health, was compelled to retire. The withdrawal was regarded as temporary, but it lasted ten years, and these the most critical in the history of the cause. The most depressing circumstance of all, however, was that the slave trade was increasing. Recent political events were decidedly favourable to Wilberforce's opponents, who became more aggressive than ever.

As a direct result, Wilberforce's cause experienced a serious set-back. In 1797 an address to the Crown was carried, which empowered the colonial legislatures to introduce measures whereby the road to Abolition might be made easy. In other words, the colonies were asked to adopt schemes which hitherto they had opposed. Superficially viewed, the action of the British legislature seemed promising enough from the Abolitionist standpoint; in reality it was followed by deplorable results. Pitt was to blame for this quandary, though he never seems to have been conscious of the harm he was doing

to Wilberforce's cause. Anxious to increase the value of Britain's new colonies in the West Indies, Pitt thought this might be done by offering, in the newly acquired islands, territory on which slave-owning communities might settle. Pitt had spoken as eloquently as Wilberforce on behalf of the slave; yet was actually proposing to facilitate intercourse between our colonies and those of Spain, thus opening up new prospects of gain for the slave-traders. Wilberforce was greatly distressed, but Pitt was far from seeing that he was chargeable with inconsistency, and his friend had the utmost difficulty in persuading him to disown so reactionary a policy. As it was, the false move had its repercussions. To mention only one, the Lords, on July 5, 1799, rejected Wilberforce's measure for limiting the area of the trade.

When the century was drawing to a close the Abolitionists were compelled by the sheer logic of events to confess that a frontal attack on the slave trade held out little prospect of success. No fewer than ten attempts to have the traffic stopped by legislative enactment had been made, but all to no purpose. A change of tactics was therefore resolved upon. Instead of exposing the horrors of the trade and denouncing those who participated in it, Wilberforce now sought the way of compromise. Consequently, the year 1800 was spent in trying to induce the West Indian planters to enter into an agreement one of the provisions of which was that the duration of the trade should be limited to five, or at most seven years. But the effort was doomed to failure, the trend following upon Pitt's trans-Atlantic conquests affording the slavery system a strongly entrenched position. Nothing could be more futile than to expect the slave-owners to agree to a limitation of their operations when circumstances were favourable to their expansion. The only effect of the proposal was to stiffen opposition. Wilberforce showed himself out of touch with actuality in another respect. He deluded himself into thinking that the Peace of Amiens meant a permanent cessation of hostilities, and sought to arrange a conference of the European Powers for a general stoppage of the slave trade. But the resumption of the war in 1803 made it clear that his grandiose scheme had been based on a misinterpretation of Napoleon's conception of peace. The mistake is

attributable to Wilberforce's ardent pacificism. Opposition to the war with France had led him in 1794, the year which witnessed the fall of Robespierre, unsuccessfully to propose a peace amendment in the Commons. His anti-war policy was also responsible for a temporary estrangement from Pitt and other influential Parliamentarians. The failure of Lord Malmesbury's negotiations, however, brought him into line with the war party, but in 1803 his pacificism reasserted itself.

The anti-slavery cause had received many rebuffs. Yet Wilberforce, so far from being despondent, was firmly convinced that the abolition of the slave trade was only a question of time. Nor was his optimism amiss. In 1804 a concatenation of events favoured a resumption of the agitation on an extensive scale. Prominent among these was Pitt's return to power. There was also a gratifying change in the public attitude: the desire for political reform was less associated with a predilection for 'French principles.' In the next place, there was a growing sympathy with the opinion that the abolition of the slave trade was long overdue. Finally, the Irish members who sat at Westminster as the result of the Union were almost unanimously in favour of Abolition. These encouraging symptoms led to fresh activity on the part of the Abolition Society, whose membership had been greatly strengthened by the adhesion of Brougham, Zachary Macaulay, and James Stephen. Soon after Pitt became Prime Minister, Wilberforce made a rousing appeal in the House of Commons, and by an overwhelming majority carried a Bill for ending the slave trade. But the game of obstruction was again played in the House of Lords, and with success. In 1805 the Abolitionists experienced a greater disappointment, for when the Bill was again introduced, the Commons, turning their backs on former resolutions, rejected it on the second reading by 77 to 70.

Paradoxical though it may seem, Pitt's death in January 1806 rather improved the chances of success. Admittedly, Pitt had condemned slavery as the foulest stain on the national character. Still, the sinister influence of Dundas, the champion of the West Indian planters, was too strong for him, and at no time would he stultify his position in politics by an entire surrender to the

cause which Wilberforce had made peculiarly his own. To Pitt's thinking the Napoleonic menace came first, and in his last years the exigencies of the war were so pressing that he banished from his thoughts every other question. Wilberforce was wont to describe Pitt's non-fulfilment of his promise to prohibit the supply of slaves to the new colonies as the one blot on his political conduct; but his action is at least intelligible if it be remembered that he was obsessed with the idea that the whole forces of Britain must be mobilised if the designs of the arch-enemy were to be of no effect. Pitt's inaction might seem to Wilberforce a betrayal of the cause, but it really was the outcome of his absorption in a patriotic duty—the protection of our shores from a formidable enemy. To put it briefly, Pitt and Wilberforce differed in their sense of values.

By 1806 the unwearying and well-directed labours of Wilberforce and his co-workers were yielding an abundant harvest. The majority of the nation had now become habituated to the idea that the slave trade was a debasing and dishonourable enterprise, one quite inconsistent with the ideals of a freedom-loving people. Moreover, the Ministry of 'All the Talents,' which came into power after Pitt's death, was predominantly Abolitionist. Grenville, the Prime Minister, and Fox had long been closely identified with the cause, and, had it not been for the opposition of two members, the Government would have placed the termination of the slave traffic at the top of its programme of reforms. Grenville was in earnest, and took counsel with Wilberforce as to the desirability of a change of Parliamentary tactics. He proposed that the Bill should first be introduced in the House of Lords. Wilberforce agreed, and on Jan. 2, 1807, on Grenville's motion, the measure was read a first time. The spokesmen for the trade made a last effort to revive obstruction, but it was successfully frustrated by the Prime Minister. On Feb. 5 the crucial stage was reached, Grenville opening the debate with a speech which Wilberforce described as 'one of the most statesmanlike I have ever heard.' It was a plea for justice to Africa and security for the West Indies, while the peroration was a eulogy of Wilberforce's services. Notwithstanding the opposition, the fact that the second reading

was carried in the Lords by 100 to 36 was symptomatic of the change that had come over public opinion. On Feb. 10 the Bill was read a third time, and on the same day was introduced in the House of Commons; the resolution being moved by Lord Howick, the future Earl Grey. Thereafter a whole week was consumed in hearing counsel's objections, and on Feb. 23 the second reading was taken in a full House, which, says Wilberforce, betrayed 'astonishing eagerness.' The bulk of the speechifying was extremely sympathetic, and Romilly, the Solicitor-General, wrought his auditory to a high pitch of emotion by a comparison between Napoleon and the 'honoured man who would that day lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave trade was no more.'

Romilly's panegyric was one of many that were showered upon the man, who, after years of incessant warfare against principalities and powers, was about to succeed in terminating Britain's share in a commerce which was a disgrace to civilisation. But the supreme moment of Wilberforce's career found him scarcely conscious of what was passing, so affected was he by the tremendousness of the occasion. It is recorded that he sat bent in his seat, his head in his hands, and his eyes filled with tears. When he rose to deliver his last speech in the cause of Abolition, he was still under the dominion of his feelings, and the performance was not one of his best. He expressed gratitude for the exalted tone of the debate, and counselled his supporters to be magnanimous towards those who still championed the slave-owners. With the second reading, which was carried by 286 to 16, the long struggle virtually ended, since the overwhelming majority rendered opposition to the further stages of the Bill futile. The only noteworthy incident in the debate on the third reading was a speech by Windham, in which he tried to water down the prevailing optimism. 'It is not true,' he said, 'that Parliament is about to abolish the slave trade. We are only abolishing our share in it.' Then he added prophetically: 'It is even doubtful if, after all, this measure will in any degree diminish the traffic in slaves on the coast of Africa.' But Windham's was a voice crying in the wilderness, the third reading being carried unanimously. On March 25 the Bill received the Royal Assent.

Though he had fully another quarter of a century to live, Wilberforce never again achieved anything commensurate with the great legislative enactment of 1807. Yet the remainder of his life was not a protracted anticlimax. Wilberforce had become the exemplar of all that is noblest in the national life; he was still to be a leader in high enterprises. Besides, there remained much work to be done. The Act of 1807, as Windham clearly saw, was at best a partial settlement. Many far-reaching problems awaited solution before the final triumph. Parliament had abolished the slave trade within the Empire; but it remained to be seen whether the decree could be translated into literal fact. And even assuming the goal were reached, slavery on an extensive scale and in an aggravated form would still exist in many parts of the world, for, where a lucrative trade was concerned, foreign nations would hesitate to follow Britain's example. It was this imbroglio that ultimately drove Wilberforce and his associates to the conclusion that the ending of the slave trade was only a stepping-stone to the true ideal—the rooting-out of slavery itself. Accordingly, the Abolitionists now concentrated upon two objects. The first was the efficient working of the Act of 1807, which, as events soon disclosed, was possible only on the understanding that other governments could be induced to follow ours. Secondly, Wilberforce sought to formulate an international agreement whereby not only the traffic in human flesh but slavery itself would disappear from the world. The two problems were inextricably bound together.

To urge the principle of Abolition on foreign nations was a notable manifestation of idealism, but at that time the conditions were unpropitious. France could hardly be expected to follow the example of its enemy, and Spain and Portugal were too deeply engaged in the slave trade to be moved by altruistic ideas. Still, much earnest and persistent work was carried on by the African Institution, an organisation founded by Wilberforce and others (after the passing of the Act of 1807) for the suppression of the slave trade everywhere. Its first fruits, curiously enough, were obtained in South America, the trade being abolished in Venezuela, Chili, and Buenos Ayres in 1814. In the following year the Congress of Vienna declared

in favour of speedy and effective abolition; in 1815 came the Napoleonic edict proclaiming total and immediate abolition in French territory; and in 1818 Spain, in return for 400,000*l.* paid by Britain as indemnity, undertook to bring about total suppression within two years. But this general atmosphere of goodwill was only a simulacrum. To declare the slave trade illegal was one thing, to abolish it was another. Of all the nations that adopted the principle of Abolition, Britain alone honestly attempted to enforce it. Slave-ships continued to sail under the French flag, and, even after the Emancipation Act had been passed and Wilberforce was in his grave, the most distressing accounts of the slave traffic were in circulation. Wilberforce was fully conscious of the obstacles to Abolition. At first, he inclined to the view that if smuggling were stopped the West Indian planters would be more solicitous for the health and moral welfare of the slaves they still possessed. Registration would, he thought, protect the slaves within the British dominions from cruelty and degradation, and he twice promoted a Bill with that object. Eventually, his belief was that the eradication of the slavery system was the only panacea. This lofty purpose inspired the second crusade, which was launched in 1822.

Wilberforce was now sixty-three, and no longer equal to the harassing work involved in supervising the Parliamentary agitation. But he found an able lieutenant in Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who, at his request, shouldered the burden of leadership in the House of Commons. Wilberforce, however, remained a member of Parliament for a further two years, made occasional speeches, and was available for consultation. But his main work henceforth lay in stimulating the anti-slavery movement generally. When the second crusade was resolved upon, he issued a manifesto in the form of a pamphlet, entitled 'An Appeal to the Religion, Justice, and Humanity of the Inhabitants of the British Empire in behalf of the Negro Slaves in the West Indies,' in which he contended that it was the duty of Parliament, and not of the colonial legislatures, to improve the conditions of slavery, and so prepare the way for emancipation. The manifesto was followed by the formation in 1823 of the Anti-Slavery Society. The Government favoured the gradual improve-

ment of the condition of the slaves rather than immediate emancipation, a policy which, though it fell short of their ideal, Wilberforce and his followers accepted. But serious difficulties emerged immediately an attempt was made to give effect to the policy. Intense indignation was aroused in the West Indies. In the Jamaica Assembly it was actually proposed to throw off allegiance to Britain, while in Demerara a rebellion was caused by a rumour that the King of Great Britain had set the slaves free, but that their masters had suppressed the decree. The Government tried to retrieve their blunder by forwarding a Proclamation to the West Indian colonies, referring to the erroneous belief that emancipation had been carried, and declaring that the slaves would be 'undeserving of our protection if they shall fail to render entire submission to the laws as well as dutiful obedience to their masters.' Wilberforce considered the Government's plan of making the planters responsible for the amelioration of their slaves a mistake, and said so plainly in the last speech he made in the House of Commons (June 15, 1824).

Wilberforce's view was upheld by the course of events. The Government policy was a failure, and for some years matters were left in abeyance. In the spring of 1830 the Anti-Slavery Society again became active. On May 15 Wilberforce presided over a mass meeting in London, when a resolution was adopted 'for effecting at the earliest period the entire abolition of slavery throughout the British Dominions.' On the other hand, Brougham's motion for 'mitigation and final abolition' was lost in Parliament by 56 to 27. But fresh encouragement was derived from the fact that in the General Election of 1830 anti-slavery was for the first time an important issue. Nevertheless, the return of the Whigs did not accelerate matters, Parliamentary Reform taking precedence. Even in 1833, the year in which emancipation was placed on the Statute Book, the Speech from the Throne contained no reference to slavery. Buxton, however, brought forward a motion on the subject, and on May 14 the final contest was opened. Two days later, Stanley moved and carried the resolutions which were to form the groundwork of the Bill to secure emancipation. The scheme satisfied neither party, but it was ultimately agreed that all slaves under British protection should be

freed in a year's time. They were, however, to serve seven years' apprenticeship to their former masters. Furthermore, the serious opposition of the West Indian planter was to be neutralised by converting the original loan of fifteen millions into a gift of twenty millions. After a week's debate the resolutions were carried by 286 to 209.

By this time Wilberforce was living the last days of his long, honourable, and resplendent career. The news of the successive stages of the legislation was carried to his residence in Cadogan Place. When, on July 25, he learned that the final passage of the Bill was secure, he exclaimed: 'Thank God that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery!' Four days later he died. On July 31, 1834, eight hundred thousand slaves became free. With this, one of the most remarkable achievements in human history, the name of William Wilberforce is inseparably associated.

W. FORBES GRAY.

Art. 6.—THE EFFECT OF CIRCUMSTANCE UPON HABIT.

AMONG wild creatures habit is usually the outcome of necessity rather than inclination, of rule rather than custom. In effect, it is largely dependent upon the influences from which it originates and may be modified considerably by changing conditions. It is possible for animals to depart from a line of procedure that has been regarded as immutable when the circumstances in which they find themselves placed demand or invite special adjustment. Take, for example, the case of the wild pheasant. Being a warmth-loving species, the bird prefers as a rule to roost in the woods, among firs or spruces for choice, or, failing these, among trees that are sheltered from the prevailing winds by the lie of the land or adjacent heavy cover. It is obviously desirable from the bird's point of view that its perch should be well above ground-level to obviate all danger from prowling foxes, and so confirmed has this habit or instinct become that few people conversant with the species in its conventional setting would expect to find a pheasant anywhere but well aloft after nightfall. Comfort, however, is more essential than security, it would seem, and in wind-swept localities where timber growth is scarce, or where woods stand exposed to the force of the gale, the pheasant not infrequently departs from established custom and selects its nightly quarters deep in some tangle of coarse grass or rushes, undisturbed, indeed, by the keen night wind, but exposed to four-footed enemies.

In the latter connection a somewhat interesting point arises. It may be noticed that districts in which pheasants appear to roost habitually upon the ground are usually those most thinly stocked with foxes. If foxes happen to be re-introduced, or become re-established by natural processes, the roosters fall easy victims, since, unlike partridges, they lack the instinct that enables the latter to make special provision against attack from the ground. And here follows the problem. Among intelligent beasts or birds habit is acquired more readily than is perhaps generally realised, and it might not be unreasonable to suggest that the absence of the fox over a considerable

period of years may induce a race of pheasants unaccustomed to his attacks no longer to apprehend danger from that quarter. Such being the case, the necessity for an exalted but chilly roosting-place would be removed, and the birds would be free to follow their natural inclinations. The foregoing supposition admissible, the question assumes a more general character. Were night prowlers, velvet-footed and keen-sensed, originally responsible for driving the jungle-fowl, the capercaillie, and the ruffed grouse to seek safety among the branches in the gloom of descending night? All game-birds, it must be remembered, are more at home upon the ground than in trees, although even the domestic fowl still assiduously mounts to its artificial perch, urged by one of the few primitive instincts that continue to influence the conduct of its degenerate life. If in the course of time four-footed rapacious creatures disappear from the face of the earth, will future generations of artificially preserved pheasants or wood-grouse go tranquilly to sleep in warm corners among gorse-brakes or sedges, untroubled by the menace of green eyes peering in upon them with petrifying effect from the surrounding darkness?

Circumstances alter cases in animal as well as in human affairs, for which reason it is seldom advisable without full consideration to discredit any story concerning wild life, no matter how improbable it may appear at first glance. Take, for instance, the frequent rumours of the bird's nest containing eggs, the discovery of which is claimed from time to time during midwinter. As a general rule these may be dismissed as idle tales, being the outcome of some error or practical joke. The latter factor is probably responsible for many of the freak instances and 'occurrences' that sometimes puzzle even experienced naturalists. When, for instance, a blackbird is found to be incubating the eggs of a song-thrush, there is usually some one in the neighbourhood capable of throwing light upon the incident if he chose. The unaccountable cannot always be disposed of so lightly, however. Nature's laws, like those of any other highly organised system, are subject to modification or even derangement, although there is too prevalent a tendency nowadays to confuse obvious exception with rule. This has been, perhaps, the most frequent cause of error in natural history study.

Returning to the typical case of the midwinter nest, the phenomenon is usually accounted for by the supposition that the avian instinct has been diverted by abnormal atmospheric conditions. In certain cases this may indeed apply. Now and again in early winter, when birds have fully recovered from the autumnal moult and the first sharp frosts have not as yet exercised their repressive influence, there is apparently a more or less general recrudescence of the mating-instinct, this effect being demonstrated during the mild season of 1932. Then the garden robins were not only in full song but unmistakably coquetting with one another, and in this respect they were by no means unique. In almost any garden sparrows could be seen flitting about with wisps of straw or feathers in their beaks, as though actually embarking upon nest-building activities. Even the passing curlew could be heard uttering his spring trill, but most remarkable of all was the behaviour of two ravens, inhabitants of a neighbouring moorland coombe. A local observer reported that he had seen one of these birds flying over the eyrie carrying a stick ; but little significance was attached to the incident until a day or two later, when, passing along the valley, I was astonished to hear the loud challenging ' bark ' usually inseparable from the breeding season, both birds emerging from the great fir in which they annually nest and circling overhead with the excited outcry characteristic of the early spring months. Normally the eyrie lies at the unchallenged disposal of all visitors until late February. Needless to say this recrudescence of the springtime emotions is short-lived. The abnormal conditions that prompt the temporary assertion of the instinct lack the quality that is necessary for its maintenance. There is not sufficient vitality in the air materially to stimulate the production of either vegetable or animal life. With the rapidly shortening days the impulse fades like an echo, and the wild creature resumes the normal tenor of its way. In certain exceedingly rare cases, however, there may be birds in whom the mating instinct is so strongly developed that the counter-acting influences of the actual season are offset, and an abnormal brood is attempted. This would account for the freak clutches of eggs occasionally recorded at the least propitious times of the year ; but whether the young

are ever reared, or even hatched under such conditions, is quite another question.

As a general rule, beasts appear to be more responsive than birds to the effects of abnormal climatic conditions, or any other influences calculated to disturb the customary routine of habit. One is liable to come across a nestful of young rabbits during any month of the year, although the conventional breeding season extends roughly from February to August, the period varying somewhat according to locality, and this example is only one of many that might be cited. Even these instances, however, though more frequently encountered than the 'early bird's nest,' are exceedingly rare, while it should be remarked that young animals, such as fox-cubs, when encountered out of season, usually appear to be isolated specimens. One seldom comes across an entire litter, unless newly born, from which it may be assumed that the majority pay the price that Nature claims for the contravention of her laws, which, after all, are the outcome of countless ages of experiment. Indeed, as a general rule, premature animal life stands little better chance of survival than that of vegetation in a similar case. It is tolerably certain that conditions unsuitable to the normal requirements will be encountered, and disaster is the consequence.

Generally speaking the same rule applies, no matter whether the young creatures arrive abnormally late or early. By way of illustration one need only consider the case of game-chicks that have been produced as the result of a second venture upon the part of the parents. Upon the stubble during early September one not infrequently finds a brood of young partridges that are still too small even to fly. These 'chirpers' are usually welcomed as being likely to provide sport when their older relatives have become too wild; yet for some reason the hopefully anticipated late covey rarely materialises. The young birds have an unaccountable way of disappearing, although usually a variety of more or less plausible explanations suggest themselves. It is possible that the young larvæ upon which chicks hatched within the prescribed period largely subsist are no longer obtainable. Again, the ripe grain scattered over the stubbles in autumn may constitute fare that is too stimulating for tender digestions. It is clear, moreover, that late broods cannot

find the same cover that the earlier chicks enjoyed. The shorn fields provide a nursery sadly different from the all-sheltering corn or mowing-grass, while predatory animals are more numerous in autumn than in mid-summer, since a few extra weeks mark a more than appreciable difference in the growth of young stoats, hawks, and, more particularly, the rats which infest almost every harvest-field. These and many other factors may contribute to the obvious result. No matter upon what theory one may endeavour to account for it, however, the significant fact remains. The birds were hatched out of season and the circumstances under which they strove for existence proved unsuitable in consequence. The importance of 'habit' in Nature's scheme is therefore emphasised, together with the difficulties encountered by those creatures which attempt to depart from it.

Whether animals which have definitely acquired either monogamous or polygamous habits ever violate instinct to the extent of reversing the order of procedure in this respect is a question that occasionally arises. When treating of wild life, it is far from wise to make authoritative statements upon such a head, the liability of registering incorrect impressions being considerable. One may reasonably assume, however, that contravention of any strictly natural state of affairs is calculated to produce a corresponding reaction. Among game-birds that habitually practice monogamy an unnatural preponderance of hens might easily result in two or three females falling to the share of one cock, and this appears to happen at times among the red grouse upon Dartmoor, where the distribution of the birds is both sparse and uneven. The few that manage to exist naturally resort to the best localities, and a bellicose old cock has little difficulty in keeping rivals at a distance. Good heather being scarce, the hens are not always disposed to follow their would-be mates into exile, and since no cock-bird of inferior fighting capacity can enter the guarded area, the King of the Castle remains in every sense possessed of more than he requires. In such a case he may prove the progenitor of two, or even several, broods, the inevitable question as to the effect upon the stock produced being irrelevant. From these and numerous similar instances it becomes sufficiently apparent that habit,

no matter how deeply rooted, is adaptable to changing conditions. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise if wild life is to survive development, whether artificial or natural. Upon the other hand, habit, or the instinct of which it is the outcome, more often than not proves incapable of coping with emergency when action in direct contradiction to established custom becomes imperative.

Again, there is the case of conflicting instinct or habit which is often responsible for curious behaviour upon the part of animals, particularly birds. Consider the familiar example of the over-stocked rookery. It is scarcely necessary to remark that rooks, above all branch builders, select nesting sites that are the least accessible to climbers of every description. In course of time, however, certain favourite rookeries become so populous that the demand for building space exceeds the available accommodation, and prospective householders are therefore faced with the alternative of founding a new colony elsewhere or occupying sites in surrounding trees which may be considerably below the approved height and accessible to attack from the earth in consequence—less suitable, indeed, in every respect. Either course involves a departure from custom, a violation of instinct. That the stronger impulse should prevail is inevitable, and force of habit, it would seem, proves more powerful than the sense of self-preservation, since, as a rule, the gregarious instinct outweighs every other consideration. In the great majority of instances, rather than abandon the historic rookery, young pairs that cannot procure impregnable sites build their nests in adjoining trees, although of lesser altitude, and so an extending rookery frequently includes a number of nests that may be reached with comparative facility. Now and again, indeed, one comes across instances of old rookeries that for some reason are abandoned while new ones spring up in the vicinity. As a rule, however, new colonies are exceedingly rare, well-established breeding-places being preferred at any cost. Gulls act in a similar manner under corresponding circumstances. Generally speaking, few nests are less assailable than that of the herring gull, yet most naturalists will know of some favourite cliff where the demand upon available space is so great that many of the birds, if they elect to remain, are constrained to nest upon ledges scarcely above sea-level. This course

they apparently adopt rather than take advantage of the vastly superior accommodation that the neighbouring coast-line would afford. Indeed, one might safely assert that only under stress of absolute necessity will gregarious birds depart from the community habit when once acquired.

Among human beings the expression 'habit' is frequently used to denote some trick or mannerism that has been acquired by an individual. Among wild creatures, on the contrary, it rather stands for the course of action that the animal finds or knows through instinct to be the most expedient for its needs or the gratifying of its desires and inclinations. When a natural disposition, such as building in high trees, cannot be gratified, the bird automatically adapts itself to circumstances. It does not necessarily abandon a locality that fails to provide even those amenities which it seems to consider essential when procurable. Both the carrion-crow and the raven find a veritable happy hunting-ground upon the wilds of Dartmoor, and there both species remain to breed, although neither can find the conditions for nest-building that it appears to consider indispensable elsewhere. More often than not the crow is compelled to make use of a mere bush within a few feet of ground level, while the raven, for lack of the mighty precipice which constitutes the home of its choice, selects a ledge upon some comparatively insignificant rock and hopes for the best. Each bird might satisfy its requirements more adequately by going farther afield, but ulterior considerations are sufficiently strong to compel departure from a course of action that has become second nature.

All considered, general habit or rule is apt to prove a most untrustworthy guide to the sportsman or naturalist when he endeavours to anticipate animal behaviour. Necessity, example, opportunity, and even weather may, each in its way, influence actions that might otherwise have been purely automatic. Impelled by hunger, a badger, too early astir in a backward season, might snap up a lamb or break into a hen-roost, though normally preferring his natural diet of young rabbits, grubs, and roots. Example, or the courage inspired by numbers, might embolden a chaffinch to swoop at a falcon, even as one crafty old rabbit in a large burrow can spoil a day's

sport by dodging and refusing to 'bolt,' thus inciting his fellows to adopt similar tactics. Wild creatures, whether winged or furred, are peculiarly apt to follow the cue supplied by one of their number, and this circumstance may not infrequently, in its turn, serve to account for the unanimity of purpose and action which upon certain occasions so puzzles the student of animal ways.

The direct influence of climatic conditions upon wild life generally is sufficiently obvious. The abundance or scarcity of certain birds is more or less regulated by their favourite food supply, and when this fails, as the result of natural influences or otherwise, those species which do not migrate to lands where their especial requirements can be gratified must of necessity change their manner of life. During certain seasons almost every gardener has been troubled by a marked predilection for cultivated fruits upon the part of song-thrushes—birds which as a rule not only display little liking for currants and raspberries, but, further, render sterling service by their effective manner of dealing with slugs and snails. It will usually be noticed that the thrush's fall from grace occurs during dry summers, or when molluscs, for some reason, are comparatively scarce, and in all probability the bird, more than any one concerned, regrets the circumstance which necessitates its temporary vegetarian diet. It should be remarked, perhaps, that the thrush normally turns its attention to yew-berries during early autumn, which is usually one of the driest and therefore most insectless periods of the year. Opportunity is, perhaps, the most significant factor of all, since it may easily affect the entire trend of a wild animal's life. It is often responsible for leading predatory creatures into bad habits which under normal circumstances they might never have developed. The mountain fox, which as a general rule keeps aloof from human habitations, may have the ill fortune—for so it proves in the end—to blunder upon a stray duck or chicken when pursuing his first peregrinations as an inexperienced cub. That he will thenceforth adopt this easy means of livelihood goes without saying, and that fox will probably prove a poultry-thief until the end of his days, which, as a direct consequence, will not be many. The same principle applies to the large beasts of prey, and even to the big herbivores

which in some countries prove such persistent destroyers of cultivated crops. In the majority of cases the wild creature is under no necessity to prey upon either the agricultural or domesticated product, but when opportunity places such commodities in its way, unless speedily deterred, it soon regards them as an habitual source of livelihood.

Sufficient allowance is not always made for the very considerable effect of pure accident, which alone is responsible for many of the curious incidents recorded. Some months ago, in one of the leading newspapers, there appeared a description of a chaffinch's nest into the outer structure of which a large amount of confetti had been embodied. The nest had been built in a hawthorn near a churchyard gate, and the blossoming of the bush coinciding with the incubation of the eggs, the case was represented as constituting a remarkable example of deliberate camouflage and foresight upon the part of the bird. Of the actual camouflage in such a case there could be no question. Upon the other hand, it seems scarcely reasonable to assume foreknowledge, intent, or even consciousness of the ultimate effect so far as the bird was concerned. The bush would not have been in bloom while the construction of the nest was in progress, nor is it probable that the bird would either realise the similarity in colour between the particles of paper littered about and the as yet invisible blossom, or even anticipate the flowering of the shrub. One would rather suggest that the paper was used merely because it happened to constitute the nearest available material, in the same manner as lichen is so effectively employed for the concealment of the nest in an old apple-tree. In the case of the confetti, it is tolerably certain that during the building and egg-laying period the foreign substance was better calculated to render the structure conspicuous than to serve any purpose of camouflage. Actually the proceeding was foolish rather than provident.

For the most part wild creatures are less suspicious of the artificial than might be supposed. All considered, the readiness with which blue tits accept the accommodation offered by nesting-boxes is remarkable, while one might reasonably have expected the wary rook to look askance at a newly ploughed field, since definite change is

apt to be regarded with disfavour. In this respect one witnesses some curious examples of the inconsistency of the animal mind. Rabbits will forsake a hedge that has been re-dug or even cleared of brambles, yet they display no fear of wire-netting that has been erected to exclude them. They will immediately test its capacity of resistance, quite undeterred by its many dangerous possibilities. On the other hand, the over-night cutting of a single 'swath' around a corn-field, in preparation for a self-binder on the morrow, is accepted as notice to quit by the entire rabbit population. How the connection is traced between the preliminary pathway cut at sundown and the subsequent levelling of the crop is a question more easily asked than answered. In nature study there is no distinction more difficult to trace than that between the operation of subtle influence and pure coincidence. A neighbouring landowner, whose estate abounds with rabbits but lacks sufficient cover for good rough shooting, recently made an interesting experiment. Collecting a quantity of hedge-clippings, he deposited them in patches upon some rough fields overgrown with coarse grass and bracken. Ground game being very apt to frequent waste piles of brush when these have not been placed for that purpose, the man in question naturally expected that many rabbits would avail themselves of so liberal a catering for their propensities. He left the little artificial brakes undisturbed for several months, until the rank vegetation growing up amongst the dead wood provided excellent 'lying.' When the day arrived for trying the ground, however, not a rabbit was to be found in the artificial cover, though numbers were sitting out amongst the adjacent herbage.

To attribute so complete a failure to the vagaries of chance seemed scarcely reasonable, while the possibility that artifice had been suspected may also be discounted. The naturalising effects of time had long since disguised any alteration in the original character of the fields, the cover, indeed, being of older date than many of the rabbits. It seems more probable that force of habit once again constituted the governing influence. Generation after generation of rabbits having been accustomed to shelter in the deep grass, the existing members of the race had found no occasion to seek fresh cover. Eventually

a new habit might develop, but for the time being immemorial rule still prevailed. Instinct, too, may have played its part, since the brushwood had systematically been placed in the most open spots to facilitate shooting. Against this it must be remembered that a rabbit or hare will frequently make its form under any little tussock or bush surrounded by bare turf, irrespective of the advantage thus ceded to the man with the gun. None the less, it is apparent that every hunted animal in the course of time evolves tactics calculated to counteract the special form of attack to which it is subjected, and birds and beasts of sport certainly recognise the advisability of keeping out of sight. Thus long grass through which a small animal can move unseen offers the most suitable cover for ground game, even as 'broken' country enables the woodcock to disguise its line of flight. The animal may or may not be conscious of this advantage, but I, personally, have watched a rabbit 'belly' its way through young corn in a manner that strongly suggested a deliberate attempt at concealment. As a general rule it would almost seem that animals are most prone to resent that form of interference with their economy which closely approaches the *natural*, although the reverse might reasonably be expected. Rabbits have cultivated no instinctive fear of the terrible gin, the employment of which appears to create no panic, even though the screams of their captured fellows render the night hideous. Upon the other hand, they soon become shy of ground that is disturbed by dogs or even cattle. A single stoat or an escaped ferret will depopulate a warren more speedily than a steel trap in every runway.

It is more or less definitely recognised that rabbits produce young earlier upon farms where wholesale trapping is the rule than upon other lands where shooting and ferreting are the methods adopted. This, at first glance, may appear incredible, but the circumstance is capable of simple explanation. Trapping is usually executed upon an extensive scale, only a comparatively short period being occupied with the proceeding. The surviving animals are not otherwise molested and may pursue their affairs undisturbed. Guns and ferrets, upon the contrary, though infinitely preferable from every point of view, involve frequent disturbance. The rabbits are

kept continually upon the move. Pairs—they are usually found in couples during January—are either killed or separated, while a particularly heavy toll is taken of does lying underground in the small burrows which they would shortly have used for breeding quarters. Strictly speaking, therefore, the case, though curious, is scarcely a matter of 'habit.' It is plain cause and effect, or, in other words, a natural tendency retarded by artificial influences. Needless to remark, no animal readily surrenders or violates its natural inclinations, while an instinctive preference, even if dormant for generations, would probably assert itself at the first opportunity. It is equally certain that wild creatures as a rule prefer the natural to the artificial. No matter how liberally a game-keeper may feed his pheasants, their tendency to stray proves almost incurable. They have certain requirements which all his care proves unable to satisfy. The great majority of wild birds that visit a garden 'table' during hard weather decline the proffered fare as soon as their normal source of supplies is once more available. Again, no matter how readily the wild-born creature may adapt itself to life in the captive state, it seldom fails to seize the first opportunity of regaining its liberty. The difficulty experienced in inducing many animals to breed in captivity affords sufficient proof upon this point.

Briefly, it may be taken for granted that departure from long-established habit, unless enforced by natural influences to which the animal instinct is prompt to react, is usually accidental rather than premeditated. Generally speaking, bird or beast is intellectually incapable of embarking upon a line of conduct that involves direct initiative foreign to its natural impulses. Among wild creatures, even as among men, necessity is the frequent originator of achievement, but the need must be great if strong enough to break the leading strings of immemorial custom. Among animals, undoubtedly, there is also the abnormal element, composed of creatures deficient in instinct or intellect. These may infringe rule, even as their representatives in human life fail to recognise either law or convention. Their category, however, is too limited to warrant serious attention.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 7.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S POLICY.

ONE revolution at least Mr Roosevelt has accomplished. It has been given to few statesmen to change the atmosphere of any country as quickly or completely as he changed that of the United States between dawn and dusk of March 4 last. The mood of defeatism, and of a merely polite interest in the new administration, which was general as the crowds gathered to attend the Inauguration, had already begun to change to one of hopefulness, and of enthusiastic acclaim for the new President, before he had completed his Address. The change was electric. Few Presidents-elect have been less appreciated than Mr Roosevelt. Even his friends wrote him down as an amiable and resourceful politician rather than as a statesman of vision or courage. No one had any confidence in the retiring President or Congress, or much hope of those incoming. The atmosphere of Washington was one of stale unreality. Mr Roosevelt's brave words, which were quickly followed by brave deeds, had the effect of a thunderstorm on a stuffy day. They cleared the air. They set in motion a movement towards the President, and away from the old passive, pessimistic attitude towards the depression, a movement which is continuing, though naturally with diminished force. They changed the whole political outlook.

The change of atmosphere and the revulsion of feeling were so complete that it was tempting to assume that there really had been, as some of the President's more enthusiastic supporters suggested, a peaceful revolution. The temper of the new administration was so different from that of the old, Mr Roosevelt was so much more closely in touch with Congress and with the country than Mr Hoover had ever been that it really looked as if a new era in American politics had begun. The succession of new measures, also, covering in a few weeks a larger and more controversial field than most administrations have been able to handle in a full term of office, appeared to indicate that the 'new deal' was more than a matter of words or manners, and would involve radical alterations in American life. There even seemed to be grounds for thinking, as some well-known radicals were beginning to do, that there would be no longer any need to continue

the attempt to build up an effective third party, since Mr Roosevelt was so rapidly making the Democratic Party radical and an instrument for effective progressive action.

It is a matter of the first importance to determine the truth of these assumptions. If there has been a real step forward in American political technique ; if Mr Roosevelt's policy is intended to be part of a comprehensive and far-reaching programme of reform, and not merely a series of emergency and opportunist measures related to the immediate crisis ; if it is truly intended to make the Democratic Party a genuine 'liberal' party in the European sense, and to commit it to a programme fundamentally at variance with that of the conservative Republican Party, then recent events in the United States are of greater importance than any since the Civil War. To students of American affairs who know how innately conservative both the major parties, like the overwhelming majority of Americans, have been, and how the lack of clear-cut issues between the two has vitiated American political life, it is almost more interesting to determine if this be, in fact, the direction to which the United States is travelling under its new President, than to answer the other question at issue in connection with Mr Roosevelt's programme, whether it is likely materially to contribute to the ending of the world-wide depression. The latter question, after all, depends upon so many outside conditions. It will necessarily take time to see what effect recent measures will have upon, for instance, the terrible unemployment figures. But there are other questions—has the United States, like many other countries, resorted to a dictatorship because of the bankruptcy of Parliamentary Democracy ? Is she at length intending consciously to recast her social and economic structure and to desert the individualist doctrines in which she has always so passionately believed ? Is she about to see a new political alignment come about, and to possess for the first time for many years an effective radical and opposition party ? These questions are of tremendous immediate as well as of ultimate importance. If this is the meaning of recent events and of Mr Roosevelt's policy, then the 'new deal,' whether it succeed or fail in its immediate purpose, will be a major event in American history.

There are three aspects to each of those questions. The first is whether the recent course of events in the United States is calculated to have such an effect. The second—if the first be answered in the affirmative—is whether such effects are a conscious part of Mr Roosevelt's policy and such a far-reaching transformation of American life and politics his deliberate purpose, or whether it is merely something that has been 'put over' on him, an ultimate effect which he has not yet fully recognised of measures that he has adopted with very different and immediate ends in view. The third point, and the most difficult to answer, because it rests so much upon the future course of events, which no one yet can confidently predict, is whether so novel a policy has any appreciable chances of success in the existing conditions of American politics.

So far as the first question is concerned there can, I think, be no room for doubt that the American Constitution, as conservatively interpreted, has been so far strained in the direction of giving the Executive discretionary power, even in realms over which the Government has hitherto been accustomed to move warily, as to make the American system of government for the moment something totally different from what it has been, and from what the 'Fathers' intended. Mr Roosevelt has almost complete power over the currency and the financial institutions of the country. He has been given the most drastic powers to reorganise the structure of Federal administration and to reduce every species of government expenditure. His agents in the last resort, and in the event of industrial leaders not being able to agree amongst themselves upon regulations of wages, prices, output, and hours of work satisfactory to the Executive, will have sweeping powers to reorganise industry and agriculture. If he used all the powers granted to him, and met with no opposition in Congress, Mr Roosevelt might under the existing law transform the United States almost as completely as the European dictators, Stalin, Mussolini, or Hitler, could transform their respective countries. There is no doubt that this tremendous grant of power has been given to the President for the same reason that many people have been willing to see dictatorships established in Europe—because of the failure of the legislature to

act responsibly and effectively. There is little doubt that many people would be glad to see a similar short cut through the maze of normal American political procedure permanently established there.

It is not, however, true to say that America has substituted a dictatorship for its ancient system of democracy. Mr Roosevelt is amongst the most democratic of contemporary statesmen. Few base their power so largely upon popular support, or can carry with them in their policies so great a majority of their people, as he. Even the Congress which granted him his powers, and may be said to some extent to have 'abdicated in his favour,' has surrendered its authority willingly, and not like many European legislatures through the virtue of necessity. He can truly claim that he has been given not so much a blank cheque to spend as he pleases but a letter of credit upon which he may draw, if necessary, in order to carry out a policy to which the Congress no less than he is committed. And the Congress, like a corporation which establishes a credit in favour of one of its agents, but unlike the legislatures of countries with dictatorships, retains the power to withdraw its delegated authority when and as it pleases. Mr Roosevelt rules, not like a king by the grace of God, nor like a dictator in virtue of his military power, but like any Parliamentary statesman by the grace of the legislature and in virtue of his majority in the country. If he lost his popular support he would lose his Congressional majority, and with it his dictatorial powers, in the twinkling of an eye.

He is, in fact, likely rapidly to lose some of the authority he possesses. Congress never willingly nor for long surrenders its prerogatives. When the President's so-called 'honeymoon' period of office is over, if the pressure of the emergency relaxes, or if the new policies fail to make a speedy impression upon the depression, and especially upon the volume of unemployment and the number of mortgage foreclosures, executive authority and prestige may decline as rapidly as they have recently risen. There are signs already of a gathering opposition. The weapon which Mr Roosevelt has so successfully wielded against Congress, the power to withhold patronage, is two-edged. It has got him his way now. But he will have to pay for that later. Members of Congress have

not been happy at being kept waiting for the spoils of victory. They have been angered to see appointments given only to original Roosevelt men—i.e. backers of the President before, as well as since, his nomination. They have been so bitter over the attempt of Mr Roosevelt's manager and Postmaster-General, James A. Farley, to deal in the matter of appointments with the local party bosses instead of with the Senators and Congressmen who have been accustomed to regard such appointments within their constituencies as their perquisite, as to be able to force a reversal of that policy. There are many reasons other than mere jealousy of the Presidential prestige for inducing them to turn on Mr Roosevelt as soon as it is politically safe to do so.

The President, in spite of the rapid succession of measures which he has carried and which have endowed him with an unprecedented and apparently unlimited authority, is, therefore, no more likely to escape Congressional opposition than have been earlier powerful executives. Foreigners who are impressed with his present authority and prestige should remember how rapidly the temper of American politics can change. They should recall the bitter attacks which such national heroes as Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson had to suffer the moment the emergency which had won them their especial powers had passed. Mr Roosevelt's future authority will depend on the skill with which he uses the normal prerogatives of the Presidency and cultivates public opinion while maintaining friendly relations with Congress, and not upon recent emergency measures. There has not been created, and there are no signs that he would have wished to see created, any permanent addition to the President's authority. Precedent for an ample enlargement of executive power as a method of securing rapid action during an emergency has been created, and will have an effect on later occasions of crisis. But the permanent features of the American political system remain as they were. Other Presidents, and Mr Roosevelt himself upon other occasions, will experience the same difficulties that have troubled his predecessors from Washington to Hoover.

The second question with which we are concerned, whether recent legislation is calculated to have a far-

reaching effect upon future American development, and has in reality a radical, not to say socialistic, character, is more difficult to answer. Very few of the measures passed have been other than for the emergency. Even where no time-limit has been set to the measures a time-limit exists in fact. It was as temporary measures and for emergency purposes that Congress gave the President far-reaching powers over banks, over agriculture and industry, and in regard to the currency. Some of his advisers may hope to use these measures for permanent purposes, to redress the balance between town and country and between capital and labour, to secure a better co-ordinated economic development, to dethrone the small financial oligarchy which recently has ruled America. It may be true that in a Socialist state the executive could have no larger powers, nor could industry be more regimented than it might be in America under some of the laws recently passed (especially the Farm Relief Act and the National Industrial Recovery Bill). It may be that these will prove to be the thin end of the wedge and lead to a rapidly extended governmental control of national economic life. But it is certain that it was not with any such objects in view that Congress passed those laws, or that the country accepted them. Many, even of those who now cheerfully accept ideas they would formerly have considered dangerously radical and are not frightened because they are told that a socialistic revolution is in progress in America, would be horrified if they realised the full implications of such a policy, and will react against it if they find the President's policy has any such tendency. Recent events in America might be the prelude to a socialistic transformation of life there. But there is little evidence that they are generally intended to be so.

A small group of the President's advisers, and especially his Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Professor Rexford Tugwell—who, as a member of the so-called 'Brains Trust,' is a more influential person than Assistant Secretaries are normally, or than many existing Cabinet Ministers—are hopeful of introducing a mild sort of socialism into America. They not merely enthusiastically support that programme of aggressive state action to end the depression which Socialists have in

common with liberals and other 'progressives,' and which includes lavish state expenditure upon public works and for the relief of unemployment, as well as some control of production; but they have definite visions of a new social order more nearly like that of the official Socialists than of the old-time and official Democrats. It is, indeed, the case that the programme they have helped the President to carry is almost the same as that which Mr Norman Thomas and the official Socialist Party of America were advocating in the recent elections, and would have attempted to carry out had they then been successful. But it is not certain that even the members of the 'Brains Trust' have a sufficiently clear idea of what they want to do to be sure of their next step. A hostility to the existing industrial and financial oligarchy; a belief in a larger measure of social and industrial planning; the intention of using the power of the state to prevent any head-on collision between capital and labour and to harmonise the interests of the two, as well as to enable industrial combinations to effect those national agreements with regard to output and conditions of work which are obviously needed, but forbidden at present by the Anti-Trust Law, and which can be obstructed by a small resolute minority; as well as a belief that economic well-being demands a more equitable division of the product of industry, a division which state action can do something to promote—such things are obviously part of their policy. But such things need not involve any very drastic immediate policy or unduly alarm the capitalists, many of whom see the advantage to themselves of such limited invasions of the now discredited theory of *laissez faire*.

If it be doubtful whether the Professors, who are the most nearly socialist of Mr Roosevelt's followers, are yet committed to a sufficiently stern use of their new powers as to bring about major alterations in the 'American System,' it is certain that the rest of the Roosevelt following is not. There are, as we shall see later, deep divisions in that following, as well as in the Democratic Party, the right wing being very conservative and the left wing, by American standards, dangerously radical. Once the pressure of the emergency, and the authority of the President, are relaxed, fissures in the ranks of the adminis-

tration party in Congress and in the country are certain. It is highly probable that many who have voted for the new powers will react against them as soon as it is safe to do so ; while it is probable that many, if not most, of their supporters would not have voted for them if they had been proposed as permanent and not as temporary measures. It is likely that the majority of the administration party would swing over to the other side, and force Mr Roosevelt to sacrifice his Professors, if it ever became clear that the latter were seriously intending to use the new powers radically to alter the existing way of life in America.

Radical and even socialist ideas, though not under that banner, have made a great advance in America since the world-depression set in. People to-day are not frightened by, and members of Congress are therefore willing to vote for, proposals which even a year ago would have been considered dangerous in the extreme. But it is probable that this change of opinion is superficial and would not stand the strain, either of continued depression, which would seem to discredit the new experiments, or of a return of prosperity, which would make them appear no longer necessary. Many who are not afraid to be called Socialists to-day will probably react with horror from such a suggestion in a year or two, as they would have done a little while since. Their defection, and that of the great mass of opinion which has supported the present policy without realising what it involved or whither it was leading, and would not have supported it at all had it been known to possess a socialistic tendency, is liable at any moment to leave Professor Tugwell and his friends high and dry. Certainly it would be dangerous to assume that the conservative forces in the country are defeated because recently they put up so poor a fight. Whether the tendency of recent legislation has been radical (or socialistic) or merely mildly liberal—and opinions may well differ on that point—it is certainly unpalatable to the powers which have ruled America since the War. They are temporarily discredited, and therefore too wise as yet to fight. But they are not done for. 'Business,' whose dictatorship was so widely venerated a few years ago, is too deeply entrenched about to be easily dethroned. If Mr Roosevelt and his followers

have the serious intention of challenging 'Business' they have a great battle before them, a battle in which, despite recent changes in America, the odds are still against them.

It is, therefore, vitally important to determine the attitude of Mr Roosevelt. The new powers will mean much or little according to the way he uses them. The radical tendency of recent legislation will be of small permanent importance if Mr Roosevelt interprets his mandate in a conservative manner and limits his action to emergency purposes. America was much more nearly socialised during the War, under President Wilson, than it could be under the present law, yet it swung back easily into its old ways when the emergency was over. Precedent is of less importance in the New World than in the Old. Americans find it easier to adopt an attitude in one set of circumstances and to reverse it in another, without feeling that they have been inconsistent or done anything unusual. The mere fact that a resolute executive, if he were a clever and convinced socialist, could with the powers now entrusted to an American President dominate American economic life nearly as completely as a Stalin can dominate that of Russia, is not important, unless we have reason to believe that the actual Executive is a convinced socialist. Indeed, it would not be wise to assume too much even if the present Executive acted as a socialist now. He might easily, as Mr Wilson did during the War, act so not as a socialist but as an opportunist, to deal with a particular crisis, without any thought of permanently altering the old economic or political system.

There seems to be ground for supposing that this is particularly true of President Roosevelt. He is pre-eminently an opportunist in the best sense of the word. He has said that much of his present policy is frankly experimental. These are exceptional times and therefore he is willing to try exceptional measures. He has even confessed that he does not expect always to be right, and will be satisfied if he is right seventy-five per cent. of the time. He appears to be as ready to throw over a new policy if it has failed as he is to give it a trial even though it be unprecedented. He has been converted for the moment to the extreme radical policy for dealing with the depression, or has felt it wise to surrender to it to

some extent for fear of worse happening, as in the matter of the Inflation Amendment to the Farm Relief Bill. He even has seemed to share some of the permanent aims of his more radical and socialistic followers for dethroning the 'money changers,' for introducing an element of social control into the chaos of American economic individualism. But he has given no sign as yet of being wholly converted to their policy, from which he reserves himself the right to withdraw whenever it seems wise to him to do so.

His philosophy, as expressed in his pre-election speeches and in the little book which he issued just before he assumed office, though very advanced as compared with that of some of his rock-ribbed Republican predecessors, cannot be called radical from a European point of view. In so far as it is expressed in practical proposals, and not in happy generalities, though useful and progressive, it cannot be called far-reaching. If everything he has advocated were carried into law the United States would still not be so different from what it was in the past as to cause conservatives like Mr Hoover to lose any great amount of sleep through worry. Mr Roosevelt in all his speeches and writings, as well as in his record up to his inauguration, seemed always a liberal of the heart rather than of the head. He has shown no signs of that profound economic knowledge which would be needed in the President of the United States if he were attempting seriously to alter the existing system. His book shows no signs of appreciation of the great practical difficulties which stand between him and the consummation of even his modest proposals, such as those for the regeneration of agriculture and the railways. On certain points, as, for instance, the tariff, he seems to be frankly muddled, defending a 'competitive tariff for revenue,' which will equalise the costs of production at home and abroad, promising to maintain the existing protection afforded to agriculture, and yet still imagining that he is a low-tariff man and entitled to criticise the Hoover tariff policy. He seems to have few of the qualities, other than courage, political acumen, and an open mind, which would be needed in the leader of an attack upon the deeply-entrenched citadel of capitalistic business in America. He seems to cling to the view that

minor alterations in the law, the stricter regulation of banks and investment houses and of public utilities, and other useful, though conventional proposals, can produce major results.

It is true, of course, that his previous record and known views may be no guide to his future intentions. It would have been impossible from them to have prophesied many of the things that he so far has done. Some points of his recent policy, as, for instance, his surrender to the inflationist propagandists, seem to be frankly at variance with his pre-election views and pledges, and even with his declared policy a day or so before the Inflation Amendment became law. It is possible to find evidence to justify any one of a number of views of his character. He may be the wisest of opportunists, adapting his policy to the exigencies of the moment and responsive to the best advice available. He may be a clever politician, veering with the winds of public opinion. He may be a well-meaning man without a sufficiently deep knowledge of economics or a clear enough policy to enable him to steer a consistent course through the stormy seas of the depression. Or he may be, though I do not think that likely, not merely a consummate politician but also a great liberal leader. He has still time to show himself any of these things, still an unfettered opportunity to draw back and to become a safe, modestly liberal President, or to go forward and become a pioneer of a new order. His policy so far will fit in with either of those purposes, and may be regarded as an emergency programme more far-reaching than that which he would endorse in normal times, or as the beginning of a permanent programme for the creation of a new semi-socialist order.

It would also fit in well with what many students of American politics hope is the President's intention, to make the Democratic Party effectively radical. Hitherto that party has fallen between two stools. It has been handicapped by the reputation of being 'unsafe.' Majority opinion in the United States, which has been overwhelmingly conservative, and also normally Republican, has sincerely believed that Democratic administrations were bad for business, that prosperity was only secure under a Republican President. The Democratic Party, conscious that such a reputation was an almost

fatal electoral handicap, has leant over backwards to disprove the charge. It has gradually thrown over all its liberal policies, has even ceased in practice to be a low-tariff party, in order to prove to the eastern interests that it is as 'safe as the Republican Party.' On the other hand, a large part of the Democratic Party membership has been drawn from the discontented elements in the American population, from the poor farmers of the west, from the recent immigrant populations of the north and east, and from the old south. While the latter group has been extremely conservative and only Democratic because of the persistence of the racial issue and of the fiction that the Republican Party was the ally of the negro, the two former groups have been inclined to be radical. More than once, and notably under Bryan, they have captured the Democratic organisation and devoted it to radical purposes, to 'Populism' and the free coinage of silver, and other irresponsible policies which are anathema to business, and to most of the east. These wild campaigns of the party have never been successful, and often, as under Bryan between 1896 and 1912, have resulted in a long exclusion of the party from power. They have, therefore, compelled the wiser leaders to redouble their efforts to prove that such radical waves were only temporary, and that the Democrats were really safe. The result has been that the Democratic Party programme has become not merely safe but meaningless. The only platform upon which conservatives and radicals could unite was a meaningless platform, combining old radical clichés with sober conservative pledges. Even under such circumstances, and with the prize of victory before them to encourage them to pool their differences, the various sections of the Democratic Party have found it hard to agree. More than once, as in 1924 during the bitter Smith-McAdoo fight, the two main groups within the party, the foreign and 'wet' element in the eastern cities and the Methodist and 'dry' south, have been in head-on collision. Such differences, and they are more profound than any between the parties, have only been composed by the adoption not merely of compromise candidates but of colourless programmes.

Mr Roosevelt has a real chance to end this futile policy, which has made the Democratic Party a mere

copy of the Republican Party, without the latter's unity of purpose, for the Republicans have been a genuine and often an effective extreme conservative party. For the first time for years a Democratic administration now can start off with the goodwill of business, since the doctrine that Republican administrations ensure prosperity has been discredited, perhaps for good, by the depression, which also has shaken effectively, though perhaps only temporarily, the innate conservatism of American business. A liberal policy, which would normally have been anathema to most Americans, can now hope to receive a good deal of support from thinking people of every class, and from all parts of the country. No earlier Democratic President would have dared to do half of what Mr Roosevelt has done. There would have been a financial crisis if any previous Democratic leader had endorsed such a programme as the Farm Relief Bill with its Inflation Amendment. Even Bryan would never have dared to go so far. Yet Mr Roosevelt has been able to do that and more without losing support, even with the sympathy of such a body as the United States Chamber of Commerce, and with the effect of creating not a crisis but a minor boom.

Mr Roosevelt can also look to a wider constituency than any previous Democratic leader out of which to build a party. A great number of former Republicans have supported and are supporting him. The so-called Republican Progressives have been amongst his best allies. He has a real chance of welding into the Democratic Party a large part of that Republican following which once looked to Theodore Roosevelt for leadership. He is obviously conscious of that chance, and has included several former Republicans in his Cabinet. It might, therefore, be possible for him to do what no American for many years has had an opportunity to do, to create a genuine liberal party. He can command already the support of every shade of liberal or radical in Congress, of Democratic and Republican Progressives, and of Farmer-Labour opinion. The remaining core of conservative opinion is, for the moment, small and discredited. Mr Roosevelt has a longer breathing space than any of his predecessors to get a liberal policy working before the conservative opposition again can become dangerous.

To build a united party out of the numerous differing groups of which his following consists will, however, not be easy. To begin with, he will have to face the opposition and be ready to lose the support of the conservative right wing Democrats, who include many of the senior and most influential party leaders. Many of those men are as conservative as any Republicans, and would ultimately be happier, as well as more in place, in a Republican than in a liberal Democratic Party. Then he will have to discover some method of uniting the different brands of liberal that now exist, and of striking a mean between the modest instalment of social planning which appeals to enlightened capital and the extreme proposals for social readjustment dear to radicals like Senator Huey Long. He is already finding difficulty in driving his heterogeneous team, cautious right wing members, like Mr Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury, being unhappy in the same party as such irresponsible left wing members as Senator Thomas of Oklahoma. Even amongst the left wing there are deep divisions. Eastern and intellectual radicals like Miss Perkins and Senator Wagner have little in common with western and sentimental radicals like Senators Dill and Wheeler. And so far as foreign affairs are concerned, there is, of course, the tremendous difficulty that on the whole those people who are liberal in domestic matters are reactionary in foreign, and vice versa. Only a leader not merely of authority but of vision, with the intelligence to shape, and the eloquence to express, a positive programme of forward social action which would appeal to all this motley team, and induce them to surrender their own pet schemes, could build a party out of the existing Roosevelt following, which is an uneasy coalition of differing, and often jealous, groups.

Mr Roosevelt has shown, I think, the will to build up an enlarged and united Democratic Party. He has shown his desire to give it a liberal flavour. He has not yet had time clearly to indicate around what detailed policy he will seek to build it, or what issue he will choose as the dividing line between his party and the Republican. He has not yet shown that he is willing to break with his right wing, as will be necessary, or that he has those powers of leadership, that capacity for appealing to the

hearts as well as to the intellects of men, which are needed in a leader who seeks to create a new party. There are still a thousand chances which may turn him from the idea of building such a new liberal party, or may prevent his succeeding in such a design. He is still, perforce, the National Leader dealing with a National Emergency, and therefore appealing to men of good will in all parties. There are, however, sufficient signs that he may become a declared liberal leader and capture the Democratic Party for liberalism, to cause radicals everywhere to hope.

The greatest of Mr Roosevelt's achievements so far is the way he has made all things seem possible, the way he has caused even hard-bitten critics of Washington politics to hope that a new chapter in American history, and not merely a new administration, has begun. Little may come of all the restless activity of recent months and of the present. But it adds to the interest of contemporary events that for the first time for years there is at least a chance that much may come of them.

FRANK DARVALL.

Art. 8.—THE ARABS AND THE JEWISH NATIONAL HOME.

To make an impartial survey of the present state of the Jewish National Home in Palestine is an undertaking so vast and so fraught with the danger of misunderstanding that one might well hesitate before undertaking it. The best method of approaching the subject may be to give a brief recapitulation of the whole affair from its inception in the granting of the famous Balfour Declaration on Nov. 2, 1917, by which, in a bid to obtain Jewish sympathy and support for the Allied cause, the then unconquered Ottoman province of Palestine was promised to the dispersed People as a National Home.

At the close of the Great War the name of Palestine was revived for that part of the conquered Syrian provinces known as O.E.T. (S.)—‘Occupied Enemy Territory (South),’ stretching roughly between the ancient frontiers of Dan and Beersheba, and within this area the promises of the Balfour Declaration were to be executed. But a number of new circumstances had arisen since the granting of the Declaration. Under the MacMahon Agreement, given possibly in entire ignorance of the promise made to the Jews, Palestine had been promised independence as an Arab state in return for help against the Turk. Secondly, Egypt was in a state of active revolt against foreign occupation. The riots of 1919 demonstrated clearly that the end of our occupation was definitely in sight, and when that should occur the Suez Canal, unless an alternative base were speedily found, would be left defenceless to the whims and vagaries of a native Government. Some reason for Britain’s permanent occupation of, at least, the Asiatic bank had therefore to be found, one that would offer such pretext for our continued stay that there would be no danger of the Egyptian imbroglio ever repeating itself.

An independent Jewish state would not fit in with this policy, for it would be free to contract alliances with foreign powers and in time of war might make common cause with the Empire’s foes and close the Canal. Neither would an autonomous Arab state be any better, for the objections to the Jewish state, and the fear of the Egyptian experiment repeating itself, would both be present. At

this point a new interpretation was placed on the original Balfour Declaration, which had said that 'His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people.' Departing from what had been regarded as the true meaning of the promise, the Government now defined its interpretation of the Declaration. The National Home was to be an institution to be erected *in* Palestine, much as a National Reserve for Wild Ponies might be erected in the New Forest. The intense disappointment of the Zionists at what they considered a shabby fulfilment of the glorious promise was palliated by the authorities apparently allowing them to believe that they had the unspoken sympathy of the new Government and would be able to obtain possession of any land they might care to purchase—the question of State lands to be considered later (it is still being considered). Meanwhile, the Arabs also were soothed by the Government's declaration, to quote one of its manifestoes, 'that there was no intention of making Palestine as Jewish as England was English,' and they, too, were allowed to gather the impression that the authorities were more or less on their side, but that force of circumstances and indebtedness to the Jews forced them to dissemble their true sentiments. Thus was set up a weak Zionist 'Ulster' in this Arab land: a policy which seemed at the time to be the right answer to all our difficulties, one that would always ensure a reason for our presence in Palestine, and secure the safety of our Imperial communications, for the annexation of the Sinai Province could be easily obtained in the evacuation terms from Egypt.

At first, both parties appear to have believed in the tacit sympathy of the Administration. Land was bought at the most extortionate prices by the newcomers and made the inalienable property of the National Home. Throughout Eastern Europe gaudily coloured and attractive advertisements brought young Jewry from the shades of the traditional ghettos to a fuller life in Israel's ancient home. Packed like herrings in unsanitary Roumanian and Italian emigrant ships, the *Halutzim*, pioneers, poured out of Russia, Poland, Germany, and Austria to what they believed was the land of opportunity. Ignorant of the modern state of the land, they bore the hardships

of the journey gladly, their eyes shining with hope as they turned towards the hilly coast-line of Asia. In most cases the first few weeks in Palestine served to tear the scales of illusion from the eyes of the bewildered majority. The more worth-while, steadfast minority found their way to the settlements and took up the allotments of semi-desert or undrained marshy land that they found awaiting them. The greater number gravitated towards the cities, particularly to Jerusalem, Haifa, and Tel Aviv, where they started small shops and businesses. There, also, were many doctors, dentists, professors, teachers, musicians, and lawyers amongst them. A few, realising that without a peasantry no nation can hope for survival in its own land, deliberately set themselves to form that essential class, which the Jewish nation, practically alone amongst peoples, does not possess.

It is, unfortunately, true that, in ignorance of their real status in the new homeland, some Jews treated the Arabs as intruders who were shortly to be dispossessed, an attitude bitterly resented by the Moslem *fellahin*, who regarded the newcomers with the intolerant hatred of Islam for the Unbeliever. The country remained quiet, the Arab leaders were too busy in reaping the golden harvest from the land-hungry Zionists, and spending it in orgies in Paris, Vienna, Beirut, and Constantinople. But by May 1921 it was obvious that matters had reached breaking-point. A riot in Jaffa spread throughout the country, and Arabs and Jews were at each others' throats. The Jaffa *bahrieh*, longshoremen and stevedores, armed with daggers and sharp cargo-hooks commenced a deliberate massacre of the Jews. This was the first serious clash between Arabs and Jews after the institution of Civil Government, and its main outcome was the raising of a mixed force of Gendarmerie, with a British and a Palestinian section. In the latter body no discrimination was made between the Arab and the Jew, and the European-bred Zionist found it almost impossible to live the life of his Asiatic comrade, whose barrack-room he shared, with the result that the Jews had practically no place in the armed forces of their National Home. The same applies in most cases to Jews serving in the semi-military Palestine Police Force.

With the suppression of the 1921 Rising, after troops

and a naval landing party had restored order, Arab-Jewish relations took a definite turn for the worse. The Zionists had bought sufficient land for their purposes, and the stream of gold into the *effendi's* pockets sank to a trickle. The mask of good-fellowship, which the Arab leaders had worn, was now thrown aside as useless, and they soon began to realise that the usual channels of wealth for their class had dried up. It was no longer possible to make a fortune out of a Government position through bribery, and the Mandatory frowned on too much usury in money-lending deals with the peasants. It was, therefore, necessary for them, at all costs, to get rid of a Government which pressed so hardly on an Arab gentleman's natural means of livelihood. At the start the agitation was thoroughly anti-Government. The Census Riots of 1922, in the entirely non-Jewish town of Nablus, in which several Moslems were killed by the police, were fomented to cause embarrassment to the Administration ; but when this and similar incidents were found to have little effect, some of the *effendieh* conceived the idea of commencing operations against the Zionists, knowing that any incidents committed against the Jews would be given world-wide publicity and probably annoy the Mandatory sufficiently to cause its withdrawal from Palestine, as being too troublous to worry about.

Thus commenced the first steps in a long and ever-growing campaign against the Jews. Agitators went everywhere among the *fellahin* villages, raising the Arabs to a state of wild alarm and fanatical hatred against the Zionists. The land purchases were misrepresented as proof of the wish to expel all Arabs from the country ; their easily aroused religious prejudices were played upon, and then, with a howl of joy, the agitators turned to the Afuleh case, where, innocently, the Zionists made a sad blunder in tactics. In 1922 Afuleh was a collection of thirty miserable mud hovels, sited on the Jerusalem-Damascus road at the junction of the Haifa-Damascus and Haifa-Nablus railways. It was what is called a *khirbet* (literally 'a ruin'), such as many hill villages possess on all the Plains of Palestine for granaries and temporary dwellings during harvest and seedtime. The surrounding land was purchased from the Sursoks, a wealthy family of absentee landlords, by a group of

Chicago Zionists, who wished to make the junction-site the market-town for the whole Plain of Armageddon. Afuleh was pestilential, mortality from malaria and fevers was very high. Besides extensive drainage works and the canalisation of the River Kishon, it was considered essential to raze the Arab hovels. The *khirbet* had been a midden for centuries and was so impregnated with the accumulated filth of generations of disease-ridden Arab farm servants that, to leave it, would have been an ever-present menace to the health of the new township. The spectacle of the new, orderly Jewish settlement, with the barren knoll that had been the Arab village in its centre, was eagerly seized upon by the agitators. Personally-conducted tours of village *mukhtars*, head men, and notables, were taken past the village by the agents of the *effendieh* and addressed after this fashion: 'Is it not merely a step between the destruction of the large and prosperous village of Arabs that once stood here, by the dogs of Jewish unbelievers who now occupy its desecrated site, and the razing of our cities of Nablus and Hebron? Will they not pull down the glorious Dome of the Rock, the wonder of all Islam, and try to rebuild their Temple? What are you sons of the Arab going to do before it is too late?' It is not too much to say that these necessarily destroyed hovels formed one of the main motives for the terrible massacres of 1929.

The next step in this artificially raised campaign of hatred followed in natural sequence. Throughout Palestine and the West, it was proclaimed that large numbers of Arab farmers driven from the lands by Zionist intruders were wandering homeless, destitute and desperate, through the Holy Land, gravitating towards the cities, where they swelled the ranks of the criminal underworld or were taking to the hills as brigands and outlaws. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Let us take Afuleh as an example: Diligent search by both sides has failed to produce one single case of distress amongst the former inhabitants of the *khirbet* through their having been evicted from it. The tenant-farmers had other land nearer their villages, land which they had neglected for generations, owing to the easier cultivation of the flat country. Leaving the plain, they had to turn to their own property, and are just as prosperous, though

at the cost of somewhat harder toil, as ever they were when they farmed the lands of Afuleh. The few shepherds and farm-servants who remained all the year round in the granaries of the *khirbet* and, for bearing the terrible conditions of their disease-ridden home, received the sum of from *l.* Palestinian 4 to *l. P.* 8 per annum, simply moved on to other employment, or retired to the hill grazing-grounds, serving the same masters as formerly.

The same is true in practically every case where Arab-owned land has been acquired by the settlers. In the vast majority of cases the new colonies were sited on locations that had been unproductive and desolate since the collapse of the Byzantine Empire and the carelessness of the Moslem régime allowed the ancient irrigation system, drainage, and terracing of the ancients to fall to disrepair and ruin. Tel Aviv, the Zionist capital, a fine modern city, has been built on the sand-dunes to the north of Jaffa, on land that was considered to be useless and without monetary value. Practically all the big citrus-growing colonies on the Plain of Sharon, such as Petach Tikvah, Rishon-le-Zion, Khedera, Benyamina, and Zichron Jacob, are situated on land that has produced nothing but the annual glowing carpet of wild-flowers and coarse sedge-grass for centuries, or are built on marshes such as those at the mouth of the River Auja, Wadi Falek, River Iskanderuna, or the swamps of Cæsarea, which have been lying derelict since the last Eagle of Imperial Rome fluttered away, bedraggled, over the western horizon. Still more is this true in the Kinnereth colonies—those around the shores of the Lake of Huleh, the Sea of Galilee, and the northern section of the River Jordan, sited where human life has been almost impossible for a score of generations, owing to the diseases attendant upon lack of land drainage in a swampy area subject to tropical heat. The Emek colonies on the Plain of Armageddon have been bought at most exorbitant cost, and had all to be either drained or irrigated before cultivation was possible. The arguments of the Afuleh incident apply in practically every case on this Plain.

Anti-Zionist hatred, carefully fostered by self-seeking members of the *effendi* class, once it was started, grew like an evil fungus. A few ill-advised, but quite understandable, actions by the town-dwelling Jews, people far

removed from the actual builders of the National Home, have gone far towards rendering easy the task of the agitators. The notorious Wailing Wall incident on *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement, in 1928 is, perhaps, the best known of them. This Wailing Wall, or *Kohel Maarevi* as the Jews call it, is one of the few parts of the ancient Temple that still remain above ground-level, and is held in high reverence by all Jews. It is part of the Western Wall of the fortifications, facing the Nebi Daoud quarter (the 'Upper City' of Flavius Josephus) across the Valley of the Cheesemongers. Its sanctity had been practically ignored by the Moslems until the events of recent years, and the desire of the Jews to possess it gave new life to the old legend that it was here that El Buraq, the miraculous steed of the Prophet, stood, whilst Muhammad was paying his midnight devotions at Mount Moriah during his dream-journey from the Hedjaz.

The Palestine Government had laid down that the Jews were to be allowed free access to the Wall, which is, in any case, the side of a public street, but that they were not to bring any seats other than folding camp-stools for the convenience of worshippers. A shelter for the Scrolls of the Law was allowed and also a small place for ablutions, both of which were to be of an easily portable and obviously non-permanent nature. Some young Jews, mainly members of Jabotinsky's Revisionist party, probably encouraged by the growing numbers that are attracted to the Wall at the *Tisha b'Ab* pilgrimage, the anniversary of the destruction of the Last Temple by Titus Cæsar, and inflamed by the shouted insults and threats, which have become a prominent feature of the Moslem *Nebi Musa* festival, when the Arabs march through Jerusalem brandishing swords, daggers, and clubs, and carrying their old war banners, shouting such songs as

‘ *El Billad, billadna,
Wa el Yahud, Kellabna,*

(the land is our land and the Jews are our dogs), which form the monotonous chorus to the obscene songs sung by the young townsmen who lead the fanatical peasants, decided, on *Yom Kippur*, to demonstrate what they considered to be their rights. A screen was erected between the men and women worshippers, carpets were spread, and

a large and ornate booth erected to house the sacred Scrolls. Moslem rage grew apace, Jewish determination leapt to meet it, and a conflict was imminent. A British officer with a strong posse of police troopers removed, in the face of determined opposition, the offending screen at the conclusion of the Atonement prayers. News of the alleged sacrilege was flashed all over the globe, a universal cry of indignation rose throughout the Jewish world, and the incident became a matter of almost international importance. Relations between Arabs and Jews, both roused already to an intolerable degree of religious and national fanaticism, were strained to breaking-point. Matters grew steadily worse, and the certainty of the bad days of 1921 recurring became more certain. Incident after incident occurred, showing clearly in which direction the political whirlwind was travelling. At the Jewish Feast of *Shimun Hatzadek*, a festival celebrated at the upper end of the Kedron Valley, a serious clash between the two communities was only averted by the vigorous action of a British police-officer, who, for reward, was used as a political scapegoat and transferred to a pestilential penal colony in the north. This was in June 1929, and, but for the action taken, the Rising would have broken out then rather than two months later. The signs were clear enough: one heard Government officials freely saying, to quote one of them at the time, 'We are sitting on the lid of a volcano; we used to have enough weight to hold it down, but we are just a little too light for the job at present, and an eruption is certainly on its way.' Very obviously the signs were clear enough. If even one battalion of Imperial infantry had been called for in July the vast expense of suppressing the Rising and hundreds of precious lives would have been saved.

At last, in late August of that year, the inevitable happened. A Jewish boy kicked his football over a wall whilst playing in one of the streets in the Mustashfa quarter of Jerusalem, and the Rising commenced. Trying to recover his ball, the lad found that it had fallen on land whose ownership was disputed by city Jews and Arabs from the neighbouring village of Liftah. A Moslem girl, watching her father's crop of tomatoes on the land, refused to return the ball; the boy's playmates ran up and tried to wrest it from her, she screamed, her relations

ran to her aid and started beating the boys. Some Jewish young men, hearing the yells of the boys, went to help them, and attacked the Arab farmers ; some Arabs passing along the main road heard the outcry and joined the fray. One Jewish youth was so badly injured that he died the next day. Wishing to take his body for burial to the Hebrew cemetery on the lower slopes of the Mount of Olives, some of his co-religionists tried to take the body through the Jaffa Gate and then to march through the Old City and depart by the Dung Gate, a most unusual route for Jewish funerals, which generally follow the road outside the walls past Damascus Gate. They were met at Jaffa Gate by a large mob of Arabs, who refused them entrance. Weapons began to flash amongst the Moslems, and only the opportune arrival of an armed party of the Palestine Police prevented an attack on the unarmed mourners. A senior officer then arrived and assumed control, when it seemed that, if he did not take some decisive action, a serious fracas would ensue. Apparently he was either not gifted with sufficient brains to recognise the significance of this street-brawl, or was timid of using the powers which the Ottoman Penal Code conferred on him, and also probably felt that the treatment accorded to the other officer at *Shimun Hatzadek* might also be meted out to him if he used his legitimate powers ; he hesitated and allowed the crucial moment to pass. Had he given the statutory order to disperse, and on their refusal shown enough moral courage to give the order for even four rifles to fire one volley against the mob's knees, the Rising would have died stillborn, and hundreds of lives would have been spared. Instead, taking extreme risk, he coquetted with the mob until a municipal water-wagon arrived and poured a feeble stream of filthy water from the Lower Pool of Gihon over the mob. This had the effect of scattering them, but gave them reason to believe the boasts of the agitators who declared that the Government was secretly on their side in their desire to rid the land of the new settlers, an obvious and transparent lie which would never have been accepted had not the apparent weakness of the officer concerned been taken as evidence of its truth.

Rapidly the rebellion spread over the country. There was nothing to check it. One hundred and twenty-five

British police could not do much in so widespread a revolt, but they were all the force the Palestine Government had to rely on in those first crucial, critical days. The native constabulary, the native Transjordan Frontier Force, magnificently loyal as, luckily for us, they proved, could not at first be confidently relied on. The Royal Air Force had armoured cars and a squadron of aircraft, but could not be removed from their guard of the eastern border of Transjordan in case of a sudden onfall by Wahabite raiders. At first it was the Special Constabulary and the handful of regular British police who saved the Holy Land from anarchy. The Specials were British civilian residents, tourists, commercial travellers, and a body of divinity students on vacation from Oxford, one of whom was rather severely wounded in an action when a British police official was killed. In Hebron a massacre occurred, over sixty Jewish men, women, and children being brutally slaughtered by a mob of Arabs who were seeking the promissory notes which the victims held against them. Six British constables from Jerusalem, sent in response to the urgent calls of the officer at Hebron, who had been left entirely to his own devices with his native police scattered, would easily have saved the whole Jewish population. Much the same tale is true of Safed in the north, where the smallest reinforcement—and at that time, almost a week after Hebron, Imperial troops were available—sent to assist the two harassed British policemen in that town would have held it quiet. The same thing can be repeated in scores of similar incidents of attacked colonies and raided houses. The whole story of the 1929 Rising is one of official incompetence, ineptitude, and failure to take responsibility, together with a mad scramble for distinctions to cover up the shameful blunders that were committed. A sorry tale, only relieved by the heroism of a few officers and men of the Palestine Police, in facing tremendous odds in remote parts of the country.

With the final suppression of the Rising and the later dispersal of the 'Green Hand Gang,' composed generally of fugitives from justice, one of the chief leaders of which, Fuad el Libnani, a notorious Druze murderer, is still at large, an ever-present, haunting terror to every Jewish colony in the north, the National Home entered

on a new and more difficult chapter of its chequered history. The Zionists feel, with what justification it is impossible to estimate, that the Palestine Government is so afraid of any recrudescence of Arab enmity, and so scared of further reproofs from Geneva, administered through Downing Street, that it is prepared and ready at any cost to truckle to the potential forces of disorder. So much is this the case that most Arabs believe the Administration to be in terror of them. Although it may be foolish even to consider, much less to believe, that such a state of affairs really exists, many post-Rising actions by the Palestine Government have given both sides ample reasons to believe its truth.

The first of these was when Sir John Chancellor, returning from leave to find the country in a terrible state, and hearing the appalling details of some of the massacres, published a proclamation in which he expressed his horror of the atrocities which the Arabs had committed. A few days later this proclamation was withdrawn and almost an apology made for its reflections on the culprits. The pitiful remains of the Hebron victims were disinterred, as the Arabs resented Jewish assertions that they had been shockingly mutilated at the time of their murder. Government medical officers were present at the exhumation, and the Administration issued a notice that, although many of the bodies bore several wounds and were badly cut and gashed, they were only such injuries as any maddened mob, armed with such weapons and inflamed to fury, would naturally inflict, and that the Government deprecated any mention of the Arabs having mutilated their victims. They had not mutilated them, they had merely hacked them to pieces.

But it was in the matter of the death sentences passed on the participants in the Rising that the Administration might have been considered by the two parties to have given them cause to believe that it was prepared to truckle, cringingly, to the Arabs. Two Jews were among the condemned; one a young policeman, Hinkis; the other, an older man, Orfali; they were reprieved for obvious reasons. At the time of their crimes there had been battle, murder, and sudden death of Jewish women and children going on all around them. A tremendous Arab outcry arose against these reprieves and, as they believe,

to quieten them, over a score of desperate murderers were reprieved, only three being actually executed. For months the condemned were kept on tenterhooks, their cases tried, their appeals quashed by the Appeal Court, and only awaiting the signed death-warrant from the High Commissioner to have the executions carried out—to be reprieved at long last. It is no wonder that the reason of many of them tottered under the strain. In Palestine it is the usual custom to give the corpse of an executed man to his relatives for burial. In this case the Administration, fearing that a shrine would be built over the tombs of the executed 'patriots,' ordered their secret burial in the vaults of the old Castle of the Knights Hospitaller in St. John of Acre, where they had suffered death. An hour after the corpses had been buried in their quick-lime grave, in response to intense Arab agitation, an order was given to hand the bodies over. They were exhumed, handed over, buried with much pomp on the counter-scarp of Acre, a shrine was erected, and the tombs have become a place of pilgrimage for the new Palestinian Nationalists.

Both Arabs and Jews seem to look on the Palestine Government as the Huguenots of Admiral Coligny and the Catholics of the Duke of Guise regarded the Royal Government at Paris, as, apart from lip-service, worthy of little respect. The question of the sealed armouries in Jewish colonies gives one reason to believe that is the case. Prior to 1928 every Jewish colony was equipped with a sealed chest containing rifles and ball ammunition. The seal could only be broken in case of emergency, any unauthorised opening being severely punished. The armouries were periodically visited and inspected by the seal-holding senior officer of police and gendarmerie, whilst every police patrol visiting the colony inspected the seal to ensure against its having been broken. It is quite obvious that the arms could not have been used for any frivolous or ulterior purpose by the colonists.

Despite this, the arms were withdrawn shortly before the outbreak of the Rising, and after its suppression the colonists naturally requested either the return of the armouries or permission to arm themselves. The Arab agitators immediately started an outcry against both of those proposals and threatened trouble if arms again were

issued to the Jews. The Palestine Government, fatally temporising and earnestly hoping to please both parties, attempted compromise and succeeded in gaining the disgust and resentment of both sides. Sealed armouries were issued to many colonies, all the precautions regarding sealing and unauthorised use were again enforced ; but, instead of effective rifles, the chests contained only *single-barrelled, smooth-bore shot-guns*, weapons such as any youth in Palestine can easily obtain an ordinary licence to carry, and in the Government's own ordinances are regarded as weapons not of military value. The fact that the arms issued were of this type was openly advertised by the Administration when replying to Arab protests on the subject. The colonists disgustedly pointed out that such weapons were worse than useless ; any attacker could, with impunity, sit in the open at four hundred yards range and wipe out a settlement. The authorities replied that the guns were the most effective weapons for stopping a rush or stemming a night-attack, both excellent arguments, except that, as the Jews pointed out, there was no need for an attacker either to rush or to make a night attack, as the colonists could be forced to surrender by a canny game of 'long bowls.' Receiving no answer to this statement, the Jews stored the guns in places where they would be least in their way, and did their best to forget their existence.

The Arabs, however, were as furious with the Government for supplying these useless blunderbusses as they would have been had effective rifles been issued. Meetings of protest were held all over the country and, evidently believing that the Government again would bow before their anger, the agitation was pushed almost to an extreme, and ended in the notorious Nablus incident of October 1931, when, after a British police patrol, badly handled and unskilfully led, had been partially disarmed, the police fired on the mob of demonstrators, and almost set the country aflame again. The agitation became even worse when Arabs passing along the tracks and roads near some of the Sharon colonies saw a British police officer giving the colonists of such settlements as Tel Mond, Gan Chaim, and Nathania instruction in the use and care of the shot-guns, an instruction which the colonists neither desired nor considered politic. The Arabs are to be

pardoned for believing that the Jews were being drilled by Government officers, because the manner in which the instruction was given was indiscreet and provocative in the extreme. A number of young colonists were mustered, the mechanism of the new firearm was explained to them, targets were erected, and every young colonist required to discharge some rounds at it, all in the presence of Arabs who either were passing or whose houses actually overlooked the colony.

News of these practices was broadcast by the agitators, and most of the illiterate classes readily believed that the Government was trying to raise an Arab-exterminating force of settlers. The trouble grew ever more intense. Besides the affair at Nablus, several other ugly incidents occurred; repressive measures by the Administration on one day, followed by attempts at conciliation the next; a firm handling of the dangerous situation, followed by seemingly panic-stricken vacillation, did little to solve the matter or to raise the prestige of the authorities. Apparently frightened and furious, the Administration looked around for a scapegoat, and, ignoring the foolish and public manner in which the gun-practices had been held and the schemes for defence of outlying colonies, during whose frequent rehearsal many rockets and Verey lights had been fired, with lorries of police rushed in every direction, all to the intense resentment of the Arabs, tacitly accused the unfortunate officer in Tulkarm with having communicated details of the practices to the Arab leaders. Fortunately, owing to differences of opinion among the *effendieh*, the threatened danger passed away and left a harassed Government time to breathe.

The belief, held by so many Zionists, that the Administration is not willing to act impartially between the two communities, and is afraid of the violence of the numerically strong Arab party, false as such a belief may be, is rendered more plausible when certain other circumstances are considered. Passing over the new Land Laws, which many colonists consider unjust to them and to give an unfair advantage to their rivals, the record of daily life and the way in which frequent crimes of violence and aggression, obviously perpetrated by Arabs, occur, never to meet with proper retribution, are often

quoted by them as proofs of their contention. It may be interesting to take six months in just one colony, and to examine the facts. Wadi Howareth is a colony on the sea-shore about six miles south of the tumbled ruins of Cæsarea, sited on half-marshy, half-arid land, malaria-ridden to the last degree. Through the hard work, devotion, and deaths of several of the *Halutzim* Jews, the Wadi is rapidly being transformed into a happy, prosperous, and disease-free colony. A few families, perhaps a score in all, of degenerate mulattoes live scattered about this area, earning a precarious and miserable livelihood as herdsmen for certain townsmen in Tulkarm. They have been concentrated on State land in the Wadi, with sufficient arable land for their support and a weekly dole from the Government until such time as they can be transferred to other land near Beisan. Lucrative offers to engage in Public Works have been refused by the mulattoes at the instigation of the *effendieh*, who wish to keep them there for propaganda purposes. Here is the record for the first half of 1931 :

Jan. 2, 1931.—Four thousand eucalyptus saplings, planted by the colonists as an anti-malarial measure, totally destroyed. No punishment.

Jan. 23, 1931.—A colony watchman riding his rounds attacked by night by Arabs. He was fired at and his horse shot dead by a pistol bullet. No punishment.

Jan. 29, 1931.—The bank in Nathania Colony, in the southern part of the Wadi, burgled, the safe carried off, rifled, and abandoned. No punishment.

Feb. 3, 1931.—A number of colonists seriously assaulted by Arabs. No punishment.

Feb. 5, 1931.—Further serious assaults. No punishment.

Feb. 10, 1931.—Twenty thousand eucalyptus saplings, anti-malarial belt, uprooted or otherwise destroyed. Tracks of native-shod men and horses were followed by expert police tracker into the mulattoes' camp. No punishment.

Then occurs a brief break. The local officer took affairs into his own hands and overawed both the mulattoes and their masters in Tulkarm, until it became obvious that he was only acting on his own responsibility and had neither the support nor the favour of the Administration, when a further spell of crime began.

- April 16, 1931.*—Two Jewish watchmen, finding some of the mulattoes grazing a large herd of cattle on the cut hay-field near the colony, were attacked by the herdsmen by night and almost beaten to death by the heavy, iron-bound *nabouts* (clubs) carried by the trespassers. When in imminent danger of death one watchman discharged his fowling-piece into the air. One pellet of No. 6 shot struck a mulatto, but only broke the upper skin, without breaking the lower layers, whereupon the herdsmen fled. Messengers were sent into Tulkarm and the agitators broadcast lying news that the Jews had fired on the Arabs. Serious situation arose in the whole country. Medical and police investigations supported the truth of the watchmen's story. Despite this they were haled from their beds and lodged in prison, charged with the attempted murder of the Arabs, only being released on bail some days later.
- May 4, 1931.*—Jewish threshing-floor and a large quantity of threshed grain lying on it at the south end of the Wadi maliciously burnt by incendiaries. No punishment.
- May 8, 1931.*—Harvested Jewish crops and standing ripe grain at the north end of the Wadi maliciously burnt by incendiaries. No punishment.
- May 15, 1931.*—A determined attempt to burn large Jewish wheatfield was discovered in time before too much damage had been done. No punishment.
- May 16, 1931.*—A valuable colony mule stabbed to death by a broad-bladed weapon similar to an Arab dagger. No punishment.
- May 19, 1931.*—The Officer Administering the Government, paying a visit of inspection to the area, visited the Wadi, but after interviewing the mulattoes and the mustered leaders from Tulkarm, decided that it was not necessary to see the colonists waiting near-by. This innocent action was interpreted by the Arabs as further proof of the Administration's favour and fear.
- May 25, 1931.*—One of the colony watchmen, whilst attempting, by night, to deal with suspected Arab incendiaries, was shot at by them and received several wounds. No punishment.
- June 3, 1931.*—Part of the Jewish water-melon crop at the south end of the Wadi maliciously destroyed. No punishment.
- June 4, 1931.*—Incendiaries attempted destruction of Jewish threshing-floor, but the flames were extinguished in time before much damage had been done. No punishment.
- July 16, 1931.*—Four valuable mules belonging to the Jews

stabbed to death in the Wadi by a broad-bladed weapon similar to an ordinary Arab dagger. No punishment. Crime actually occurred by night in the centre of the mulattoes' encampment.

The catalogue is endless, it is useless to pursue it any farther, but it may give some idea of the difficulties and dangers with which the settlers are faced, and serve to show why so many of them have lost faith in the impartiality of the Palestine Government. They argue that there is a Law by which the mulattoes can be made responsible, and this certainly is true when one considers the provisions of the Law regarding Collective Responsibility, and also the chaotic Prevention of Crime Ordinance, which, like some other Palestine ordinances, has now so many amendments added to the original Law that it is almost impossible to understand what actually the text conveys. To this catalogue may be added, as indicative of many others of a similar nature, the terrible case of the missing Jewish 'hikers,' Johanan Shtal, and the girl, Saleh Zohar, whose fate remained an unsolved mystery for many weeks, until public opinion and the pressure exercised by the German Consul-General in Jerusalem, galvanised the authorities into an unwonted energy, and their ravished and murdered bodies were discovered buried in the sand of the sea-shore, done to death by Arabs. The terrible massacre on April 5, 1931, of a party of Jewish men and women returning to the colony after a day's merry-making at Haifa, and the inability of the Government to bring the assassins to justice, adds yet another brick to their wall of deep conviction.

By this recital of events it is not meant to convey the impression that Palestine is in a state of turbulence; far from it; on the surface all is quiet, but the strong currents of artificially engendered hatred that run in the depths are bound, occasionally, to cause a swirl in the apparently smoothly-running stream. But the various incidents, and the seeming indifference of the Administration, coupled with the apparent policy of 'laissez faire' of so many of the very senior officials, who, the inhabitants believe, are only concerned with trying to shuffle through their tenure of office with as little trouble to themselves as they can contrive, give the Jewish settler the feeling that he is living on the quaking, shivering slope of an

active volcano, and an especially violent convulsion, every now and again, goes far towards heightening his apprehensions.

So much for the past and the present—what of the future? In a previous article * on Palestine, the present writer attempted to outline what appears to be the only solution of the difficulty. Evacuation by Britain of the greater part of Palestine, the sweeping away of the vast top-hamper of useless and unnecessary officials, the annexation of Haifa district as the Crown Colony of Phœnicia, the formation of two autonomous Jewish cantons with a voice in the Federal Government of the United Cantons of Palestine, and the granting to the Arabs of the remainder of the country and also of Trans-jordan, to rule their own country as they desire, always under our watchful eye from our new colony, and all the difficulties will disappear like dew before the sun. Above all else, the National Home—one of the greatest Ideals that has ever irradiated human nature—will, apparently, no longer be bolstered-up on foreign bayonets or hampered by the timorous policy of a harassed Administration and will be brought to the fullest and most permanent fruition. Our Imperial needs for the protection of our sea-borne communications will also receive full measure of safety, the Mosul oil will reach the Mediterranean at Haifa, and our aircraft have their essential halting-place on the landing-grounds of Phœnicia.

Otherwise we are doomed to disaster, failure, and continued expense in this derelict land whose only practical use is now, as it has always been through the troubled millenniums of its chequered history, merely strategical and geographical. Other Empires and leaders have found dishonour and defeat in its sands or barren mountain-sides, from the time when the fierce Bedouins of the Hebrew Confederacy poured across the Jordan to the days when the Crescent of the Ottomans disappeared over its northern borders. Let us not do the same.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

* 'Quarterly Review,' January 1933.

Art. 9.—EGON FRIEDELLE.

A Cultural History of the Modern Age. By Egon Friedell.
Translated from the German by Charles Francis
Atkinson. Three Volumes. Knopf, 1930-2.

IN no field of study is it so easy to follow beaten tracks and adopt not necessarily prejudiced but certainly well-worn opinions as in History ; and it is, therefore, highly useful, as well as interesting, to be able sometimes to make a wide and comprehensive survey of a protracted period in European history, and so observe the flow, ebb, actions and reactions, aspirations and calamities of mental and spiritual culture as seen by a sympathetic witness over a period of seven hundred years. Such a study and such witness are here. Egon Friedell has made a survey of the modern age which proves great in its aim and scope and bold and far-reaching in its determinations. A German with decidedly Teutonic predilections, he yet has strangely little bias, and in the right spirit of inquiry has examined and set down the facts of cultural development in Europe, following the processes of thought and history from the Black Death, when, as he claims, Modern Man was born, to the outbreak of the World War, where he ends his survey in a mood of darkest pessimism. Such an adventure as this work represents would have been after the heart of Mr Wells, for its span is colossal, its substance rich in striking incidents and personalities, and its moral—whatever you may be pleased to find it. It is, however, written throughout with a care and charm of thought and phrasing which the scant leisure of Mr Wells's hurriedly industrious life has never quite permitted him. A special word of praise is due to Mr C. F. Atkinson, the translator, who has re-expressed the original in prose of a highly imaginative quality and has brought out effectually the points of the author's frequently mordant wit.

The particular value of these volumes, however, rests on the fact that they enable us to look at the flow and processes of history through tolerant and sympathetic German eyes ; so that many movements which we have come to know familiarly, as it were through an English window, we now can see from the Teutonic point of view, a condition which makes the whole survey refreshing.

But although he has written his work from a German aspect, Herr Friedell has his individual way of forming and expressing his opinions ; and it is well to recognise at once that his ' Culture ' is of the old German virtuous, strengthening, honourable kind, and not that shrieking ' Kultur ' which was one of the wartime ferocities let loose by Prussia in her uncurbed arrogance. He certainly has a tendency to be ' anti ' many ' isms '—Roman Catholicism, Capitalism, Imperialism ; but in their due places he is fair to Catholics, to the right play of Capital, and to such an Empire as the British, which is humane in its ideals and purposes, as against those of the first and the third Napoleons, or of the recent Kaiser, or of the Soviet régime, which is itself ' nothing but a Tsarism of the Left.'

Also, there is surprisingly little inaccuracy in the half a million words that comprise these volumes, and such slips as are evident may readily be excused. The easiest way to demonstrate such flaws is to take some of those associated with our own country, which, of course, plays a considerable part in this cultural record ; and at once it may be said that Herr Friedell's treatment of Great Britain in her relations with European politics is not only considerably just, but is generous, and shows a genuine admiration for the spirit of English freedom. But amongst other inaccuracies we are told that ' the papal subjects of Elizabeth hoped for the victory of the Spanish Armada,' an assertion disproved by the fact that Lord Howard of Effingham, the principal commander of the defending fleet, himself was a Roman Catholic ; that Leicester poisoned his wife ; that Prince Eugene won the victories of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, without any reference whatsoever being made to the Duke of Marlborough ; that Byron was ' divorced,' possibly because of his guilty relations with his half-sister—he not having been divorced at all, and there being no evidence or likelihood of any such guilt on his part or on hers. But the most flagrant error of a personal kind is over Oscar Wilde, whose characteristics and achievements—in truth pretty worldly and shallow—have been entirely misread by Herr Friedell, who sees him as ' a pure renunciatory ascetic ' (how the shade of Whistler would laugh at that !) and considers that ' it would have been worth another

India to the English nation not to have won the Wilde case.' All that, of course, and much else on the same subject, is even pathetically absurd ; while the statement that Wilde was 'most scandalously victimised by the self-same English cant which built murderous concentration camps "for the protection of Boer families,"' is merely to add grossness to misunderstanding. To give further instances of such comparatively few and unimportant flaws as occur in this work would, however, tend to over-emphasise and so make the critical balance untrue. In courage and breadth of thought, in clarity and wit, in its word-pictures of movements and men, as well as in its comprehensiveness, this study of 'the Crisis of the European Soul,' to quote the sub-title, deserves the epithet 'great.' Its survey of the cultural progress of Europe from the reign of the third Edward to the trivial yet doomful tragedy of Serajevo is naturally of deepest interest, but a task before which even a serious reviewer not cribbed, as are we, by rigid limitations of space would approach with trembling—itsself a testimony to the hold ambitiousness of a scheme so vast as to be commensurate, let us say, with that of Raleigh when, with the poor instruments and few records available to him, he contemplated his impossible-to-complete 'History of the World.'

It begins in a vein of high-flown poetic fancy which in its vastness almost out-does the universal prologue to the Book of Job. 'Through the unfathomable depths of space there wander countless stars, luminous thoughts of God. . . . They all are happy.' Except one, this Earth on which alone men have arisen. 'How did this come about? Did God forget that star?' To work out certain passages of the history of that star is the purpose of these volumes ; and it may be said, in all reverence, that through most of its recorded chapters it does look as if, in Herr Friedell's view, mankind, for good or bad, through triumphs and failures, had fulfilled their own destinies without much evident intervention from the gods. Happily the author does not linger unduly over his picturesque prologue ; but deserting stellar space and its possible rhetorical pitfalls, proceeds frankly with a study of the curious, often sinister, tendencies and methods of civilised man. At the same time, while he sees clearly

the evil and often fatal results of man's many fallibilities when left to himself, he recognises also the immeasurable loss suffered by mankind through the imperfections or misdirected energies of religion as it has come to be organised, re-organised, and over-organised into its present innumerable antagonisms and divisions. Such a conclusion is inevitable in a work of this vastness, which comprises within its scope the phenomenal Middle Ages (was ever another period in any way like that?), followed by the Renaissance with its intellectual uplift and far-reaching reverberations, and then by the Reformation, which caused angry divisions in the place of the gospel of peace. He emphasises the fact, so potent in mediæval times, of Papal Absolutism, and asks a question which is at once hopeless in the answer and full of searching, even of romantic, significance. What help did his tiara give the Holy Father?—who was no longer in truth the Holy Father, 'the shepherd of the nations, the Vicar of Christ,' but through his mere added earthly circumstance 'only the mighty prince of the Church, the senior bishop, a King with a crown, a treasury, and a state, a rich old man like some others'; concluding with the comment which surely is a sigh as pathetic as any that has come from the depths of the soul in trouble:

'Had the Popes honestly tried, in so far as their feeble human powers permitted, to become likenesses of—no, not Christ—merely Peter, likenesses of the good old fisherman, so simple, understanding, vacillating, but so divinely inspired in his simplicity, so fervently struggling to understand, and so touching in his vacillation: then would all Europe be Catholic, and Catholic in belief, to this day.' [I, 119.]

Inevitably the earliest important scene in this work is set in Italy, where Culture, through the rival and concentrated play on one another, of principedoms and petty kingdoms, dukedoms, republics, all generally oligarchical, found opportunity and blazed—often it might seem with an artificial fervour, but yet with brilliance and sometimes almost with fiery warmth. Mediæval Italy was very like a half-mad, sublime playbox of the world, with art in all its then possible forms of expression and brilliance of colouring luxuriously manifest. Herr Friedell puts it truly enough in his odd, attractive way.

'The Middle Ages were not gloomy, they were bright. We are entirely helpless before a Milky Way that has been dissolved into atoms by rationalism, but we can do a very great deal with a chubby angel and a club-footed devil in whom we believe whole-heartedly. In short, the life of those times had, as compared with our own, much more the character of a painting, a puppet-show, a fairy-tale, a mystery play—the character, in fact, of our childhood's life even now. It was, therefore, more sensible and impressive, more exciting and interesting, and, in a sense, more real.' [I, 72.]

Yet with all its eccentricities and pageantry effects, the Middle Ages was a time when, after the long lapse which had followed the very local influence of the Greeks, the mind was most ambitious to make discoveries, searching along all manner of new, strange channels, with results often magnificently grotesque, but as often magnificently true. Chivalry, which had its ideals as well as its shams, still strove according to rules—they were the beginning of that estimable quality known as 'cricket'—and although, soon after the Middle Ages were passed, Cervantes saw reason to ridicule the attitudes and shibboleths of super-cultured knightliness, he found his ridicule lapse, his fun re-act, before the spiritual beauty and humanity of his own 'horrid example,' that Don Quixote of the Doleful Countenance, who has become the deathless hero of the world's greatest literary romance.

But Culture at all times has had its excesses as well as its victories, and in a characteristic Teutonic fashion—for was not Luther himself aware of hornéd fiends with bat-wings flying about him?—Herr Friedell notices how the whole cultural atmosphere in those times was filled with little devils—'as numerous as the dust-particles in a shaft of sunlight'—sitting on the bed-edge or appearing in the guise of ravens, rats, and toads. In the darkness, chequered by the witch-lights of those days, elves, pixies, and nightmares were engendered, and by some, the more ignorant or those more acute for worldly gain, easily transformed into spirits haunting, beneficently or otherwise, the soon-to-be-so-called sacred pools. The invisible had its tyrannies even more than had the realities among which men wrought and taught; but also, inspired by those spheres, the unseen and the seen, culture quickened and spread; and it was inevitable, in an age of such

omnivorous curiosity that, through the clashings of rival minds within intimate areas, all-round intellectual leadership grew possible, and men of a better-than-average capacity, many-sided in their powers of achievement came to be. Such as Leonardo da Vinci, for instance—but he, of course, was a good deal above the tiptop of any class, being a practical genius in many departments of art, science, and service: 'painter, architect, sculptor; philosopher, poet, composer; fencer, leaper, athlete; mathematician, engineer, instrument-maker'—but not a few then living and dreaming were capable of being Jacks-of-all-arts, and not so limited as are most present-day Jacks of the kind to an insufficient excellence in any and every one of their clustered arts or trades or hobbies.

It is, however, impossible to speak of the general intellectual strengths of those days without having regard also to those, of whom Herr Friedell gives innumerable examples, who were exceptionally gifted in one particular; and no person was more characteristic of his very-political age than Nicolo Machiavelli, who made of statecraft then at once an art and a science for the unscrupulous. It was the adapting of Culture to the most practical and material ends. For tyranny or democracy, kingship, republic—though never it seems freedom—those and many other theories of government were experimented on, not deliberately so, of course, but in fact so, as they happened to be thrown-up or to grow; which explains why medieval Italy, and for long afterwards, indeed, until Italy was united, was even acutely expressive of the virtues and vices of almost every kind of political system. The great difference between Machiavelli and the vast majority of those who would follow his ways as they could, is that he did make tyranny a polished and effective instrument, whereas modern tyranny, or modern democracy for that matter, is certainly neither polished nor efficient.

And so we come to Dante, that dark, august figure of medieval poetry, thought, and power, half angry accuser, half saint, whose *Divine Comedy* expresses so much of the reality and ideals, with the searchings, cruelties, aspirations, beauties, animosities, of his time. As Herr Friedell finely says, 'Had nothing remained of the Middle Ages but Dante's poem, we should still know everything we could ever know of that mysterious world. His

unfathomable song stands at the threshold of the new age like a huge black monument in bronze, an eternal reminder of the silenced past.' Is that not beautiful, that passage, and is it not true? Definitely with Dante in his tomb at Ravenna a new aspect of Culture was able to enter Europe, and the glamour, ecstasy, magic of the Middle Ages were gone. From that shadowy hour the intellect takes the superior part occupied hitherto—perhaps—by the heart; and the worlds of thought and action grew sensibly cooler, more calculating. The Renaissance had come; and, according to Herr Friedell, the Renaissance had 'no soul.' The mind came into its own at a price, and the ideal of active intellectual man then was not so much to be an artist as a thinker, a student of the new thought. Then how to adapt that medieval product, the 'uomo universale,' as Leonardo, to conditions wherein the pure intellect, as it has been called, was to occupy apparently the supreme place? It was a personal problem that baffled realisation. Classicism was enthroned. The causes that admitted the influence of ancient Greece into European learning, whether due to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks or not, were compelling; and until that recent day when Modernism and the Machine began their confident challenge, the Classics held their ground—as well we know from, amongst many others even to recent days, the writers of the eighteenth century through their inveterate quotations of too-appropriate Latin or Greek tags. Herr Friedell with his modern mind has no illusions over the Classics. Possibly he too much deprecates their value in the cultural sense, mainly because of his vigorous contempt for the very human Greeks; as he recognises, almost loudly, that with all their superb achievements in sculpture and poetry, and in heroism, they, and especially the Athenians, were mean. 'The national character of the Greeks was a real masterpiece of bad, and what we call immoral qualities,' he declares, and proceeds then to detail, 'their quarrelsomeness and slanderousness, their avarice and corruption, their vanity and boastfulness, their laziness and indifference, their vengeance and perfidy, their jealousy and Thersitism were notorious and even proverbial.' Yet ever the brighter, in spite of the truth of that denunciation, shine not only the greatness of the best of them—Socrates and Aristides,

Plato, Euripides, Leonidas, and the thousand others whose names are endowed with an imperishable glory—but the brilliancy of their influence on western Culture; while the wisdom, the inspiration, which sprang from it rejuvenated the mind of Europe, and still is adding strength to its better vitality—in spite of Modernism and the Machine.

Then, again, through the evolution of Culture and the hopes and perversities of men, thought hardened, and the Reformation with its angers—the blessings were to be more apparent later—broke upon the world. But before Erasmus had put his key into that door and Luther had turned it, Spain had been making her bid for world domination and the widest possible suppression of the liberty of thought and of mankind. Her policy was the negation of Culture, the crowned accession of bitterness. The name of Philip II represents an epoch and one of the worst periods of intellectual subjugation in the history of unhappiness. Herr Friedell paints a striking picture of that monster, ever small in his monstrousness, and even if it were an over-statement—as it may be, for the brightness of antithesis is a snare—it is true in spirit. We may not quote more than a fragment of this sustained study of the shadowy-hearted king, although in doing so some of the effect is lost.

‘Only the highest grandees were allowed access to him, and even they only on their knees; his commands were issued in half-sentences whose meaning had to be guessed. No one was allowed to mount a horse he had ridden, nor marry a woman he had possessed. . . . His life was spent in the most comfortless monotony; he always ate the same food, which was punctually served at the same hours; he always wore the same black suit, even the orders on his breast were black; every day he performed the same journey through the empty, uninspiring environs of his castle; in his later years he never left his room at all except to go to mass. . . . The story runs that when he felt death approaching, he asked for a skull, on which a golden crown was placed, and that he fixed his gaze immovably upon it and so passed away.’ [I, 308.]

Gloom, horror, madness, cruelty, yet out of the same era which Philip partly represented came a great light, the Elizabethan glory—and Gloriana. Shakespeare arose and wrought, and Falstaff, Titania, Beatrice, Hamlet, Caliban,

Macbeth, and Rosalind were born. European Culture again had secured a master-spirit to lead men and nations towards the noblest ideals and uplifting emotions.

But history speeds, slow as the progress of nations must be, and in this epitomised reflection of a great book one needs must overleap continents. Possibly the next chapter of Culture came with the age of decadence which developed under Louis Quatorze, when luxury and insaniary conditions of life persisted together (somewhat like Philip and his crowned skull); the glory of the 'Roi Soleil' being based on the deep misery of his people, the cowed and silent multitude, who awoke, however, with fury after Voltaire had sneered and whispered his ironic truths and Rousseau had preached his gospel of disillusionment. In Germany, meanwhile, Frederick the Great had begun his drillings and marchings with his ponderous grenadiers, and had started the sowing of seeds which germinated and came eventually to a harvest of ruin in the Great War. Meanwhile, the arts flourished. Culture went on. The Baroque and the Roccoco each had its day, and still the sun shone over acres of human misery in a brilliance of artificial gold. Until the crash came that was inevitable; and although Louis XVI, on the day of the fall of the Bastille, recorded in his personal journal 'Rien,' to show that so far as he was aware nothing had happened to spoil their ease, the French Revolution flamed and all that was represented in the selfish glory of the fourteenth and the fifteenth Louis went doubtfully to fertilise the earth. Then came Napoleon. . . .

Our review of Herr Friedell's pages might suggest that he has merely followed the normal courses of history, the tramlings of armies, the dethronements of Kings, and political revolution; but it is not entirely so; for side by side with the unrolling of the more theatrical drama of the years, he records, with fullness, excellent judgment, and some originality, the progress and widespread influence of the true Culture, as wrought by Beethoven and Mozart, Goethe, Schiller, and others, the truest masters of the world; but especially by the German elements in that great development, whose names in this country, however, are less known because among incidents and men we have our own counterparts to them. Modernity

gradually set in, growing to fury with its Mercantilism—another of the 'isms' for which Herr Friedell has small regard—its Parliamentary institutions, with dull debates doing the work formerly fulfilled by autocracy backed by soldiers; with the Press, whose roar was to prove mightier than the sword; and with the modern politician, eventually a child of the Caucus, organising votes and begging and begging opinions; so that if Culture has suffered through the encroachments of demagogues and professional time-servers, it still is something to be thankful for that it persists at all. Especially as, beside the direct assaults upon it of Materialism, Culture in Europe also was 'sniped' by the small fry of decadence. That was a disease, unhealthy, of course, unpleasant, yet as inevitable as possibly are most parasitic growths on a *corpus* whose conditions are not entirely natural. Herr Friedell puts the facts of that passing green-and-yellow and blisterous phase in his own masterly way.

'For a whole decade Gabriele d'Annunzio stood at the head of the European decadence. His productions, which are decrepit monster growths set in sweet over-heated hothouse air, absorbed all the powerful suggestive forces of the epoch: the exuberant palette of Impressionism, the oppressive orchestra of Wagner, the studied morbidity of pre-Raphaelitism, the brilliant effort dramatically to reproduce the life-philosophy of Nietzsche, d'Annunzio's works are (as Hofmannsthal so penetratingly expresses it) written by one who "had no footing in life": "his were emphatically the experiences of one who had never had anything to do with life but to look at it. This imparted something quite Medusa-like to his books, a suggestion of death by freezing."' [III, 437.]

Yet Culture went along not so badly until the War broke out, and the gospel of Marx whispered and urged, preached in the backstreets and from unpatriotic platforms, gradually altered political, economic, and moral values; and to-morrow will be—what to-morrow alone can disclose. As regards the World War, Herr Friedell's views are significant. He is a German loyal to German institutions and culture; but he sees, and states frankly, the truth that for the outbreak the Ex-Kaiser and certainly not England was to blame. The only criticism he makes of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy during the fatal days of

August 1914 was that he might earlier have made clear the fact that the intrusion of the German armies into Belgium would certainly bring our country into the battlefield. In view of his frank and courageous acceptance of our rightness in all other respects at that critical time, this modification is easily accepted. But is it quite true? It is not our wish, or the occasion now, to discuss that question; but, in fact, would such a declaration by our Foreign Minister then, with the Kaiser's legions armed and confident, impatiently waiting and ready to march, have induced the German War-Lord in his cocksureness to unmail his Teutonic fist and restore to its cupboard his 'shining armour'? We fear not. Moreover, Wilhelm had evoked a force a thousand-fold too strong for him.

Although with the War, the chapters of cultural development, so far as Herr Friedell has studied them, crashed to an end, and the present prospects of the arts—with their crippled drama and shattering jazz, the artists who can't draw, low-brow thought, and all the rest of the blatancy and incompetence we now must suffer—are a despair, Culture will still go on. Although our author ends on a note of deep pessimism and gloom, the world is not coming to an end merely because the old stupid autocracy, and the soldiers armed to the teeth, with the greeds which rivalry in commerce and political cupidity bring, tumbled us into the fires and mire of Armageddon. Already, surely, but very slowly, Civilisation is re-setting its house in order. And Culture persists. It must persist, for it is eternal, it is immortal. Its forms of expression may change—and must change; but yet loveliness in all its aspects is necessary to the world, especially to the workaday world; and although the prospects appear dark, no darkness—not even that of death—can persist for ever; and on a bright morning, at a new sunrise, the poets will truly sing again and Art renew its flights towards the unforgettable beauty, while the heart will respond with its strengthening raptures to any such impulse given, for Culture belongs to the spiritual and the spirit cannot die.

Art. 10.—TALKERS I HAVE KNOWN.

My interest in Persian poetry, which might have opened an approach to FitzGerald if it had come in time, did not begin till ten years after his death. It may be worth while to note, in contradiction of a mistake I have seen in print at least once, that he was a very good Persian scholar: I had his master Cowell's word for it. His versions were free and often ran into paraphrase, not for want of knowledge but because it was not his nature to be a close translator, as he said himself. The same thing happened with his handling of Spanish and Greek originals. Various passages in Omar Khayyám suggest a misreading; in one case, the best known, Cowell was satisfied that there was a real and traceable mistake; in others, I am inclined to think, the departure was wilful. It would, of course, be absurd to maintain that FitzGerald or any other translator was infallible: indeed, one may find rather surprising slips and misunderstandings in translations of Persian texts made by professed scholars from Sir William Jones himself downwards. On the other hand, FitzGerald's accuracy is in one or two places vindicated by the reading of the Calcutta MS., of which he used a copy. In any case Omar owes most of his modern celebrity to FitzGerald's English; the austere simplicity of his Persian did not please the taste of later generations, brought up on the ornamented elegance of their later medieval classics. FitzGerald, on the other hand, was less in tune with those masters, though he translated selections from them and thought Jalál-ud-dín's great mystical poem the 'Masnaví' 'a much finer thing than Omar.'

Edward FitzGerald's place among our classical letter-writers is assured; in that list, of perhaps a dozen names from Dorothy Osborne to my friend Sir Walter Raleigh, he stands nearest, as I judge, in spirit as well as in time to Charles Lamb, whom I cannot think of without a feeling of lifelong affection. It began with a happy accident. The prize books of private schools in my youth were mostly publishers' remainders, tricked out in a very poor calf gilt binding offensive to riper eyes and clammy to the touch. But sometimes a good book slipped in among them; and at my first school I got for a prize Lamb's works collected in one solid volume; in those days double

columns and rather small print were no hindrance. Nobody told me that I ought to admire Elia, nor anything about him, which perhaps was as well. Alone he enthralled me from the first, catching me, no doubt, with a rather childish delight in the more obvious humours, those for example of the Dissertation on Roast Pig. The greater matters were beyond a schoolboy's compass, but my worship was sound as far as it went, and understanding was added in due course. I am not sure that in a Santa Conversazione of English authors Charles Lamb would not be the one I should most long to talk with—if Swinburne did not monopolise him, but one must imagine that monopolies are not possible in Elysium.

Whether FitzGerald was at all comparable to Lamb as a talker is a question I have no means of answering ; nor indeed would I venture to define a good talker. Some men and women are delightful companions to their friends, and yet one cannot remember in particular anything they said ; and I incline to think FitzGerald's conversation was of the kind that is directed, so far as it has any distinct aim, to drawing out others, and lets the speaker's own qualities disclose themselves as it were by accident. Certainly he was not the man to hold a company through a whole morning by monologue, as Macaulay is credibly reported to have done. Whether such masters of monologue are properly to be counted as talkers at all may be doubtful : conversation as a social art implies a reasonable proportion of give and take, and the really eminent talkers are those who can lead without dominating. Taking the different sorts of talk all round, I think the reputation of the Victorian Age will stand well with that of any day. In London educated society was still compact and leisure was more abundant than it is in the twentieth century. So good talk, no longer having definite centres, is nowadays less easy to find, though it is by no means extinct (neither, by the way, is good letter-writing, which in fact was never common). On the other hand, conditions have become no worse at the Universities and are in some ways better. Every college is a natural centre of conversation ; Oxford common rooms and Cambridge combination rooms provide excellent opportunities for developing it. Increased knowledge of the world and increased variety of interests

among the residents are all to the good. Again, there is little danger of talk being reduced to a commonplace level by conventional uniformities. The members of the company are citizens in a genuine republic of letters where no one need be afraid of seeming provincial. Not that I have a mind to disparage London. Besides a certain number of clubs, the Inns of Court perform sociable functions not much unlike those of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, only their activity is less continuous; and certainly there is no lack of good company there. If I am asked whether any distinct characters can be ascribed to the merits of London, Oxford, and Cambridge conversation, I should say that London excels in the anecdotic manner (I do not mean a mere string of stories, but talk with anecdotes for text), Oxford in the dialectic play of wits, and Cambridge in frank and disinterested discussion.

The art of conversation as practised in France is matter, in the Aristotelian phrase, for separate consideration. Its fundamental principle is the common entertainment of the company: the breaking up into detached groups of two or three which is a besetting sin of English social gatherings would be a breach of good manners in Paris. Educated French talk at its best is probably the best in the world, and educated women had their full share in it long before modern feminism was heard of. When we consider the merits of talk we assume a gathering of not less than three, for a conversation between two persons may be of great interest, good things may chance to be said in it, and we may wish we could have overheard it, but two do not make a talking company. If the two parties have topics in common and have any faculty for expressing themselves, and their points of view are not hopelessly discordant, there is no skill needed to make them entertaining to one another. Interviews given with a view to publication, and discourse with persons known or believed to take notes, as for instance Goethe's with Eckermann, are obviously in a class apart. For the rest, interviewing has its due place among the minor arts of literature, and goes back to Boswell as its first and true inventor in this country, though he strictly excelled as an independent reporter.

The opposite of a good talker is a bore: but of bores

I do not care to say anything except that the most ferocious of them are the conscientious prigs who think they have a mission. At one time I had to suffer many things from a portentous example of that variety. A man with a sense of humour cannot be a true bore, though he may be prolix or speak out of season. Whether two bores can possible bore one another is a subtle question which I leave to be disputed by the wits. I should like to believe it, for the punishment would be most fitting. To be naturally bore-proof is a gift of fortune enjoyed by some cheerful and kindly people. It is also possible to acquire the art of suffering bores if not gladly yet with a civil countenance, and in public life this is a safeguard against one way of making enemies. Those who have not the gift and fail to learn the art may be prejudiced by the lack of them even if they are charming in congenial company. Such was Arthur Balfour's case for one, if I mistake not.

There is no reason in England why women should not talk as well as men except such as are fast becoming out of date, a narrower range of experience and comparative lack of opportunity. My own fortune has been to know many persons whose company was or happily still is delightful, but few whom, speaking positively from first-hand observation, I can call good talkers in the limited sense I have explained. Among those one of the most eminent was a woman—Gertrude Bell. She combined all the qualities: an ample store of matter in travel and adventure which not many men could rival, wide curiosity guided by keen intellect, readiness in speech, great power of expression, and the crowning virtue of never showing off. She was not only a great traveller and explorer but a complete mountaineer: she had one escape from an all but desperate situation, in which the party was saved largely by her courage and self-possession. She could discuss high and deep matters in classical Arabic with a learned Moslem Sheikh, and slang a camel-driver in the colloquial. In Persian she could, as a recreation, write exquisite translations of Háfiz's odes: for those who have no Persian I may say that the difficulties are akin to those of translating Horace, which Calverley alone surmounted, and that in only a few pieces. Gertrude Bell's work stands on the level of Calverley's. But one might have

waited long to learn any of these things from herself otherwise than as they came out by accident. It was a loss to the British Empire, to the world of letters, above all to Iraq, that she did not live longer, and a lamentable surprise to her older friends : it is but a slight consolation to one of them to say these few words in her praise. George Eliot would have been a good talker if George Lewes had not posed her as a pontiff and allowed only one visitor at a time to speak to her : the case of Swinburne is not wholly dissimilar. At least one living woman writer of English birth is an excellent talker ; she lives in Paris and has there perfected herself in the art. I refer to Madame Duclaux.

Among men whom I have known as distinguished talkers I give the first place without doubt to Renan. He was supreme both in the art of guiding conversation and in his own contributions. I must not forget that he had excellent backers in Monsieur and Madame Berthelot, who were frequent guests at his house. One day when they were with him talk fell on the siege of Paris in 1870, then within pretty recent memory. All agreed that the Parisians showed much dignified endurance and on the whole deserved great credit. A small dining club to which Renan and Berthelot belonged carried on its meetings without a break, and took such food as the provider could supply without asking indiscreet questions about its origin. (The excellent host of the small hotel where I put up in those days contrived to keep his cat alive in the cellar all the time, but when Grisgris came out, never having been very tame, he was a wild thing tractable only to his master—I saw him once and was warned not to touch him.) Madame Berthelot lived in the St-Michel quarter during the siege ; one day, coming back from some errand, she found an unexploded German shell on her best armchair. There was a like incident at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, when one of the heavy shells of the old battleship 'Inflexible' (not to be confused with the later and more illustrious battle-cruiser) landed in an English merchant's house, which it would have wrecked if it had burst. The house being a friendly one in this case, a party of blue-jackets called a day or two afterwards with the captain's compliments and apologies, wrapped up the shell in a blanket

with all due caution, and carried it back in a leisurely and peaceable manner.

To return to England, I suppose Abraham Hayward had the greatest reputation among the mid-Victorian talkers, but I was too much junior to him to be in his company. Those whom I do remember were not a few, and so little alike that their merits are hard to compare. Three stand out in my recollections, Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Sir Henry Maine. Kinglake was second only to Napier as a military narrator, and in the political introduction and episodes he showed himself a brilliant though not impartial publicist. People who think the Crimean War wholly obsolete forget that the siege of Sebastopol was not a siege 'in due form' at all, but trench warfare against an uninvested position. However, the author's literary fame rests on his earlier book of travels 'Eothen,' which is not only short enough even for the scant leisure of modern readers but of general interest in no way diminished by the lapse of time. Moreover, the style has a charm of natural freshness which could not be recaptured in the later and more elaborate work: such is the judgment of an excellent and friendly biographer.* However that may be, Kinglake did not talk the least like a professed historian or a dealer in travellers' tales, but as an accomplished man of the world. He could go back to the days when he practised as a junior on the Western Circuit, or appreciate the charm of Mme Olga Novikoff's company with the taste of an expert and a friend, while his intellect wholly refused to be moved by her political persuasion. (For my own part I hardly think she was a tactful missionary. The first time I met her she tried to make me believe that Paul Vinogradoff, obnoxious to her as a Liberal, was no more remarkable than a dozen other men in Moscow; the effect on a man who already knew Vinogradoff fairly well was to warn him once for all against putting his trust in anything Mme Novikoff said. She lived to find herself in line, during the war, with many Russians whom she had formerly treated as enemies of Holy Russia.) Kinglake's judgments of mankind were shrewd, clear-cut, and with very

* W. Tuckwell, 'A. W. Kinglake,' London, 1902, p. 88. For the friendship with Mme Novikoff see ch. 5 of that book.

few exceptions dispassionate, and his expression of them not less so. He was pleased when, setting a composition paper in a Trinity examination, I gave a choice passage of his invective against Louis Napoleon to be done into Latin prose : it invited of course a Tacitean rather than a Ciceronian manner. It would be digressing too far to consider how the whitewash lately applied to that enigmatic adventurer will wear in the long run. Doubtless he was not the mere villain that Kinglake painted, and his tragic downfall compels pity : but nothing will make me believe that he was capable of settled purpose (beyond restoring the Napoleonic dynasty and glorifying its traditions) or of statesmanlike foresight. No man of statesmanlike sense would have fallen into the net spread by Bismarck when he put forward a Hohenzollern candidate for the throne of Spain. Louis Napoleon could have caught Bismarck in his own springe by giving out, officially or semi-officially, that a sovereign elected by popular suffrage was the last man in the world to interfere with the Spanish people in their free choice of a monarch. Then Bismarck must either have run the King of Prussia's head into a hornet's nest capable of giving no less trouble than the disastrous French adventure in Mexico, or have found some pretext for shuffling out of the business with the least possible loss of dignity and diplomatic reputation. As it was, Bismarck knew his man thoroughly and played on him as on a pipe. There was truth, though not the whole balanced truth of historical judgment, in words I heard from Carlyle's lips on Louis Napoleon's fall : ' He ran his head against a wall of adamant, and it broke like a rotten goose-egg.' Concerning Kinglake's power of conversation I must allow myself to vouch and adopt the words of his biographer, Mr Tuckwell :

' The chief characteristic of his wit was its unexpectedness ; sometimes acrid, sometimes humorous, his sayings came forth, like Topham Beauclerk's in Dr Johnson's day, like Talleyrand's in our own, poignant without effort. His calm, gentle voice, contrasted with his startling caustic utterance, reminded people of Prosper Mérimée : terse epigram, felicitous *apropos*, whimsical presentment of the topic under discussion, emitted in a low tone, and without the slightest change of muscle.'

Alfred Lyall was a shining exception to the rule that Englishmen who have seen and done much in India

seldom talk of it. Why it should be the rule I know not, unless the reason is simply that, until I was well advanced in years, most of our people at home neither knew nor cared anything about India; not even the Mutiny and the dethronement of the East India Company stirred them to learn, and therefore fit audience came only by chance to most of those who did know. Lyall combined long and varied experience of Indian service with an open mind and a critical intellect. He had a singular faculty of entering into ways of thought, Asiatic in general or Indian in particular, of which most Europeans can make nothing. The first hundred pages of the second series of his 'Asiatic Studies' contain a series of letters from Vamadeo Shastri, an imaginary learned Brahman, quite capable of deceiving the elect. Some, if I remember right, were in fact deceived by the original publication in a review. Friends and admirers of Lyall who have any care for the historical and philosophical discussion of religion will find much to interest them in Baron Friedrich von Hügel's literary remains edited by Professor Edmund Gardner in 1931, 'The Reality of God and Religion and Agnosticism.' The matter collected under the second head is in substance a study of Lyall's opinions largely founded on personal intercourse. Baron von Hügel's criticism is always well informed and illuminating, whether one agrees with his conclusions or not. He rightly makes the point that Lyall, mainly a disciple of Hume, was a pure sceptic rather than an agnostic: the distinction may be fine but is not without significance.

The same faculty appears in the 'Verses written in India.' There is nothing but occasional roughness in form (if indeed that is enough) to prevent the best of these from taking a high rank among English lyrics: and such was Tennyson's opinion. They commanded the admiration of a French scholar very competent in English literature, René de Kerallain, who translated one of them. But I am now concerned with Lyall as a talker. He was at his best with companions who had the background of Indian interest in common with him. Such a one was Fitzjames Stephen. Lyall had seen active service in the Mutiny, and Stephen had been in India as Legal Member of Council when memories at that time were still fresh. I remember Lyall once explaining that the mutineers,

considered merely as combatants, had put themselves outside the pale of honourable warfare, not only according to European standards, by the murders of women and children, a thing as abhorrent to Afghans, whose custom was to give no quarter to men, as to ourselves. Added circumstances of cruelty and contumely, where they occurred, were matter of aggravation but not the essence of the offence. Presumably the leaders of the Mutiny, desperate captains of desperate men, commanded such things with the intention of holding their followers in a common band of inexpiable outlawry. Lyall and Stephen did not invariably agree on Indian or other topics. Fitzjames Stephen's downright and almost over-conscientious definiteness of thought must have sometimes made it hard for him to follow Lyall's reasons. But it made an excellent complementary colouring, so to speak, to Lyall's versatile subtilty. Stephen and Maine were an even more perfect pair; so may a sound, purposeful, rather literal Roman official have exchanged ideas at Athens, Corinth, or Alexandria with an accomplished Greek philosopher who was no recluse. They had in common one literary faculty not very often found among men of action. Both Maine and Stephen had been practised journalists, either of them might have been in the front rank of journalism if he had not quitted it for a larger field. Such practice in youth gives good security for coming to the point and not wasting words, which are two main qualities of good talk.

Sir Henry Maine had in conversation as in writing a peculiar way of being impressive without effort. There was nothing striking about the man's appearance at first sight, indeed, I have known few men who to the eye showed so little of themselves; nor was there much in his words at first hearing. He was marked as a good talker by what is perhaps the highest test, the general contentment of his company. When the party broke up every man felt, without knowing why, not so much that he had listened to good talk as that he had himself been on his highest level. Maine's speech, accordingly, was seldom epigrammatic. But once he gave me a memorable short character of a certain brilliant but flighty publicist whose imagination ran to lurid pessimistic forecasts. 'I never knew,' said Maine, 'a man with so much information

whose judgment was so uniformly wrong.' Another time Sir Henry Maine uttered one of the few correct political prophecies I can call to mind. It was in the last years of his life, during the interval between the disestablishment of the Irish Church and Mr Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. That conversion was still so little foreseen that disestablishment in England was commonly believed likely to be the next great political issue. Protectionism was supposed to be dead and buried : had not Disraeli said it was damned ? An attempt to revive it under the name of Fair Trade had been a complete failure : Joseph Chamberlain, still a champion of orthodox Free Trade economics, was foremost in contempt of the Fair Trades. Among three or four men talking round about these matters at the Athenæum, Maine said that some of us would live to see the Conservative party take up Protection again. We were incredulous, but Maine was right.

I have written elsewhere of Sir Henry Maine's published work, but I may pause to call attention to one singular point of felicity or good fortune. He was averse to the minute labour of verification and revision, and trusted largely to memory for his instances. Trust of that kind has dangers hardly to be escaped even by the most retentive memories ; and one cannot be an attentive reader of 'Ancient Law' without noticing a certain number of assertions for which no authority can be found, and occasional downright mistakes in detail. But one also notes that these blots on the execution of a great design are never vital. They occur in collateral matter of illustration, and the passages that contain them might be struck out without prejudice to the main lines of the argument. I refer specially to 'Ancient Law' because in his later writings Maine was more careful about his information, or more ingenious in avoiding treacherous ground. As Mephistopheles whispers to Faust, 'Nur zugestossen ! ich parire,' one can almost fancy a guardian angel, but for a wholly benevolent purpose, shielding Maine in like sort. No such case of saving luck or instinct, call it what you will, is known to me among contemporaries. There is a touch of it, I think, in Montesquieu, but he is so discursive that among his anecdotic gatherings it is hard to know which are material to his point and which are not ;

again, Montesquieu was not critical in his choice of authority, whereas Maine chose the best then to be had, though his use of it may not always have been exact.

Quite outside this group, in the same generation, was a man of peculiar genius whose conversation had a no less peculiar charm. George Meredith was brilliant in talk beyond question, and always interesting to listen to, but he could not always resist the temptation of running into monologue. Some men are said to talk like a book ; one might say it not unfairly, for example, of Henry James : it was not so with Meredith, but his style being natural to him, he could not talk otherwise, and therefore his utterance was not unlike the less elaborate passages of his prose. He was not exactly pontifical, but something too like a prophet for maintaining that equality with the company which the perfect talker must assume, even if he feels it not. In a strict estimate, therefore, he must be reckoned with those who, as the chronicler says concerning some of David's mighty men, attained not to the first three. Yet when I think of him out on the Surrey downs with the fellowship called the Sunday Tramps, I am half minded to bid critical distinctions go hang and tell you that we took Meredith's talk just as it was, his and unlike any other man's, and delighted in it. After all, he was a poet as well as a novelist, and who should be free to prophesy if poets are not ? Meredith's novels, I suspect, have appreciative readers whom his verse does not touch. There is indeed a certain aloofness about it. He cannot claim a seat among the supreme council of masters in Parnassus who compel homage even from the unwilling, save for a bare handful of rebels and outlaws. Tolstoy could in his gigantic perversity blaspheme both Shakespeare and Beethoven, and now nobody minds him, nor yet thinks the worse of his proper achievement for it. There are absurdities in Balzac also. With Meredith it is otherwise : a man may be reasonable, a lover of great poets, and yet not in tune with his song. But there are for most of us conjunctions of time and circumstance that stamp a particular admiration with a seal of certitude beyond argument. I heard Meredith read 'The day of the daughter of Hades' before it was in print. Such an experience puts one, with regard to any possible contradiction, in the mood of the missionaries whom the

sainted Sankara Achárya, the great reviver of Brahman philosophy, sent forth to confute all manner of heretics. Those disciples fell in with a certain sect of materialists, and with them they argued not, but beat them with their slippers. Or, here at home, there is the quintessence of excommunication uttered by Lord Peter in the 'Tale of a Tub': God confound you eternally if you offer to believe otherwise. If 'The day of the daughter of Hades' is not great poetry. . . .

Still, I should like to be sure that Sir James Barrie does not differ. In the exquisite little vision he wrote, shortly after Meredith's funeral, of the artist saluted by his creations and welcomed, in renewed immortal vigour, by his fellows, there is no word of the verse. But for this there is a complete justification: it could not be fitted into that picture. So I hope Sir James Barrie may be with me. Whether poets in general are good talkers may be an idle question, or insoluble if it is reasonable. It may safely be said that their talk may be good without being poetical. Certainly Robert Browning was good company, and certainly no one who met him without knowing the fact would have suspected him of being a poet: he might have been a novelist of the realist kind, a traveller, or a magnate of the industrial world, in any of these ways familiar with men of letters and artists, but as a keen observer, not a fellow-worker. Certainly, likewise, his company was enjoyed by many who could or would make nothing of his verse, my parents among others. Browning's talk was as different from Meredith's as could be. It was all downright and clear-cut, with no trace of obscurity. Both Browning and Meredith were often obscure in writing, but in wholly diverse ways. Browning drove his words like a capricious taskmaster, in a cramped and hustled crowd; Meredith drilled them like an ingenious ballet-master in fantastic groups and poses. When we are checked in Browning's work the difficulties are only in the expression, in Meredith's case they lie deep in the design. There is no trouble about the meaning when Browning writes: 'What porridge had John Keats?': there is only the oddity of the word, not made less odd by the probability that Keats did eat porridge when he walked in Scotland. But when we read in Meredith's 'Phoebus with Admetus':

'God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure'—

there is a real difficulty of construction. That little 'of' can be grammatically read as a mere possessive, but so to read it would make mere commonplace. It is elusive, like an unusual abbreviation in a medieval MS., or rather like the *de* of popular, already half-medieval, idiom with which the Silver Age poet of the *Pervigilium Veneris* (as in the company of good scholars I count him) wilfully plays. Once John Morley and I puzzled over the passage, thought we had settled it, then submitted our reading to Meredith himself, and found we were wrong. The true solution is that this 'of' stands for 'by virtue of.' Apollo is worshipped as the begetter of true art. But analytical comparison of Meredith's and Browning's manner is work for professed critics: I know not whether it has been done.

Thomas Hardy, not much like George Meredith in other respects, resembled him in being doubly eminent as a writer of both prose romance and verse. Our Victorian Age may safely challenge other periods of literature to show any two such authors flourishing at the same time. In one point Hardy has the advantage. You may like Hardy's poetry or not; you may call 'The Dynasts' a splendid failure (as I do not) if you will, but you cannot deny its greatness. The same may be said of my friend Robert Bridges' 'Testament of Beauty,' which for some reason hard to explain found many more buyers if not more readers than 'The Dynasts.' There is much talk of Hardy's pessimism: I can only say that I did not find enough of it in his conversation to make him at all a depressing companion. After all, every great tragedian, and Shakespeare at the head, must be written down a pessimist if that is a right name for all writers who face the tragic aspects of life. Certainly there was nothing doleful about our talk on the one occasion when I saw most of Hardy continuously. We cycled in pleasant summer weather from Dorchester to Portland to investigate a custom of the Island which had roused my professional curiosity. Land within its boundaries has from time immemorial been conveyed by 'church gift,' a formal declaration made in the parish church with good witness of the inhabitants, without anything being done on the land itself and without aid of the sixteenth-century devices

which elsewhere got round the ancient deed of possession being delivered on the spot. Writing was added in the Restoration period to satisfy the requirement of the Statute of Frauds: except for this innovation the custom remained in use, and so far as I know continues to this day. It may be expressed in technical terms by saying that all the land in the Island is deemed to lie in the church. The validity of this ingenious fiction does not appear to have ever been disputed; general convenience and perhaps a touch of local pride have combined, it seems, to keep it untouched. Hardy and I, when we reached the Island, did not find any one on the spot who could give us information; but we obtained it within a short time, and we had thoroughly enjoyed the expedition.

My acquaintance with Swinburne has already been incidentally mentioned. Like most of my contemporaries who had any taste for poetry, I was carried away in my youth by admiration for his work. Not that in the main I repent of it, even if it was a little beyond measure; I am still of opinion that the best things in 'Songs before Sunrise,' such as the stanzas on Dante and Michael Angelo in Part II of 'Teiresias' are unsurpassed in English verse. And surely a poet is entitled to be judged at his best, even though it might fairly be said to him concerning his later echoes of himself, as it was said to Rossini of his music, 'Vous vous écoutez trop.' An article I wrote on 'Songs before Sunrise' never saw the light, for it frightened two editors, or I rather think three, and did not get beyond the stage of proof. One way or another I must have come to know Swinburne, but in fact my parents were brought into relation with him by common friendship with that veteran of letters Sir Henry Taylor. If I remember right, Sir Henry's son Aubrey, a scholar of great promise who unfortunately died young, had known Swinburne at Oxford. I have not any recollection of my parents meeting Swinburne face to face, but certainly there was some correspondence. Thus there was no need for me to introduce myself or seek an introduction. Once or twice my wife and I called on Swinburne when he was living with Watts-Dunton at Putney. I have nothing to add to the pretty full published records of his person and habits. One thing that struck me was his extraordinary and ready familiarity not only with the

greater writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries but with the minor literature of the period. He showed me a pleasing aphorism in 'Cupid's Whirligig,' a book of 1630: 'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice; but Woman when she was a skilful Mistress of her Arte.' I quoted this at the end of 'The Etchingham Letters,' a joint work of miscellaneous notes strung together on the thread of a fictitious correspondence, written by Mrs E. Fuller Maitland and myself. We did not aim at popularity and should have been content with the amusement the collaboration gave us, not to speak of the resulting and still continuing friendship. But it pleased a sufficient number of readers to attain a third edition and to be reprinted in America, and it is still alive to the extent of selling a few copies every year. Once or twice I was asked how Mrs Fuller Maitland and myself had divided our work; the answer may be just worth setting down, though the method was simple enough. The persons of the imaginary correspondence being settled, we laid out a general plan and purposely left many details open. Mrs Fuller Maitland wrote the women's parts and I wrote the men's, and we exchanged the letters in a natural manner as near as might be, throwing out questions and suggestions and inventing minor incidents without notice and without knowing exactly what reply would come. Thus we always had more or less unexpected matter to keep us, and we hoped the reader, alert. At least one imitation rewarded us with that sincerest form of flattery, so we were entitled to think our hope had been fulfilled.

To return to Swinburne, I doubt whether the art of his prose is duly appreciated, for it is disguised at first sight by the multitude of words. From an immense wealth of vocabulary he poured out a truly Pantagruelic flood of epithets, inexhaustible alike in worship and vituperation, and seemingly unmeasured. But when you look at them a second time you perceive that the outpouring is not at random. The voice is loud, at times a boisterous and excessive shout, but by no means inarticulate; every word has its point. When Swinburne denounced Mrs Beecher Stowe as a rampant Mænad of Massachusetts, I have no doubt that he had carefully considered by what kind of name a self-righteous

woman exaggerating and rebuking sin would least like to be called. Again there is a felicity of more than alliteration in his title of 'finger-counters and figure-casters' for the pedantic school of Shakespeare critics, useful within due bounds, but intolerably pretentious and cocksure, who went about to solve all problems of date and authorship with tables of metrical statistics. As to the substance, I suppose all competent persons are agreed at this day that Swinburne was a very fine critic; he was liable to be carried away by affection or prejudice, to lose the sense of proportion and to fall short of equity in judgment; but even so it is hard to find him definitely praising anything bad or censuring anything good. His early essay on Blake, when one considers the disordered state of the materials at the time, is a masterpiece. Later and far more elaborate efforts to explain Blake have too often ended in *obscuram per obscurius*. Swinburne himself would have been the first to welcome some recent brilliant exceptions. I do not know whether my friend Dr Helene Richter of Vienna, who knows William Blake down to the ground or rather up to the heavens, would agree to putting this piece of Swinburne's work so high, but such is my general impression of it. Swinburne did not live to see Blake as nearly beatified as is possible in churches which have no regular process for that purpose. Blake's marvellous lyric known as 'Jerusalem,' in Hubert Parry's perfect setting, has become an accepted hymn in these latter days; I have heard it in Westminster Abbey. The congregation asks no questions about Blake's orthodoxy, and little suspects the lurking doctrine, which, as M. Saurat has shown, he derived from quite respectable antiquaries, that the origin of Abraham's ancestors was British. Those who maintain the contrary paradox that we are the lost Ten Tribes may settle it with Blake as they can.

Swinburne's mastery of Greek and Latin is known to all classical scholars. It is said that some presumably competent judges found inaccuracies in his handling of these tongues; not having found any myself, I wonder what they were. In any case, Gosse's report cannot be right in bringing Jowett into the story, for his verbal scholarship was notoriously far from exact. Once a 'Saturday' reviewer remarked on some one's description

of Jowett's 'Thucydides' as classical: 'We do not deny that Dr Jowett's "Thucydides" may be classical: with revision it may even become correct.' The manner is like Verrall's, but I don't know that Verrall ever wrote for the 'Saturday Review.' However, it may have been with Swinburne in Greek as with my Cambridge friend Palmer, most brilliant and independent of our Orientalists, in Persian. Some European Orientalist thought he had found a mistake in a composition of Palmer's. Persian being happily a living language, a real Persian man of letters was consulted. 'Yes,' he answered, 'doubtless it is a liberty, but just such a liberty as a good Persian author might well take in that context.' So I seem to hear an echo of Attic laughter from some Elysian sanctuary of Apollo, Swinburne laughing with Aristophanes, and Landor of the company. For the rest, great rivers do carry down rubbish, as Callimachus said long ago. King George III spoke partial truth in his honest simplicity when he found much sad stuff in Shakespeare. But the sad stuff does not count. If perfection were the sole test, Hérédia's one casket of gems would outweigh the whole mass of Victor Hugo's gold and silver—and copper. Not that Swinburne ever wrought in copper; at worst he beat his gold and silver too thin.

Tennyson will hardly be remembered as a talker, but I find no better place to set down what I have to say of him. From my undergraduate days onwards I saw Tennyson many times, but so much has been published about him that I have little to add. One thing to which I can bear witness is that his outward brusqueness of manner, especially with strangers and chance acquaintance, was no more than a superficial effect of shyness; a shyness aggravated if not caused by near sight, as I have noted in other cases. A particular experience worth recording is that I heard him read 'Boadicea' not long after it was first published as an item in a handful of metrical experiments. The run of the verse, which is an English reflection or, as Tennyson himself said, echo, rather than an imitation of Catullus's 'Attis,' is difficult for merely English readers and not too obvious to Latinists. Tennyson's own way was to read slowly, giving every word its full value and letting the rhythm make itself heard without any artificial emphasis. Thus read,

'Boadicea' was effective and impressive. It would be too much to say that the poem as a whole is a great poem, but the few lines of prophecy are to my mind great poetry. Probably 'Boadicea' is little read nowadays, so I will quote them.

'Fear not, isle of blowing woodlands, isle of silvery parapets!
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy
narrow thee,

Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the
mighty one yet!

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be
celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-
thunder of God.'

Scholars who knew their Catullus will mark in the diminishing cadence of 'light and shadow illimitable' a felicitous transposition of the Galliambic movement. Yet 'Boadicea' is more than an echo of Catullus, for as a whole it is of a more robust and higher mood. This metrical felicity may be appreciated by comparison with Meredith's 'Phaethon,' an experiment of the same kind. Meredith's handling of the verse is only less masterly than Tennyson's, by a hair's breadth perhaps, but that hair's breadth makes all the difference. On the same occasion when I heard Tennyson read 'Boadicea' he lifted up his hand and smote a luckless reviewer: 'I saw *anapaest*, and I knew the man was a fool and a brute.' Note that his wrath against the people he once called the parasitic animalcules of the press was roused not by mere discordance of taste or opinion, but by ignorance that appeared beyond excuse, or by wilful malice. In this case the ignorance does not look so very gross on the face of it, but the context of the offending word may have made it so. In any case it is charity to remember that nothing is easier to talk nonsense about than prosody. As for the silly depreciation of Tennyson which has been rather common of late years, it can be made to look plausible only by wilful neglect of the principle that every author is entitled to be judged by his best work. Any pert scribbler can pick out bad lines and even a downright bad piece or two from the writings of almost any great poet.

Finally, I come to Huxley, an accomplished biologist who commenced philosopher, as they said in the eighteenth century, in necessary defence of Darwin and himself against attacks which now seem incredibly foolish. The assailants were for the most part grossly ignorant of the sciences, and in great part no less ignorant of philosophy. Wilberforce, the well-known Bishop of Oxford, made perhaps the most flagrant exhibition of arrogant and offensive incompetence. (Samuel Butler's eccentric championship of Lamarck against Darwin was folly too, but a clever piece of folly.) And so Huxley, having a clear head and the gift of lucid speech, embarked on the new seas of philosophy and the 'higher criticism,' and earned his master's certificate. Perhaps his oddest controversy was with Mr Gladstone about the Gadarene swine. Now Gladstone was a great man, and about great men's lapses, unless they become dangerous deceits, discreet silence is best. One can only wonder how Gladstone, in spite of being a fine scholar of the antique sort, wrote much worse nonsense about Homer. In justice to the Church it should be remembered that enlightened clergymen were to be found, notably Charles Kingsley. On another front Huxley was engaged in a minor but less confused fight. He had no more relish for anti-theological than for theological dogmatism, and none at all for the Comtist ambition of setting up a new religion of Humanity with Auguste Comte as its prophet and all the apparatus of ecclesiastical ceremonial and discipline, including a strict control of scientific research : in short, as Huxley put it in three words, Catholicism minus Christianity. There was and is a Positivist ritual (with differences between the extreme and the moderate party), but it has never made much impression on outsiders. A man of the world who had attended the Church of Humanity and was asked what it was like reported thus : 'Very like any other church, you see Lord Houghton asleep there.' Now the founders of English Positivism were a band of Oxford scholars who in their discontent with the spiritual dryness of a still unreformed university had taken up with the first new prophet they met, somewhat as the girl in Heine's tragic ballad took up with 'den ersten besten Mann der ihr in den Weg gelaufen.' But scholars they were, and from the masters they despised they had learnt to express

themselves with facility and in at least reasonably good English, whereas the prophet himself could never write decent French. And so, about sixty years ago, they made quite a fair show in the English reviews where things in general were discussed, and Huxley must have found it more amusing to give them a share of his hard knocks than to belabour wooden-headed archdeacons.

The best writer and scholar among the Positivists (not a rigorous and intransigent Comtist with bell, book, and candle, such as Congreve) was Frederic Harrison. His tastes were by nature English and Conservative, historical rather than philosophical, and there was something incongruous about his alliance with a group of incorrigible pendants on behalf of the dullest and shallowest of all modern speculative systems. But he was a brilliant debater in print, most brilliant when maintaining a paradox, and with him in the field there was a quite pretty sporting controversy. G. H. Lewes, an able and practised writer with a turn for philosophy which somehow never quite found itself, was already beyond the Positivist stage in which he produced his 'History of Philosophy,' a profitable book in its day. There was no English Positivist of the calibre of Littré, whom Renan, as he once told me, thought in every way superior to Comte; in the point of language there is no possible doubt. (Renan meant to introduce me to Littré, but that great scholar's health was already failing and it could not be managed: later I knew our own greatest lexicographer since Dr Johnson, Sir James Murray, and now and then bore a hand for him in the terms of my own profession.) Littré was, of course, an abomination to such extreme Comtists as Congreve; to know nothing of Positivism might be excusable ignorance, but to accept the philosophy and reject the political system of a commonwealth administered by a committee of bankers and ecclesiastically governed by the successors of the prophet was an unpardonable sin against the light. Huxley the man of controversies was not the Huxley we knew at home. There his conversation was delightful; he was pleasant, versatile, full of experience, and with an abundant sense of humour, a blessing denied to many philosophers and notably to Herbert Spencer. Both Huxley and Darwin were the ancestors of worthy descendants, whose accomplishments

have been in part akin to their own, in part quite different.

By way of postscript I may explain my silence about two eminent Victorian writers who were among my father's friends, Dickens and Thackeray. I can barely say that in my early youth I shook hands with them, Thackeray at the second great exhibition in London, Dickens some years later, and that was all. *Vidi tantum*, I have lived to enjoy the friendship of their descendants, but that is not a matter to speak of in public.

F. POLLOCK.

Art. 11.—FASCISM AND NAZISM.

HERR VON PAPEN, on his return from Rome after his first official visit as Vice-Chancellor of Germany, telegraphed thus to Signor Mussolini: 'What struck me most, and what most recalled the best traditions of old Prussia, were the efforts made by Your Excellency to train the young to serve their Fatherland under the strictest discipline.' The comparison between the Italy of to-day and the Prussia of yesterday, in the mind of a true German like Herr von Papen, can only mean an aspiration and an aim for the Germany of to-morrow. It is too soon to say whether the excesses of the young Germans now filled with Nazi fanaticism represent the ideal for which von Papen and Hitler would wish to train them. The immediate and loudly advertised renewal of the *Mensur*, or student duel, forbidden for the last eight years by the Germany of Weimar, does not correspond, at least to my mind, to any normal ideal of civilisation; and it is disconcerting to read that, on April 19, in the University of Heidelberg, the first of such duels renewed was preceded by official speeches and took place in the presence of the Rector and Professors, the political authorities, and representatives of Nazi associations. The British University boat-race seems preferable.

German students, in imitation of those of Italy who are enrolled in Fascist associations, must now be members of the *Studentenschaft*, an embodiment of the racial programme which has become a dogma of Germanism. Among the tasks undertaken by the students is the safeguarding of the purity of their language, literature, and race. Their programme is expressed in twelve articles. No. 4 runs as follows: 'Jews and their supporters are our most dangerous enemies.' No. 5 declares: 'The Jew can never think otherwise than as a Jew. If he writes in our tongue he lies, and the German who writes in his mother-tongue without thinking in German is a traitor.' And No. 11: 'We demand that the German University shall be the centre of German racialism, a closed field created by the energy of the German spirit.' Finally, it is decreed that all student libraries, whether private, university, or public, shall be 'purged' of all writings considered contrary to the German spirit. These

writings must be consigned to the flames. An exception may be made for libraries keeping such works for purely 'documentary purposes,' in closed and separate sections.

In regard to Germany, public opinion has been startled by the way in which the Nazi students have asserted their race-spirit and begun their war against a mentality which they define either as a 'non-German spirit' or 'the degeneracy produced by liberalism in German intellectual life.' But Italy, with less hubbub and more method, has done no less. Public libraries do not provide their readers with books that are considered anti-national, that is to say, with books that uphold democratic theories of the State or the principles of popular liberty. Professors and schoolmasters have been sifted and resifted; the undesirable have been dismissed, and from all the oath of allegiance to Fascism has been required. The teaching is supervised both by the heads of the institutions and by trusted students who are not ashamed to spy. All students are organised in associations directed and controlled by the Fascist party—even the sports clubs. Any who refuse membership are deprived of the privileges and favours which the Government bestows abundantly on its adherents—exemption from fees, exemption from examinations, preference in competitive examinations, and so forth. The school is a political instrument for Fascism, as it will be for Nazism also.

In any case, one of the characteristics of dictatorships of this type is the constant effort to subordinate all energies and activities of individual and collective life to the ends of the State, and to transform the State into an expression of force in the hands of a single party. To this end Mussolini and his followers have tenaciously striven to absorb or to subjugate all forces outside Fascism, and to eliminate by every possible means all adverse forces. For Mussolini, as now for Hitler, this is a vital necessity, without which neither could remain in power as dictator. And having once set their feet on this road, there is no going back. Political parties, trade unions, economic groups, industrialists, capitalists, banks, free associations, universities, churches, all must be brought within the orbit of the dictatorship. Whoever will not come within that orbit is an enemy to be suppressed or oppressed.

After he had secured power, Mussolini met with a resistance, tentative at first, but gradually growing more definite, from Socialists and Communists, the Italian Popular Party, and a fraction of the Liberals; and for four years he had to face various and not inconsiderable difficulties. Hitler, on the contrary, has brought about, in less than three months, the surrender of the (Catholic) Centre and the Socialists, and has had to face only weak and chaotic resistance from Communist street riots. And the Communists have been scattered, cast into prison or put into concentration camps. It seems inexplicable that the Centre should so easily have surrendered to Hitler after it had so frequently declared its will to resist. Here was a robust and coherent party, with over sixty years of experience behind it, and the victorious struggle against Bismarck to its credit; a party which, since the Weimar Constitution of November 1918, has governed the Reich either alone or in coalition with other parties—Prussia in coalition with the Socialists and Bavaria as the Bavarian Popular Party.

The circumstances in which the German Centre Party and the Bavarian Popular Party voted plenipotentiary powers to Hitler seem to resemble those of Italy, when, on Nov. 15, 1922, the Popular Parliamentary Group voted plenipotentiary powers to Mussolini. The Italian Popular Party was in its youth. Created after the war by Italian Catholics of democratic tendency, it formed a centre group in Parliament with 107 seats out of 535. If these deputies had voted in opposition, Mussolini (like Hitler) would not have had the necessary majority. Their moral and political motives were almost identical with those of the German Centre and the Bavarian Populists; while they reinforced the royal summons that had called the Duce to office, by adding a parliamentary vote, thereby giving constitutional sanction to power which had, in reality, been seized by violence. They thought thus to contribute to the pacification of the country and to the 'normalisation' (the term then current) of public life. By supporting the flank of the victor they had hoped to diminish the dangers of a government supported by over fifty thousand armed partisans. Such was the opinion of all the Liberal and Democratic groups—save the small following of the ex-

Minister Amendola, who afterwards died in exile at Cannes of injuries inflicted by Fascist beatings, and all voted for the plenipotentiary powers except the Socialists and Communists, who remained in opposition.

Mussolini in these circumstances had been brutally frank. He had declared explicitly that 'of that grey gloomy House he could have made a bivouac for his Black Shirts,' and that it 'depended on the Chamber itself' whether it would live for two days or two years.* His armed bands had been busily burning co-operative and trade-union headquarters, and thus, figuratively, he burned Parliament. Hitler had the added satisfaction of seeing the Reichstag in actual and by no means figurative flames, just before its solemn re-opening. In both cases there was a like military array of armed irregulars. In Italy, on Nov. 15, 1922, Black Shirts with knives and revolvers surrounded the Parliament House and thronged the galleries—all ready to force their way into the assembly had the vote gone against the Duce.

Unfortunately, violence once let loose and possessed of power cannot easily be bridled. The excesses of the Fascist bands everywhere multiplied, in the joy of victory, on the seizure of command. In every town there were 'Marches on Rome' in little. Municipal councils were forcibly dissolved, town halls occupied by the armed bands, and the leaders of opposition parties, if they escaped the castor-oil forcibly administered, the dagger-thrust, the revolver bullet, were compelled to take flight or go into hiding. It was at this time that, in the night of Dec. 17, at Turin, twenty-two workmen were murdered and thrown into the river on the pretext that they were Communists; and, while the city was still horrified, the Fascio of Turin received a telegram of congratulation from Mussolini's Under-Secretary, De Vecchi, who afterwards, having received the title of Count, became Ambassador to the Holy See. On the next evening I made a public speech in Turin (for public speeches were then still permitted), reasserting the principles of liberty against any dictatorship or régime of violence.

But street violence continued. Two Populars had

* L. Sturzo, 'Italy and Fascismo' (Faber), p. 122.

been appointed Ministers in the Mussolini Cabinet. The first, Professor Tangorra, was dead, the vexations endured during the first month of government having been too much for his weak constitution. The second, Cavazzoni, was torn between Mussolini, who asserted with increasing clearness his will to dictatorship, and the Directorate of the Popular Party, which demanded a return to law and liberty. The Duce's decision to legalise the armed irregulars under the name of National Militia, against the will of the Popular Party, who desired their disbandment, hastened the calling of a National Congress of the Party. This Congress was held at Turin, in April 1923. It met in an atmosphere of national expectancy, and attracted a host of adherents. The resolution it passed put an end to equivocal support of the Government, and is worth recalling :

'The Italian Popular Party confirms once more and with renewed faith, even after the recent political events, the Christian-democratic character, the spirit, the substance, and the points of its programme ; its independence of organisation, its specific reason for existence, and its high aims, ethical, political, and economic ; it re-affirms its will to continue the fundamental struggle for liberty and against any centralising perversion in the name of the pantheistic State or deified nation ; it asserts its solidarity with those who suffer for the Idea and for internal peace, and invokes, for the welfare of Italy, respect of human personality and the spirit of Christian brotherhood.' *

The speech that I made as leader of the party just before the passing of the resolution was described by Mussolini, in an article by his own hand, published in the '*Popolo d'Italia*,' as 'the speech of an enemy.' Cavazzoni and

* '*Italy and Fascismo*,' p. 130. In a Declaration adopted by a conference of the German Centre Party in Berlin on May 5 and 6 (published by the '*Germania*,' then the organ of the Centre Party, on May 7) the following passage occurs :—'The Centre stands unshakably for freedom of the moral personality which, far from claiming unlimited sovereignty, knows that it is responsible before God, and recognises the moral order established by God in Nature and in Revelation as the absolutely binding rule for all individual and collective activity. On this basis the Centre works for the weal of every element in our people.' The Declaration concluded : 'Within the framework of the "national front" the Centre fights for German honour and liberty, for the equality of Germany among the nations, and for our people's happy future.'

the Popular Under-secretaries were asked to resign. The way was now clear. What followed is well known. The struggle of the Popular Party against Fascism in the Chamber, in the 'Aventine' withdrawal from Parliament after the murder of Matteotti, in the press, and in local meetings, lasted three years, till, in November 1926, the Party, like the other political parties, was dissolved by Government decree.

At first sight events in Germany seem to spring from very different causes, and to have developed otherwise than those in Italy. But the spirit, methods, and certain coincidences reveal the same moral and political features and a similarity of historical circumstances. When, in the summer of 1930, Dr Brüning, having failed to come to an understanding with the Socialists, and seeking support on the Right, dissolved the Reichstag and fixed the general elections for September, he was unconsciously taking the same course as Giolitti had taken in the spring of 1921. In order to overcome the difficulties created both by Socialists and Populists, Giolitti then dissolved the Chamber barely fifteen months after the election of November 1919, and thus facilitated the entry of Mussolini and the first Fascists into Parliament. This fact I recalled in an article published on Oct. 3, 1930, in the Barcelona journal 'El Matí,' where I forecast the fall of Brüning and the advent of Hitler to power.

It was an easy prophecy, as I explained in the same article. Between 1920 and 1922 the various liberal Governments in Italy, despite the protests of the Populists and certain Democrats, had tolerated and encouraged the existence of armed bands at the disposal of a political party. Germany did the same. The men of the Centre who had been Chancellors of the Reich for several years, the Socialists who governed Prussia, the Populists of Bavaria, to say nothing of the smaller States, allowed Hitler (who was an Austrian, not a German citizen) to form his armed bands and a body of youth with military training. In Germany as in Italy, though not to the same extent, the police failed to restrain the lawless enthusiasm of these armed youths, or to prevent their excesses. As in Italy, though again not to the same extent, judges and courts were mild, tolerant, and indulgent towards such young men, when, heedless of all moral

teaching, they had been guilty of assault, wounding, or killing. In Italy one saw Fascisti, who had killed or wounded their adversaries, acquitted by the courts and carried in triumph by their supporters. A generous amnesty covered all offences committed 'for national ends.'

Firm measures should have been taken at the right moment against the armed bands and their false national militarism, at once compromising, anti-educative, and anarchic. There should have been a courageous repression of the 'punitive expeditions' (as they were called in Italy) that terrorised unarmed populations and workmen without protection or defence, and devastated Socialist and Catholic co-operatives, the clubs and sections of the Popular Party. In Italy such measures could not be secured, notwithstanding questions asked in Parliament and pressure put upon the Government. But neither in Germany did the Centre nor the Socialists strive to destroy the roots of the evil. When Brüning and Gröner sought to do so, it was too late. Moreover, in Germany the Socialists counted upon their own—scarecrow—military associations. I remember that in 1921 a Popular Deputy from Northern Italy suggested that we should organise a body of White Shirts to oppose the Black Shirts in case of need. I refused absolutely. We should not have fired a single shot. Nor did the Socialists of Prussia or the Populists of Bavaria fire a shot, though they, who were actually in power, had the police at their disposal. The head of the Bavarian Government declared, it is true, that, should a Reich Commissary be sent to Munich, he would be instantly arrested. As the event showed, words are one thing, deeds another.

When the head of a State, a Victor Emmanuel III or a Hindenburg, takes under the ægis of his authority a Duce or a Chancellor who comes surrounded by a private army, with the support of the legal army and the police, armed resistance on the part of the vanquished would be useless, or else would bring a bloody civil war culminating in inevitable defeat. I have heard the Prussian Social-Democrats criticised because they did not oppose Herr von Papen with a general strike. Such critics cannot have known the outcome of the political general strike proclaimed in Italy by the Communists and Socialists on

July 31, 1922. The Fascists were not then in power ; on the contrary, their credit was very low. But they sided at once with the Government and the police against the strike. They used their arms to terrorise many working-class centres. A suburb of Parma, known as D'Oltre Torrente, was for three days a battle ground. The middle-classes, almost without exception, then backed the Fascisti, fearing a new outburst of Bolshevism like that of January 1920. The defeat of Italian Socialism and the triumph of Fascism were determined by that general strike.

On his advent to power Mussolini's first care was to dissolve the provincial and municipal councils, and to centralise all the powers of local self-governing bodies in the State. The realisation of this plan, delayed for a few months by the resistance of the Populists and Liberals in the Government, was eventually carried out in sweeping fashion. Hitler is doing the same. The German States, which had preserved their autonomy both under Bismarck's Empire and the Weimar Constitution, are to-day reduced to mere provinces subject to the central power. Bavaria, which for over eight centuries had maintained her political personality, lost everything in one day. What remains is mere form.

I have often wondered why it is that, whereas absolute monarchs would have found it difficult to touch the autonomy of cities and provinces, or the immunities of universities and guilds, modern democracies—while leaving a certain degree of local life intact—have found state centralisation comparatively easy ; and, finally, why the so-called dictatorships of our own time meet with no resistance if they wipe out the remnants of traditional local and autonomous life. The primary reason for this, I believe, lies in the fact that the absolute kings tended to lean on the people, and especially on the middle-class, in order to lessen the power of the great feudal lords and nobles. In the spirit of the age, moreover, local life was more intimately bound up with the unit of population. Democracies have replaced the idea of the province or the township by the idea of the nation, of which the unity has become at once economic, political, and spiritual. Rapid and continuous communications have shortened distances and widened the horizons of each man's par-

ticular sphere. But local life has persisted. The recent dictatorships, founded on the frenzied exaltation of nationalism, on jealous intolerance of any sentiment that may limit it, on fear lest anything remain beyond their political or moral control, not only suppress all local autonomy (which is one of the most valuable sources of political and moral life), but subject everything and every one to a single discipline, centralised, despotic, and arbitrary. Mussolini in 1932 issued a grotesque order forbidding the existence of even the regional associations and clubs (Venetian, Sicilian, Abbruzzese, etc.) which concerned themselves with local literature, art, history, and, perhaps, also a little with—local gossip.

On the economic plane the Fascist seizure of power has been still more complete. The Socialist, Christian Democrat, and Syndicalist Trade Unions on the one hand, and the associations of employers, farmers, and industrialists on the other, have all been suppressed or absorbed, while in their stead Fascism has created 'Corporations' wholly dependent upon the State. It lies beyond my present purpose to discuss the Corporative system as it is established in Italy; suffice it to note that all private undertakings are subject to a political party, which controls and directs them in the name of the State. And this would seem to be the aim of Hitler likewise. The crisis has smoothed the way for him. Many capitalist undertakings in Germany have already passed under the direct or indirect control of the State. The Socialist Trade Unions, though they had declared that they would have nothing to do with politics, and had proclaimed their allegiance to the new régime, while some had even already passed over to the Nazis, were arbitrarily suppressed on May 2 and their leaders arrested. The Christian Trade Unions, comprising three million Catholic workers and a small number of Protestants, all members of the Centre, have also declared allegiance to the new régime, the Union of Catholic School Teachers being the first to do so. Will this save them? Or will Hitler succeed in establishing a Corporative State as in Italy? The tactics are the same in either case—to foment national passions in order to gain a political monopoly of the economic, labour, and capitalist life of the whole country.

In Italy Fascism has been the cause of a redistribution of wealth from three standpoints, economic, fiscal, and political. On the one hand, it has lowered wages and the standard of living of the working-classes to the lowest possible level. This has been achieved mainly through the suppression of free trade-unions and of free labour contracts, which now, through the corporations, come under the control and management of the Fascist Party. On the other hand, the appreciation of the lira, stabilised at 92 to the gold pound, struck a heavy blow at the values of real estate and at farming. From the financial point of view, Fascism has sucked the country nearly dry, so far as the margin of savings is concerned, by raising the yearly fiscal burden from 14 to 20 thousand million lire. This sum, in the hands of an omnipotent Government, has been used directly or indirectly to serve the ends of the dominant Party and its supporters, whose political bias is clearly revealed by the public actions of the Government. The combing out of 'anti-national' elements in the Civil Service, Judiciary, and Army, the oath forced upon professors and school-teachers, the preference given to Fascists, even in the workers' labour-exchanges, are all parts of a general policy. In addition to the Militia, the Fascist Government has created special military Fascist corps to keep watch over the ports, railways, and other public services. Banks, co-operative undertakings, rural savings banks, friendly societies, at one time in the hands of Catholics or Socialists, have passed under the control of Fascists. On all boards of directors of industrial, trading, or banking companies there are Fascists who control or command. All sporting, educational, or recreational associations, whether masculine or feminine, have been centralised in Fascist hands. The result has been an army of organised bureaucrats, growing in number from day to day, not to mention the leaders of the Fascist Party itself, or its agents, secret and otherwise, in Italy or abroad. A triumphant armed régime has, like the victorious armies of old, expropriated the vanquished. In olden times, such armies seized the land; to-day they seize appointments, business, and trade, subjugating all individual activity, which becomes transformed into a life and activity monopolised by a single party.

The dispossessed are to be found either in exile abroad or in deportation centres on the islands and elsewhere, or are reduced to a miserable life of isolation and retirement, or have been obliged to change their trades or professions ; or, indeed, may have ended by surrendering, accepting the Fascist ticket so as not to die of hunger. So it will be in Germany or, rather, so already it is. The flight of many from the country makes room for others. The prisons and concentration camps filled with Communists and Socialists, to the number of over 30,000, serve the same purpose, creating vacancies, removing competitors, opening out avenues for newcomers. The 'purge' of public offices continues. Socialists and Catholics, because they are not friends of the new régime, are being expelled from the teaching profession and from the public services of the Reich, the several States, and the municipalities. This has gone on to such an extent that the Catholic Bishops have published a manifesto protesting against the arbitrary dismissal of Government officials, while the Cardinal of Munich has interceded with the Governor of Bavaria for the release of the prisoners.

But what is peculiarly characteristic of Germany is the anti-Semite campaign. It has a three-fold significance. In the first place, it affords an immediate and popular objective for the activities, and maybe the personal vengeance, of the storm troops, now that power has been finally seized ; in the second, it has effected a violent clearance of posts of command, employment, or business, which may now be occupied by the victors ; thirdly, it has fomented the spirit of racial and national unity by excluding unassimilable or undesirable elements. The Jews are international, and many tend to be pacifists or, at least, not nationalists. This for the Nazis, is the head and front of their offending. Again, many are Marxists and Socialists—another offence. The Nazis might remember the merits of those other Jewish industrialists and bankers who poured their money into the Hitler movement. But no ! Nazi vengeance falls alike upon the just and the unjust. All the more since to the 'just' they owe a certain debt of gratitude, which, psychologically speaking, would conflict with the spirit of the victors. This same spirit has brought the Nazis

into conflict with the Nationalists, their old allies both in the domain of armed force and in that of politics. And now the Nationalists of Germany are among the vanquished.

Mussolini dealt in like manner with a large section of his middle-class supporters. The Freemasons, who had been philo-Fascist, were none the less offered up to the vengeance and fury of excited mobs: witness the events in Florence in September and October 1925. The Nationalists of Italy, their Blue Shirt legions disbanded, had to pass 'under the yoke in the Caudine Forks' and amalgamate with Fascism which, as a consolation prize, consented to take the name of *National Fascist Party*. And finally, the Catholic National Centre, a handful of ex-Populars of conservative tendency who had gone over to Fascism, were none the less obliged to dissolve their group and disappear. The same thing has befallen even the most ephemeral middle-class societies and associations for political, moral, educational, and economic ends, when these were not under Fascist control or influence. Subjugation is now complete. Only the 'Azione Cattolica' (Catholic Action) has been able to survive at the cost of relinquishing all its efforts in the domains of economics, sport, education and trade union organisation, and of confining itself to a purely religious province. None the less, its existence remains a grievance. Even since the serious incidents of the summer of 1931, the Papal Encyclical 'Non abbiamo bisogno,' and the subsequent agreed compromise, 'Catholic Action,' is considered a 'non-conformist' association, a nucleus of persons not wholly 'rallied' to Fascism.

Those who seek to justify these revolutionary movements usually do so on national grounds. And from national considerations certain Catholics, and even certain Socialists, have found little difficulty in accepting the accomplished facts of revolution and dictatorship. In Italy Fascism presented itself to the country as the champion of Fiume and Dalmatia, the saviour of the fruits of victory, the guardian of national interests which the Liberal-Popular Governments had neglected (according to Fascism) at home and abroad. Hence the well-known history of Fascist policy, from the bombardment of Corfu to the annexation of Fiume (to-day a dead

city), the Treaty of Tirana, the rearming of Hungary, the threats of war on France, the programme of treaty revision and an entente with Germany.

Germany, on the other hand, has stronger reasons for fomenting the nationalist ideal and exciting popular passions. Hitler has done nothing else for the last ten years. To-day he has all Germany under his hand, Catholics and Socialists included, for a policy of *revanche*. The concessions which the Governments before Hitler succeeded in obtaining are already discounted and depreciated in the popular mind. Locarno (1925), the Evacuation of the Rhine (1930), the Young Plan (January 1931), the Hoover Moratorium (June 1931), the cancellation of Reparations at Lausanne (July 1932), the Geneva declaration on Germany's equality of status in respect of armaments (December 1932)—all these things are accounted as nothing. Hitler alone stands for national salvation. This apotheosis of nationalism, together with the centralisation of all power in a dictatorial system, cannot fail to undermine the position in Europe and to cause an upheaval that may prelude another war.

This seems to me self-evident. Yet some writers, French as well as German, have put forward the view that 'the Hitler movement is a phenomenon of German domestic life, and nothing more.' The same opinion has been expressed by one of the most noted of English writers. And for ten years we have been hearing the same phrase in regard to Italian Fascism. Is it not perhaps a diplomatic fiction, rather than the truism it seems? There has never existed a political system without repercussions abroad. States are not water-tight compartments. In the Middle Ages, though the feudal systems of Germany differed from those of France, England, and Italy, they exercised considerable influence one on the other. The same might be said of the absolute monarchies, of the paternalist system of the Era of Enlightenment, and of constitutional liberalism and democracy in the nineteenth century.

Since the war the victorious countries and the vanquished have alike been swept by two wide and passion-stirring streams; that of democratic Socialism, tending to Bolshevism, and that of nationalism tending to Fascism. The parties in between have felt the effects of both these

streams, that is to say, wherever such parties are still standing and strive to resist the flood. For a certain period in France and in the Anglo-Saxon countries the Italians were spoken of as an inferior people, unfit for freedom, who needed to be held under discipline by the Fascist bludgeon. In order to gain a free field and to avoid arousing the fears of other countries, Fascist propagandists abroad repeated and established this doctrine in accordance with the Duce's watchword: 'Fascism is not a commodity for export.'

Soon came the time when Fascist methods seemed useful to other nations. Even France favoured the Polish and Yugoslav dictatorships. Fascist methods appealed to Hungary, for a good reason! The Christian-Socialists of Austria favoured—and with what enthusiasm—the formation of the *Heimwehren*, armed bands in the service of the middle-class and agrarian parties. The Austrian Socialists, like their Prussian comrades, had also their supply of arms and the troops of the *Schutzbund*, to-day disbanded. Germany, more than any other country, was psychologically ripe for Fascism. Its advent was delayed ten years through the action of the Centre and of Social Democracy, which have now been overpowered. Without Italian Fascism Hitler would never have triumphed in Germany. To-day Mussolini's watchword is the Fascistisation of Europe.

What will be the international policy of the Fascist countries? We must consider what it has hitherto been. Neither Fascism nor Hitlerism can confine itself to domestic policy; domestic policy governs international policy. This assertion, the fruit of long experience, is not put forward with a view to suggesting a policy of intervention, in the diplomatic sense of the word. The errors of the anti-liberal intervention of Austria and of France of the 'Restoration' give clear proof of its futility. And after the war the error was repeated in regard to the Russia of Kerensky and Wrangel, and would have been further aggravated had the so-called 'anti-Bolshevik sanitary cordon' become a fact. But between hostile intervention and active encouragement there is an intermediate line of conduct consisting in reserve and critical caution. Not one of the four great Powers, Great Britain, France, Germany, or the United States, has

adopted such a line of conduct towards Fascism, but each, at one time or other, has favoured Fascism either morally, politically, or financially. The truth is that all have favoured it in the belief that it was an antidote to Bolshevism, and because it could be turned to their own advantage. M. Poincaré could use its principles for the occupation of the Ruhr and for the rejection of the Bonar Law Plan on debts and reparations; Sir Austen Chamberlain found it helpful over Mossul, and so forth.

Conservative and nationalist opinion has tended to throw moral preoccupations to the winds, and has frequently expressed approval of Fascism in spite of its methods of repression and the suppression of every liberty—methods comparable rather to those of Bolshevik Russia than to those of the old absolute monarchies. To-day the disease is spreading. Hitler has introduced the Italian system into Germany. In Germany, as in Italy, the press that is hostile to the régime is constrained to keep silence; it is impossible to verify the truth of reports received; diplomacy grows difficult, the correspondents of foreign newspapers have become suspect and are forced to be prudent. All public checks upon falsehood may be said to have ceased. And what of the Europe of to-morrow? This is the question which France, England, and the other European countries that are more or less democratic should ask themselves. It is the question that the heads of the League of Nations at Geneva should ask themselves. It should be discussed by all who have held or still hold public positions, so that the gravity of the hour may not find them wanting.

LUIGI STURZO.

London, May 1933.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Peacemaking—Cecil Rhodes—'Gold, Silver and Paper'—Mexico—Roman Britain—Sir Aurel Stein—Islam—'The Living Universe'—Professor Housman's Lecture—'On Reading Shakespeare'—Pulpit Literature—Colet—Two French Books—Aristophanes—More of Dr Johnson—Old Fitz—John Slidell—'The Roving Angler'—Lady Murasaki.

THE inevitable and overdue revision of the Treaty of Versailles is surely brought nearer, and much nearer, by Mr Harold Nicolson's brilliant and hard-hitting book of revelations, '*Peacemaking, 1919*' (Constable). Remorselessly he has told the tale of good intentions gone wrong, of muddling and unwieldiness, of shifts, hypocrisies and pretences, of the selfishness of the Italians at the Peace Conference, the infatuated stupidity and greed of others besides the Balkan representatives, the relentlessness of the French, with, beyond all else, the fruits in failure of academic idealism then misapplied through the person and inconvenient presence in Paris of President Woodrow Wilson, whose Fourteen Points might have saved the Peace if they had not been betrayed, in large measure unconsciously by himself. Purposing to realise the 'atmosphere' of that Peace Conference for the guidance of the next of such international assemblies, Mr Nicolson has described, first, his experiences as an official attending on the Bigwigs in their omnipotence and mighty ignorance, inserting a serious warning against 'Diplomacy by Conference—there is nothing more damaging to precision in international relations than friendship between the Contracting Parties'—and then from the racy entries of his diary enforcing his moral with personal sketches and lively accounts of scenes and incidents. The pathetic failure of Wilson, the courage, resourcefulness and tenacity of Mr Lloyd George (who seems to be recovering his position), the elegant consequence, interspersed with real strokes of statesmanship, of 'A. J. B.,' and the spiritual greatness of General Smuts, are vividly brought out in a volume of genuine historical consequence. Mrs Sarah Gertrude Millin has mannerisms which a little impede the good effect of her

courageous biography of 'Rhodes' (Chatto and Windus). She loves to repeat certain words and phrases, often to tiresomeness; she has a weakness for generalisations, sometimes a little astray; and, in her proper wish to limn a true portrait by darkening the shadows, she appears occasionally to darken them unduly. Well, Rhodes was no common clay, no mere man; but a prophet, a buccaneer, a visionary, a politician, an idealist, a realist, and all the time was touching greatness. That he should have faults was inevitable. South Africa has always been a happy hunting-ground for men of grit, go, and a certain unscrupulousness; and he filled that bill, working and fighting for his aims in spite of the heart-weakness which eventually killed him before his work was done. 'So little time. So much to do!' He is entitled to honour for his pride in our race and the reality of his achievements, while as for his dreams—on which Mrs Millin has generalised in one case a little unfortunately—the contours and colours of the map of Africa without them would have been almost absolutely different. This biography paints for us the true man, his warts and all.

Politicians, on the whole, have always rather despised Economics, calling it the 'dismal science,' and unfortunately they are the people, even although herded together like silent sheep obedient to the party call, who have the power to do and to misdo in public affairs; far-reaching mistakes having been sometimes made in a hurry from sheer crude want of knowledge. It was so in the days of the old Poor Law, which, despite the urgencies of the economists, seems to have taught us nothing about the dole; and so it is again over the complexities of international finance and banking. If the principles set down by Jevons, Walker, Bagehot, and others of the wiser days had really been taken to heart and mind by the powers in the chancelleries and Parliament, international finance could not have fallen to its present deplorable condition, or the gold standard have lost all its anchors. Never was there a more timely book, in view of the fact that the old economists seem not to have been listened to, than '**Money; Gold, Silver and Paper**' (Scribners), written for the crisis by Mr Francis W. Hirst, Editor of the '*Economist*,' who not only

describes, with the clarity requisite, the practices, past and present, of the principal monetary systems and centres of the world; but applies the lessons thereby gained to present needs. The main curse is, and always was, and yet must be, an inconvertible paper-currency, such as has been adopted at some time everywhere it seems. In place of that he advocates a convertible paper-money, with a good metallic token coinage as an indispensable adjunct to some satisfactory form of gold standard, with a sufficient reserve of gold and silver to secure full convertibility.

Mexico is still to many persons an undiscovered bourne and possibly that is why Mrs Leone B. Moats' impressionist 'Thunder in their Veins' (Allen and Unwin) is so alluring. She ends her vivid account of the wild republic on a chord of hopefulness for its future, and take notes of such hints of progress and settlement as may appear, with the peons, the native Indians, like tragical figures of dream, passing silently across the murky background. But before she comes to her hopeful ending, the story she has to tell is black and red with treachery, murder, and sudden death. Life has always been cheap in Mexico, and as the ordinary man there appears to be inordinately ambitious, with plenty of gold for the President's picking up, it is natural that scoundrels in number were available and ready to snatch at the gaudy, bloody, greedy privileges of the chief-government; and so we have a procession of names—Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Zapata, Villa the arch-villain, Carranza, Obregon, and Calles—persons of passing power—with the best of them at the first and the last—whose records generally would have been enough to sink a country. Yet Mexico lives in cheerful hatred of the United States, and yet may last a century or so before her absorption by the northern power.

The late Gilbert Sheldon was one of those, the unseen, the unknown, whose lives were essentially heroic. Crippled from infancy and thereby handicapped through his years, he yet by courage, industry, and determination lived usefully and left books of value and a brave example. The personal story is told by Mr Walter de la Mare as an introduction to 'The Transition from Roman Britain to Christian England, A.D. 368-664' (Macmillan), which is a scholarly survey and chronicle of three

of the most difficult centuries of the history of our island. The contemporary records are so bare, the statements made so vague, unreliable and contradictory, that any such imaginative treatment as the most modern school of historians loves to indulge in must be out of the question. It is impossible to paint the peculiar idiosyncrasies of shadows and myths, and most of the actors in the tragedy of those three hundred years were legendary figures. Patiently Mr Sheldon followed the course of history so far as it was set down with probable truth ; and, as his narrative continues, so his men and supermen strengthen with reality, until after the pre-Arthurian scramblers and fighters we come to such as Ethelbert, Edwin, Caedmon, Bede. The most valuable part of this helpful work is that which makes clear the rivalry in religion of Rome and Iona and shows how actual was the influence of the British Church, surviving the decadence which followed the Augustinian Mission, until politics intervened and Rome was triumphant.

Thrice within the last thirty-odd years has Sir Aurel Stein made arduous journeys for exploring and excavatory purposes through Chinese Turkestan and the adjacent regions ; and now, in a full and richly illustrated volume, he has published an account of his researches there. **'On Ancient Central-Asian Tracks'** (Macmillan) is fascinating reading, especially for arm-chair adventurers, and also a valuable scientific record. Traversing 'the roof of the world' and the exhausting desert of Taklamakan, where the sand is so hard and dry that it cracked the feet of the camels, Sir Aurel continued along the course of a great wall which marks still the limits of some ancient Chinese military empire, possibly that of Kubla Khan, and through that almost haphazard journey discovered in cave-temples, old towers, buried and broken houses, and the still-used Caves of the Thousand Buddhas—as fantastic as ever Eastern dreamer has visualised—manuscripts, inscribed tablets, frescoes and silk embroideries of inestimable, of unique, consequence and value, often reviving lost chapters of the history of that forgotten region, now generally buried in the sand that erodes and destroys and yet may amazingly preserve. For among the discoveries of this brilliant and intrepid explorer were examples of pastry fifteen hundred years old, in wonderful preservation,

though, doubtless, a little stale ; while as to the peace of the sand in the sheltered places his footmarks and those of the dog then with him made in a visit seven years earlier, were extant still. Truly, this old world has secrets yet to reveal to those who seek them with reverence and knowledge !

It is a full two years since we had the satisfaction of reviewing the first volume of Mr Reuben Levy's '**Introduction to the Sociology of Islam**' (Williams and Norgate), and the cordial opinion we came to of the quality of that instalment is enhanced now the work is complete. Between the Religious Conceptions of Islam and Science under Islam is a very wide gap ; yet the author bridges it with other studies almost as dissimilar. He has produced a work compact of curious lore, amply annotated ; and to those who read it with thought much of the workings of the almost inscrutable Mohammedan mind may be revealed. We pass to something more romantic, though still it is the work of a serious student. Once upon a time Sir Francis Younghusband tramped, mainly at night-time, across the Gobi Desert and (as described in his '**Heart of a Continent**') was so awed by the multitudes and appalling magnificence of the stars, that thoughts were roused in him which through subsequent volumes he has expanded into a theory of the living vitality of the universe. A year or so ago he argued picturesquely on the possibility of other solar systems being inhabited by human life, not necessarily similar to our own. But then Sir James Jeans produced his theory, held by many before him, of the universe running down—to coldness, blankness, death, negation ; whereupon, being an optimist and idealist, Sir Francis Young-husband felt bound to utter a counterblast ; and here it is, '**The Living Universe**' (Murray). A stimulating volume, it rapidly studies the facts of the evolution of the universe, spiritual and physical, taking with a casual stride such essentials as the Darwinian theory, and writing sound science convincingly ; until his fancy encourages him to invent the graceful people of Altair—rare souls, he calls them, at the highest pitch of being—and in this province of imaginative conjecture, with its Grand Rhythm of planets ever progressing onward through rises and falls, he preaches the gospel of escape from the

annihilation expected æons hence by the more sombre. Sir Francis is assuredly on the side of the angels.

Professor A. E. Housman's Leslie Stephen Lecture on '**The Name and Nature of Poetry**,' delivered in May last before his University of Cambridge and published by its Press, is a brilliant example of learning, sanity and wit compressed into little ; yet within its purposed limits it is complete, and a stimulating exposition of poetry, which the author-lecturer has been careful not to define, though he describes it as a 'way of saying' and not of the intellect. His examples, chiefly from eighteenth-century poets, effectually illustrate its essential qualities. His instances from Dryden of a revised Chaucer 'improved' and thereby spoilt, sincerity having given way to the artifice of a heavily polished age, are significant ; while a brief continuation brings the old controversy as to whether Alexander Pope was a poet to a convincing if paradoxical conclusion. His assertion of the supremacy in pure poetry of Blake is, of course, to be expected ; for who brings greater thrills to the understanding heart ? But so much bright substance is in this little book that it rather lends itself to stimulating after-thought than to adequate comment in brief.

Rarely, too rarely, the 'constant reader' comes across a book, so exhilarating and full of the sense and spirit of 'song,' that he needs must shout for it ; and happily that is the case with Mr Logan Pearsall Smith's daring, impudent, delightful and illuminating '**On Reading Shakespeare**' (Constable)—a broth of a book ! Of the many thousands of volumes hurled by scholars, pedants and cranks at the shadow of 'the Bard,' this one is among the most inspiring. Its effect is helped by the tearing-down opening, where the faults of taste and style, the dirtiness, the blood-and-thunder, and the other crudenesses of the lesser plays which may or may not have been put in to tickle the ears of the groundlings of all classes, are recognised and nicely damned ; for it brings subsequently into greater relief the wonders and beauties, the sometimes awful power and magical subtleties, which are true Shakespeare. Realising the badness of their recent acting, and especially the 'howl of English declamation heard across the ether,' with which broadcasting must have spoilt Shakespeare for many, Mr Pearsall Smith

claims that the plays should now be read and not seen. The actors and producers certainly have done their worst with their cuts and stupidities—Irving's 'Lear,' which might have been great, was ruined by hacking—but if we could see them presented wholly and in sincerity, on an Elizabethan stage, so that, for instance, the necessary Fortinbras' entrance followed sharp on the heels of Hamlet's personal tragedy—we believe they still would 'go' with reality unattainable in reading or present-day acting. Here, anyhow, is a volume for which to be thankful.

One pauses in contemplation as to which should be the more admired, the courage of the publishers in producing this handsome volume on '**Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England**' (Cambridge University Press)—a considerable enterprise for difficult days—or the scholarly devotion of Dr G. R. Owst in supplementing his earlier work on Preaching in Medieval England with this 'neglected chapter' in our literary and ecclesiastical history. This 'neglected chapter' proves to be a bulky volume closely compact with matter relating to the Sermon as preached by every kind of missionary in the Middle Ages, when the world was somewhat naïve and young, fully young enough to have faith in any theory and cause put forward, especially of a religious character. It is frankly impossible in a few words to do justice to the quality of this full book; which is not for all readers, but certainly is for those who recognise something of the enormous part played by the Pulpit in the development of the English mind and conscience. Whatever may be the call for Dr Owst's volume, the time is certainly ripe for a full biography of that forerunner of the Reformation in England, the friend of More and Erasmus, whose foundation of St Paul's School is his noblest monument; and Sir John Marriott would acknowledge that his brief '**Life of John Collet**' (Methuen) is not that book. It is, however, sensible, workmanlike, and should be helpful to those who for examination purposes need the plain facts of the great Dean's career. It makes no new revelation, but there is a refreshing freedom from such fanciful adventures in conjectural character-drawing as the modern school of biographers has too often indulged in. Sir John has stuck to the unadorned truth; and

made considerate use of the standard works on the subject—Seebohm, Lupton and, with a necessary discrimination of which we entirely approve, Professor William Knight—strengthening his narrative with apt, familiar quotations. His best chapter is the last, which summarises Colet's character as man, scholar and reformer, and in that chapter only has he really let himself go. There is one slip. Shakespeare's play, of 'Henry IV,' is not a trilogy, nor does it deal with the Wars of the Roses.

From time to time it is our pleasant duty to express appreciation of the work done by foreign students in their expositions of the achievements of British poets and writers in prose; and once again we have an opportunity of the kind. 'George Eliot' is the latest subject; and of value, even of beauty, is Dr P. Bourl'honne's sympathetic study of the 'intellectual and moral life' of that Victorian whose 'greatness' unquestionably has faded with other contemporary 'greatnesses,' in recent years. Yet Mary Ann Evans's personal and intellectual eminence in her time was so rightly outstanding that when the present phase of depreciation has passed, she is certain to recover something of her former position. Dr Bourl'honne has brought to his task a scholarship and enthusiasm which have successfully defied the difficulties of his task. He traces George Eliot's spiritual and philosophical progress from the nest of nonconformity wherein she was born, through the stage in which she rejected the shibboleths of her early creed, to accept them again for a time for the sake of her father, until his death; when she returned to severe philosophy. In the meanwhile she edited the 'Westminster Review.' Then personal influences intervened, and with Herbert Spencer, Comte, and his futile Positivism, and G. H. Lewes, she reached, for a time at least, something like spiritual content in her inward life. The author is at pains, if not to justify, at least to explain her intimate association with Lewes, an arrangement which proved her a warm-hearted woman as well as a person of some austerity and self-assurance. Dr Bourl'honne's study is successful, and we thank him for a courageous and chivalrous work. From the same publishing house, the 'Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion' of Paris comes also a study of 'La France de la Restauration,' in

which the changing impressions of that country, its people, their politics and prospects, in the seven years from Napoleon's abdication in 1814 until his death as recorded by English visitors are given. It began at the first Restoration of the Bourbons with mutual rejoicings, and an approach to an *Entente Cordiale*; but after Waterloo, and the second Restoration, tempers changed and were exasperated by Lady Morgan and other British and French writers who spoke with unfriendly and sometimes an unjust frankness. The ups-and-downs of those mutual relations of England and France are set down by the author, Dr Marcel Moraud, with wit and fairness.

He would be a bold scholar who challenged Dr Gilbert Murray over the great dramatic poets of Greece, and it may be taken, therefore, that his new study of '*Aristophanes*' (Oxford Clarendon Press), with its emphasis on the Komos, will be accepted without question in spite of his imaginative re-creation of the times in which the poetic humorist produced his searching plans and challenged the powers that were—including Socrates. That was, indeed, a period of sadness, tribulations and turmoil, anxiety, defeat and shame, tyranny and discouragement; and the vision of the poet facing the Athenian crowd, explaining and actually justifying the cause of their enemies, and generally attacking their own vices, follies and weaknesses with shafts of wit and ridicule arousing laughter—Rabelaisian, Aristophanic—is surely amongst the bravest and most inspiring in history. Has it a moral for us, in view of the fact that the Athenians were as modern as we, especially as the vices and such virtues as there may be of politicians are seemingly changeless and eternal? It was not with any particular moral purpose, however, that Dr Murray wrote his book; but rather to revive the personality and work of one of the greater geniuses of the Earth, and in that endeavour he has brilliantly succeeded.

In the '*Quarterly*' we have already blessed, and blessed warmly, Mr Aleya Lyell Reade's devoted and inspired researches in Johnsoniana, and can do so again with the Sixth Part of his '*Gleanings*,' which, after an interval of five years, has recently been published under the title of '*The Doctor's Life, 1735—1740*' (Percy Lund, Humphries). Those five years were a serious period

in the struggling young man's career ; beginning with his amazing marriage to Elizabeth Porter, who was physically unattractive and twenty-one years his senior, though in a letter he called her his 'charming love' ; and continuing with his futile effort to run a school at Edial, his journey to London with young David Garrick, his struggles as a publisher's hack, his endeavour to secure an under-mastership and his curious friendship with the Grub Street versifier, Richard Savage, whom Mr Reade is not unwilling to accept as 'an imposter,' an extremely probable right judgment. By this time it needs but the name and the hint, surely, to send eager Johnsonians in chase of this volume ; for already they should know well the excellent value of this series, which we can easily imagine the spirit of Boswell blessing—not without envy. So also with the next volume and another cult. Omarians and the devoted company who have learnt to revere Old Fitz will be glad of the volume which Mr Charles Ganz—for once straying from his fervent loyalties to Crabbe—has put together, '**A FitzGerald Medley**' (Methuen). It contains all manner of notes and documents, verses and letters, the transcript in simplicity of 'Little Nell's Wanderings,' Suffolk 'Sea-Words and Phrases,' letters relating to E. F. G.'s boat-partnership with 'Posh,' and other juvenilia and fragments which, of no great value in themselves, still are treasure re-trove to the devout, of whom it is to be hoped there are enough to justify this literary enterprise.

'As a Canadian I could not forget our contemporary sympathy for those of the South whom Secretary Seward delighted to call "traitors," "insurgents" and "pirates," but in whom we could only recognise patriots battling for independence.' The sympathy for the South in the American War of the 'sixties, so expressed by Mr Beckles Willson, inspires throughout his vivid account of the efforts made in Paris by '**John Slidell**' (Putnams), their Commissioner, to secure recognition for the Confederacy as a sovereign state. Looking back on the history of that War it is easy to see how impossible was such hope, in view of the obstinate adherence of the Southern states to the hated institution of slavery. Yet Slidell fought manfully to outbid and outdo the rival emissaries of the North ; and we have a lively account of

many exciting though now generally forgotten events, including the 'Trent' affair, the fight of the 'Alabama' with the 'Kearsage,' the endeavour to build ironclads in England and France with which to break the blockade. Slidell was brought into intimate association with Napoleon the Third, who went farther possibly than should have been to prove his sympathy with the South. There is a touching glimpse, towards the end, of the two exiles, the Emperor and Slidell, meeting in the 'seventies at Chislehurst.

Why are books upon Angling invariably successful? Was there ever a bad book written about a fish? It is impossible to remember one; but then one doesn't remember bad books—thanks, perhaps, to a discerning Providence!—unless they were written by a friend. Here is a very pleasant volume about Fishing, '**The Roving Angler**' (Dent) by Mr Herbert Palmer, a bright and breezy book, which even those can appreciate whose piscatorial endeavours have been little more ambitious than are associated with a small boy and a bent pin; while others of more serious aims, from trout to sharks, certainly will enjoy it, though it keeps throughout to peaceful waters. It seems to be more about rivers than about fish, as often has happened—and, anyhow, that is no disadvantage. The trout-angler's worst enemies, we are told, are bullocks, dogs, gramophones, midges, bathers, and boy-scouts. We give the list because it suggests the wide range, not in these islands only, over which the author has gone roving.

Last but not least, the publication of '**The Bridge of Dreams**' (Allen and Unwin) brings to an end '**The Tale of Genji**,' the great Japanese saga, written by Lady Murasaki and translated into English by Mr Arthur Waley; who thus has completed a labour, clearly with him of love, which has occupied ten full years. Although this volume is an essential part of the whole masterpiece, it stands as a tale by itself, as has every one of its five predecessors; and of those that we have read (for not every volume in the series has been sent to us) it is certainly the best. Instead of dealing with it individually, we prefer in this brief opportunity to pay tribute to the work as a whole. It has greatness of content, human interest and charm. Lady Murasaki has filled a very large canvas

with, we are assured, something like eight hundred characters, and if every one of them is not fully individualised, by far the most of them are ; and certainly all the chief persons in this imaginative chronicle of medieval Japan live and breathe and do—in happiness and sorrow, showing strengths, weaknesses and eccentricities—as to the manner born. Mr Waley tells us that Murasaki as a writer has been compared with Proust, Jane Austen, Boccaccio, Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Mallory. Those comparisons do not fit, nor would any comparison. Murasaki stands by herself as one of the world's greater authors, and Mr Waley is to be congratulated and thanked for giving her work so excellent a re-setting.

